

SEX ♦ SPORTS ♦ BEER ♦ GADGETS ♦ CLOTHES ♦

STRIP
CLUB SECRETS
pg. 132

MAXIM

FOR MEN

JAN/FEB 1999

LINGERIE RUNWAY

Our models show you
what to give this
Valentine's Day pg. 118

LAST CALL

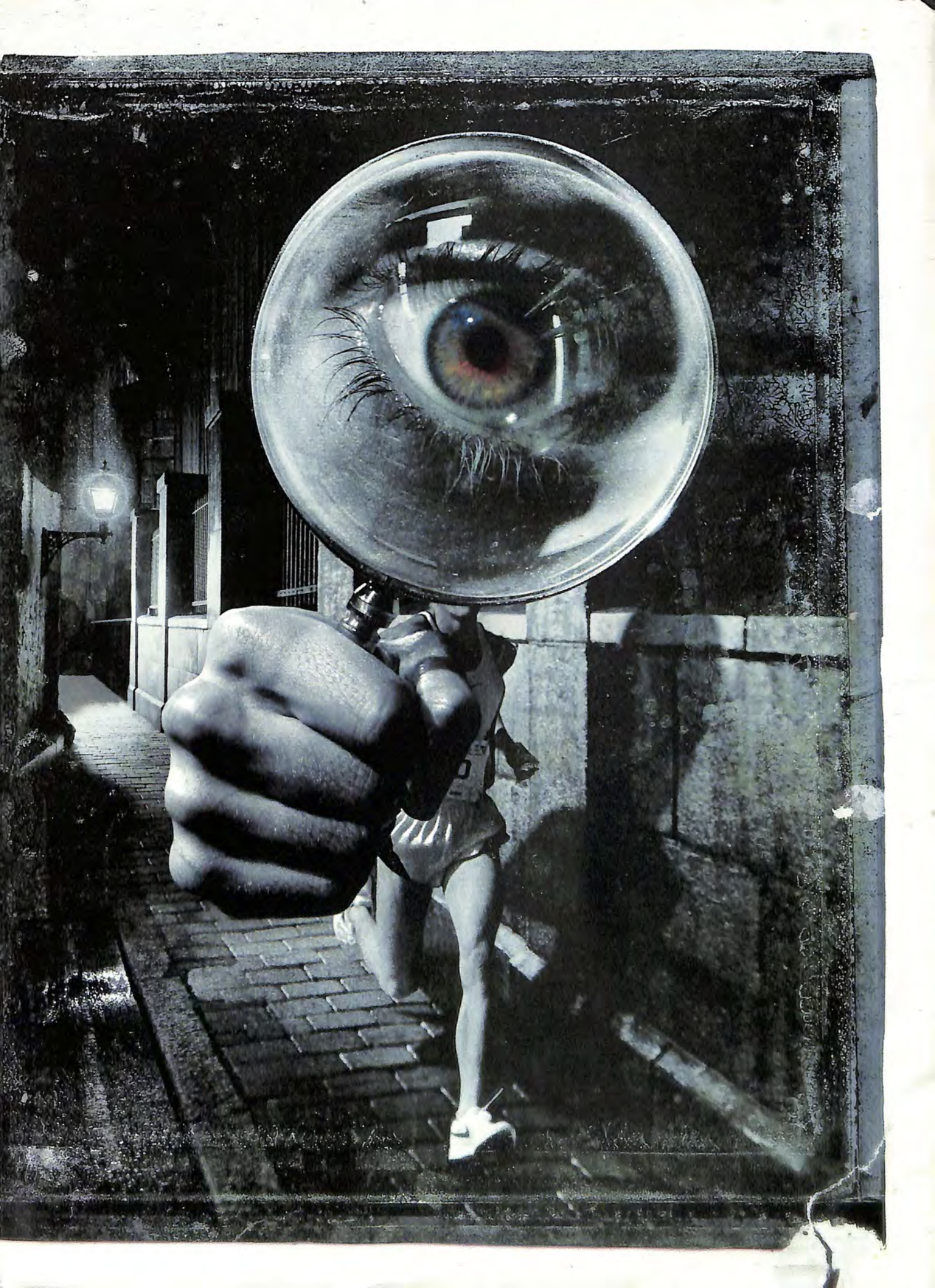
50 signs the world is
ending. Drinks are on us!

MUSCLE UP BY MARCH

And beat people
up by April

BRIDGET FONDA





See The Enemy.

Time is taunting you like a loudmouth jerk.

And the eyeball screams to the optic nerve which screams to the brain:

You are 7 seconds slower than you were yesterday.

You can't outrun Time, if you can't see Time.



● ● ● ● ●
nike ALPHA PROJECT

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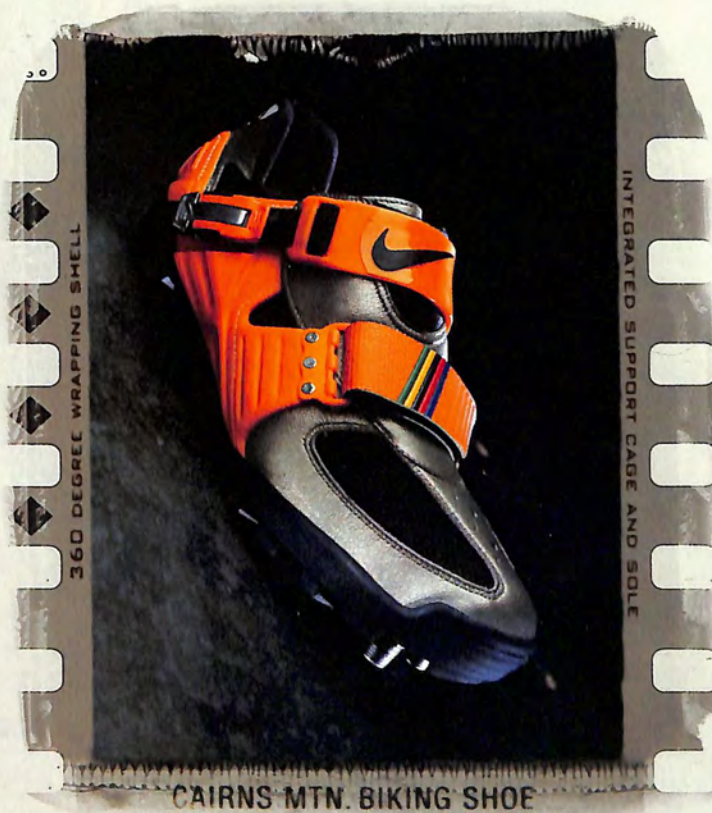
YOU ARE

Strapped To A Machine

and you sweat and groan and bruise and bleed.

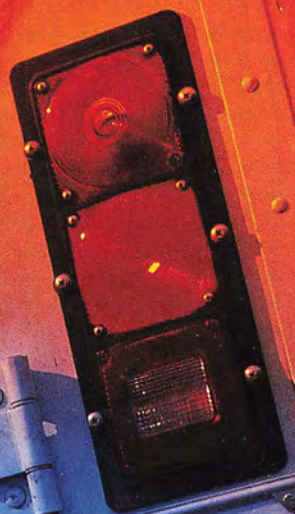
If someone forced you to do it, you would call it torture.

But you say: Strap me in, strap me tight, *this is fun.*



nike ALPHA PROJECT





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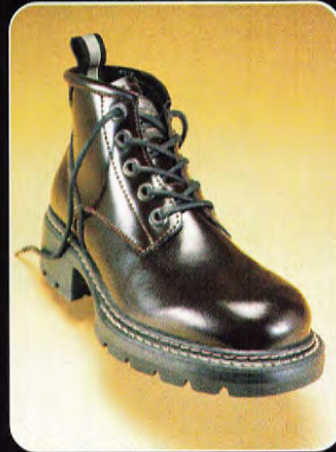
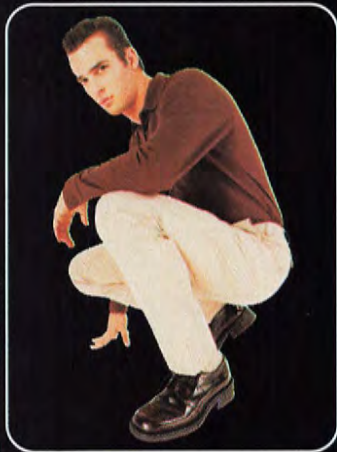
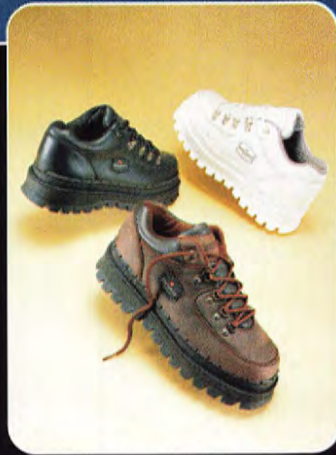
***Holy Mackerel,
even my hair hurts.***

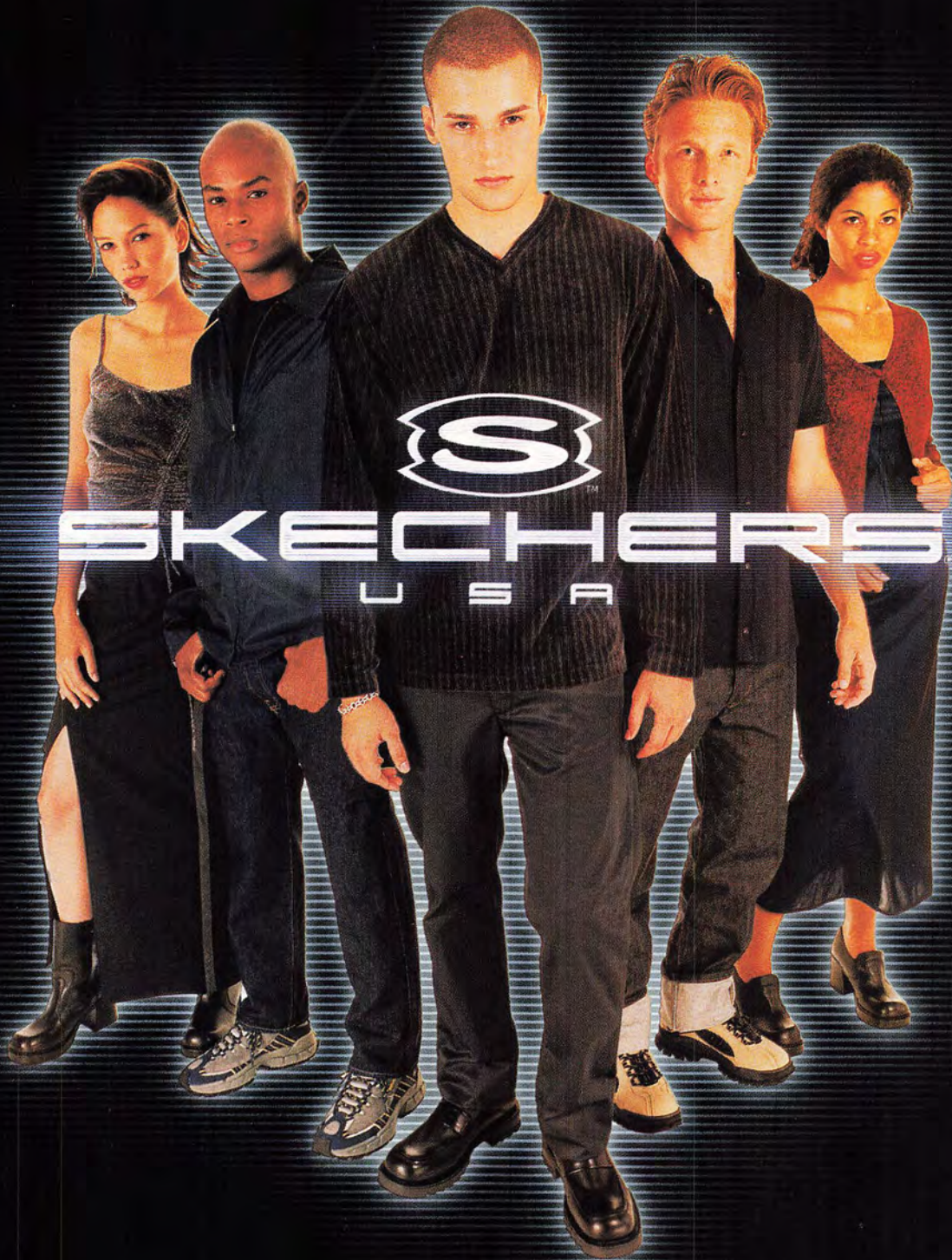


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JAN/FEB 1999

MAXIM

Features

FREE LUNCH CRASH THE SUPER BOWL! 88

Last year we gave four men a mission: to lie, cheat, or bribe their way into sports' biggest event. Here's the play-by-play.

TIME BANDITS 1999 CALENDARS 94

Tired of hokey calendars graced by images of starships, kittens, angels, and kitten-angels? Us too. Step right this way.

3.5 METRIC TONS OF USEFUL STUFF MAXIM'S ROAD MAP TO EASY STREET 98

No doubt about it, existence is far too complicated. But these life-simplifying tips will leave you with the extra hammock time that's so important to your health.

COVER GIRL BRIDGET FONDA 104

She swears she'll stop cussing, but that doesn't stop us from loving her.

LOSING OUR RELIGION 50 SIGNS THE WORLD IS COMING TO AN END 108

Male synchronized swimmers, Shari Lewis' head, and foulmouthed Teletubbies add up to one thing: The world ends not with a bang but a laugh. Plus, an apocalypse puzzle page



BUYING GUIDE SILK STALKING 118

Buying Valentine's Day lingerie is such a chore! We make it easy with a *Maxim* runway show. Also, commentary from real women about whether they'd wear it or wrap it around your perverted neck.

McFITNESS MUSCLE UP BY MARCH 126

Men will fear you, women will love you, and your health club will curse you for canceling after only 12 weeks.



SIN CITY CONFESSIONS OF A STRIP CLUB BOUNCER 132

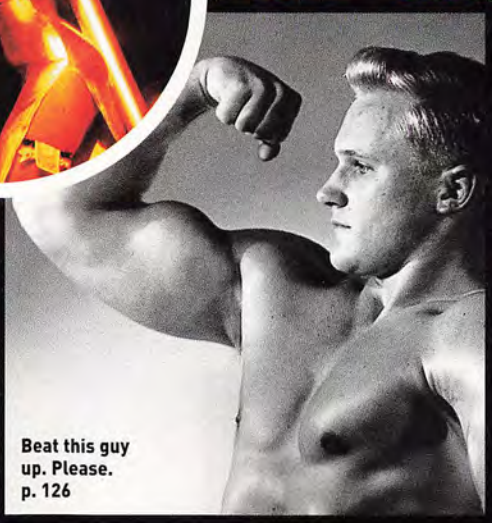
Celebrity mayhem! Naked dancers! Mafia mischief! Naked dancers! Murder! And naked dancers—who are naked!

STYLE HIT THE TOWN 142

Danny Musico, International Boxing Council super-middleweight champ, goes 10 rounds at NYC's hottest clubs.



Join our
panty raid,
p. 118



On the Cover:

Bridget Fonda
Photographed by
Albert Sanchez

Hair by
Baker

Makeup by Lizbeth
Williamson for
Fred Segal

Manicure by
Lisa Postma for
Celestine

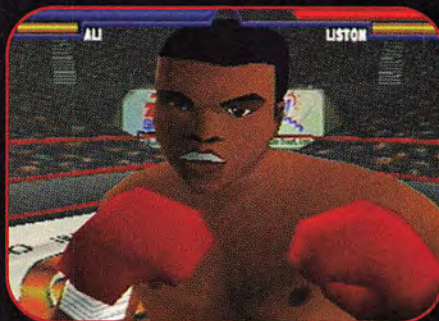
On the cover, black lace slip dress by Mary Adams; photographs, (clockwise from top left), Todd Huffman; Peter Brown; Dan Cuoto (illustration); David Harry Stewart; Super Stock; NFL Photos; H. Armstrong Roberts; (for additional credits, please see corresponding feature)

CYBER OSCAR

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UNCONSCIOUS.



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KNOCKOUT KINGS





Columns

SAYS HER

56 WHY WE PICK ON EVERY LITTLE THING

Nancy Miller trots out her worst first-date stories to make a point: All men aren't assholes, but women have plenty of reason to be suspicious.

BUCKS

60 A PALM GREASER'S GUIDE TO THE UNIVERSE

Creative tipping can score you cable TV, box seats at a ball game, and hotel rooms large enough to host a golf tournament—all for way less than an honest person would pay.

SPORTS

64 THE TOUGHEST MAN ON ICE

There are hockey players who cause serious injury, and then there's Tie Domi. John Galvin spends some quality time with the biggest butt-whupper in the NHL.

GRIND

68 EXECUTIVE SWEETS

You don't have to be a V.P. to bag corporate freebies. Here's how to get more perks than a coffee machine at an Alcoholics Anonymous convention.

WINE & DINE

151 FIRE STARTERS

When it's cold outside, the only thing better than a 100-proof drink is one that's also heated to 100 degrees.

152 POT O' GOLD

This fantastic recipe turns humble beef stew into a meal fit for a king. At least a king who can't afford lobster

STUFF

154 BUY THIS TANK!

Order a burger in a Soviet tank, direct traffic with an Israeli bazooka, and make a fashion statement at the next atomic blast.

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Departments

32 CIRCUS MAXIMUS

The best rock-star rumors (well, *did* Ozzy bite the head off that bat?); how to foil a mob hit; and a new, worldwide sex survey that lets American men sneer at the French

52 TOY CHEST

Gadgets no grown-up three-year-old should be without

72 HANG TIME

Our cut-through-the-crap guide to the latest movies, music, television, video games, and books

160 INSERT CAPTION HERE

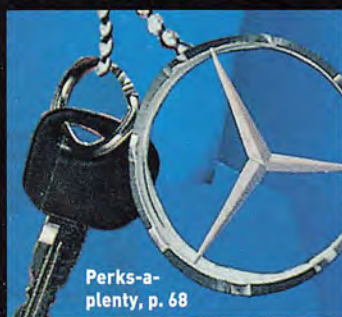
A contest to see if you're as sick and twisted as our editors



Between a rock and, uh, hard place, p. 40



Brawl boy, p. 64



Perks-a-plenty, p. 68



I'm Foley and I can't get it, p. 72



Tiny upside-down cars! p. 48



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Janus Is a Two-Faced Bastard

For those of you who quite rightly spent their youth shoplifting candy from the local 7-Eleven instead of wasting time reading about Roman mythology, Janus is the god commonly identified with doors and beginnings. So it's no coincidence that the first month of the year is named after him—since people tend to do a lot of their door shopping in January.

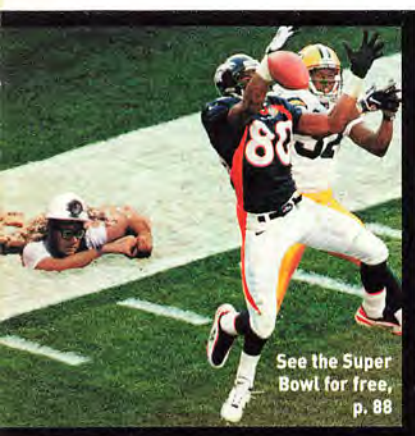
Janus is typically portrayed as having two faces, one looking forward into the future and one gazing backward into the past. Very poetic. But as far as I'm concerned, two faces means only one thing: deception.

Sure, every New Year's Day brings the possibility of a fresh start—but it always seems to arrive gift-wrapped in a bad hangover. Yes, the new year could present you with a big raise, a gorgeous woman, and a wide-screen TV. But it could just as easily send a pack of wild dogs to gnaw off a leg so you have to have it replaced with a wooden peg (which would be pretty neat, but you'd almost *have* to buy a parrot, matey—and that could run you a pretty penny).

In this issue of *Maxim*, we acknowledge the insidiousness of that crapshoot so innocently referred to as "the future." On page 98 you'll find a pile of tips that'll make your life a whole lot easier. Meanwhile, "Muscle Up by March" will help you bag the killer body you promised yourself last year. On the other hand, our big feature this month is called "50 Signs the World Is Ending." All of which basically means this: At the precise moment you finally get your life together and achieve 17-inch biceps, a two-ton rock will fall out of the sky and crush you like a bloodworm.

Happy New Year.

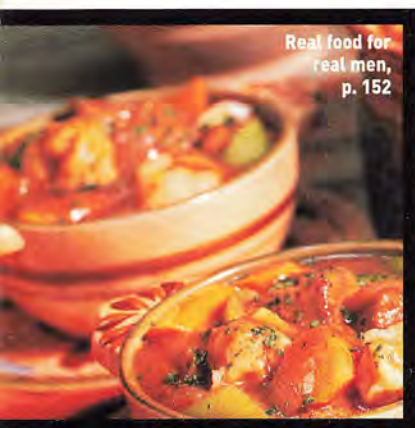
MARK GOLIN
Editor-in-Chief



See the Super Bowl for free, p. 88



Simplify your mad, mad life



Real food for real men, p. 152

Photograph of M. Golin, Andrew Eccles; grooming, Nancy Sprague/Mark Edwards; top to bottom, Imaging, Gene Bresler (additional credits see corresponding feature), Index Stock Photography, Judd Plosser/Food Pix

Marlboro

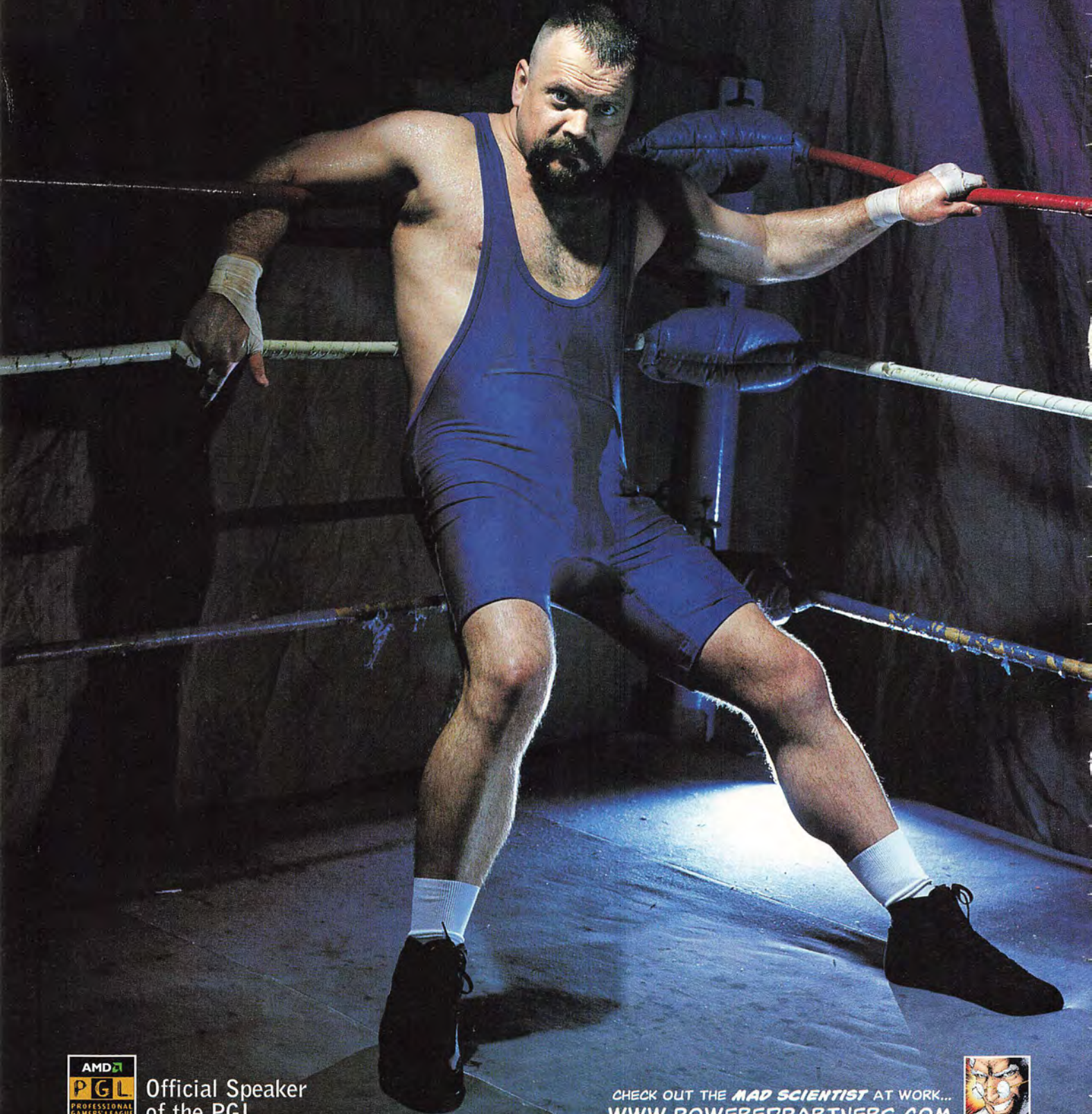


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16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

ADVENT! ...IT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE **SCRUBS** AND...

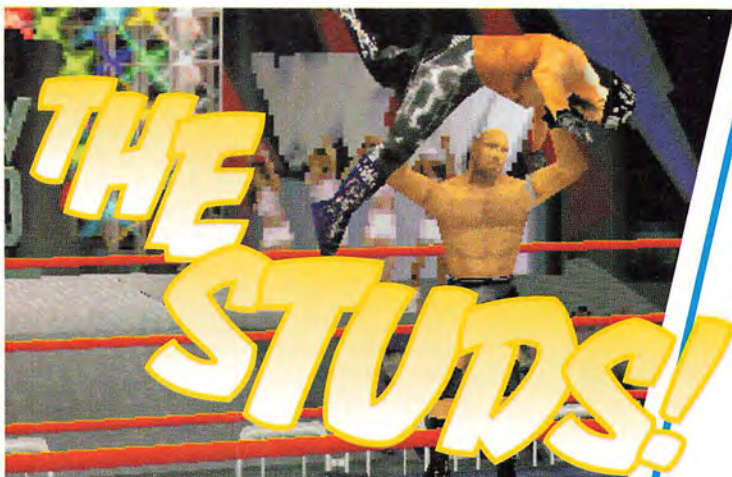


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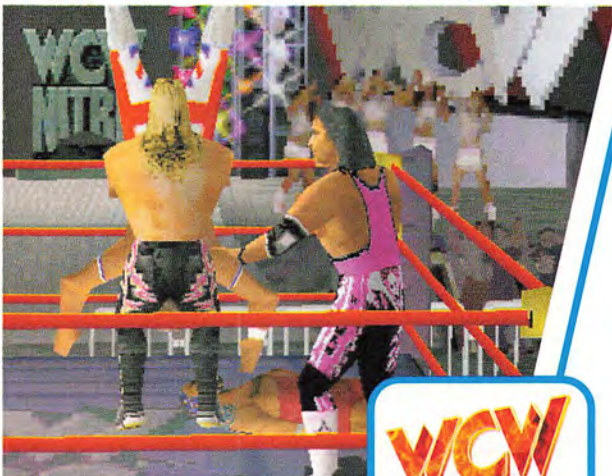
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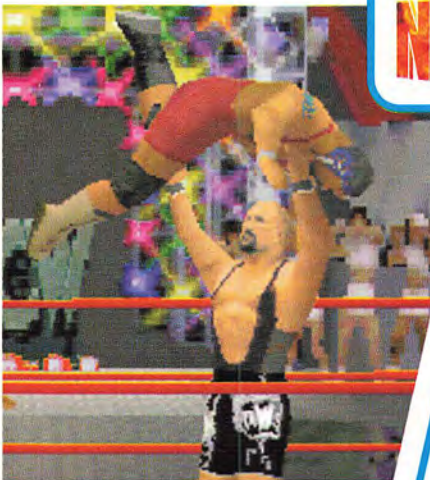
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Spanish Fly Girl?

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D. J. Omni (via E-mail)
D'oh! She's Italian.

Paving the Road to Hell

I WAS INTERESTED in your eight pages of documentation on the topic of hell [October]. I often hear good things about your magazine, but this article shocked me! I am a firm believer in Jesus Christ, and I am a firm believer that hell will not be exciting. The Bible talks of it as a horrible place, and I fear for your lives because you make light of this topic. I do not know any of you personally, but I do know that I don't want you to end up in hell. The nature of hell is noted in the Bible as eternal punishment, eternal fire, everlasting chains, the pit of the abyss, outer darkness, and eternal destruction. My understanding of hell is that it is a whole lot worse than the way you portray it to your readers. I really do like the fact



Jennifer Esposito:
the other fox in
Spin City

that you believe hell is real, and I certainly hope and pray that you all get to avoid it.

Anonymous

No return address

Your gentle rebuke has really hit home. We hope you are comforted by our far sterner treatment of the end of the world in this issue (p.108). After all, if an apocalypse puzzle page doesn't put the fear of God into the unrighteous, what will?

Think Before You Drink

I HAD SOME FRIENDS over for a pool party and had *Maxim* outside for people to look at. One of my friends saw the article "Shot to Hell" [September] and dared me to do a Chilly Willy.

Needless to say, I hardly ever back down from a challenge, so I snorted some vodka (Absolut). It was possibly the worst pain I've ever felt. My eyes watered uncontrollably and the right

side of my brain went numb. In fact, I didn't feel quite right for a couple of days after. Now at least I can say I did one, and I'd try it again if there was money on the line.

Marc Vecchio
Saugus, MA

Sorry; that was a misprint. "... Snort vodka through the nose" was supposed to read "Buy a quality garden hose."

Self-Improvement

SO OK! HOW DO I order Ross Jeffries' *Secrets of Speed Seduction: How to Create an Instantaneous Desire in Any Woman You Meet*, mentioned in "Tips from the Puppet Master" [October]?

Tom Jensen
Cathedral City, CA

Check out www.seduction.com. But don't come crying to us when you've got a date every night of the week.

Download This

THE MAIN REASON I am writing is because I don't like your Web site at all. Remember the K.I.S.S. rule—Keep it simple, stupid. Instead of 7,000 mediocre jokes, how about 700 good ones? And your Babes section is a total disaster. Some of them take forever to download. And keep them thumbnailed, because I hate having to click from a list of lines with no idea of what will come up. Again, go for simplicity and quality, not overkill with tons of middling junk.

Ken Cavagnaro
San Jose, CA

We'll get right on it. We owe it to society to keep you at your computer and off the streets for as long as possible.

Puncture Wound

I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY to read and review your article on

Letter of the Month

Trouble Brewing...

IN "666 PACK" [October], you showcased nine beers with a Halloween/devil theme from around England and the U.S. You have, however, overlooked some very prominent and delicious beers from Quebec. While in Montreal, I've savored such beers as La Fin du Monde, which means The End of the World, and La Maudite, which means The Damned. Each sports satanic graphics and each packs an 18-proof punch! I suggest you look up these tasty imports and see what you have missed.

Simon Allard

North York, Ont.

Scary French beer? You must be kidding.



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erotic massage, "Strokes of Genius" [September]. After spending three years in an accredited acupuncture school, I have to say I was more than a little disappointed. The points and meridians in your article don't seem to reflect anything close to what is true and real for treatment. My friends and I don't like seeing our profession blasphemed this way! Acupuncture is a profound form of health care that deals with the physical, mental, and spiritual aspects of one's life. I think that after 5,000 years in existence, the Chinese are owed a little more respect.

Jill S. Williams
Broomfield, CO

Whoa! Our little article seems to have hit a nerve...um, make that "meridian point." It must be tough getting turned down by every med school including Tijuana U.

The Wild North, Eh?

WHY DON'T YOU GUYS start doing some articles on Canada. Toronto is one of the most happening places in Canada. I'm sure that you could find plenty of wild stories here, from our huge clubs to our classy pool halls, not to mention that we have the largest patio bar in North America. I work at a place called the Crooked Cue, and I think it is one of the nicest and classiest pool bars in Toronto. If you ever want a tour, I'm sure my boss won't mind.

Joe Suriano
Mississauga, Ont.

Hmm...we were wondering how to top our recent stories about people who pay to hunt humans, and a man who spent 11½ years in a Bangkok prison for smuggling heroin. This wacky, crazy Toronto thing just might do the trick!

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Or call 904-447-0212



Up in Smoke

A Little Help from Our Friends

I THOUGHT you and your readers might appreciate some more fodder for the literary canon. Here's my favorite bar trick: How to tie a cigarette in a knot.

David E. DeVault
USAF Academy, CO

1. Find a Sucker

Look for the short guy in the business suit who's drinking his woes away at the bar. He'll most likely have some spare cash and he'll appreciate some attention. Conversely, avoid Brutus, the 300-pound hairy truck driver.

2. Make the Bet

Ease your way into a smooth dialogue with the victim and work your way around to the challenge: "I'll bet you \$10 that I can tie a cigarette in a knot, pound the hell out of it, untie it, and smoke it like it



was new." Announce your challenge loudly enough to build peer pressure for your new friend...and a few side bets for you.

3. Do the Trick

Remove the cellophane wrap from a pack of cigarettes and separate it at its seams. Lay it flat on the bar. Lick your finger and dampen one edge of the cellophane. Next, place a cigarette on the dampened edge and position it so the cellophane extends a half-inch past each end. Tightly

roll the cellophane wrap around the cigarette. If you do it right, a half-inch or so of wrap will stick out on either end of the cigarette. Grab those ends, tie that fag

in a knot, and beat the livin' fire out of it. Showboat. Untie it and, with great fanfare, mold it back into shape with your fingers. Then unroll the cigarette and light up.

4. The Clincher

Properly performed, this clever trick will not only have entertained the customers (making you the life of the party), but it will put some cash back in that limp wallet of yours. Finally, get out of Dodge.

Second Best

WHO THE HELL judges your caption contest? My last two entries were sure winners.

Barry J. Gross
Los Angeles

Actually, our board of six judges is composed entirely of your friends. None of them has ever found you terribly amusing.

On a Serious Note

I AM WRITING in response to Nancy Miller's article "Leave Me Like a Man" [October]. Ms. Miller's advice of candy-coating the reasons for dumping a girlfriend is speculative. Why should it be that in a relationship, men are expected to be honest and

forthright, but when it comes to breaking up, they have to soft-sell it? A man owes it to a woman to be truthful about why he is breaking up with her, and vice versa. We're talking about a relationship here! Finishing it all with a smile is impossible, because all relationships end badly. If they didn't, they would not end at all. Maturity is something that should be expected of both men and women, regardless of who is dropping the curtain on a relationship.

Richard Brownell
Brooklyn, NY

But we prefer coming away from a relationship with both testicles in working order.

Letters should be sent to Editors, *Maxim* magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018; or E-mail us at editors@maximmag.com.



The general populace isn't merely lacking culture, it's lacking calcium. In fact, 70% of men and 90% of women don't get enough. The enlightened among us, however, drink 3 glasses of milk a day. A practice that can prevent a Freudian condition known as "calcium envy."

got milk?

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

VIEWER DISCRETION ADVISED

THIS AD CONTAINS:

FR

Falling Rock

CH

Cigarette Hoarding

UM

Undercooked Meat

Mighty Tasty!





Die Laughing

Fill 'Er Up

"Here's your problem," says the doctor to the first-time father. "This baby's in serious need of a diaper change."

Looking baffled, the man replies, "But the package says it's good for eight to 10 pounds!"

Recess Pieces

After the grade-school class comes back inside, the teacher asks Alice, "What did you do at recess?"

Alice says, "I played in the sandbox."

"That's nice," the teacher says. "If you can go to the blackboard and write *sand* correctly, I'll give you a fresh-baked cookie." Alice does, and she gets a cookie.

Then the teacher asks Billy what he did at recess.

Billy says, "I played in the sandbox with Alice."

The teacher says, "Good. If you can write *box* on the blackboard, I'll give you a fresh-baked cookie." Billy writes the word, and he gets a cookie.

The teacher then asks Mustafa Abdul what he did at recess.

"I tried to play with Alice and Billy," Mustafa answers, "but they threw rocks at me."

"They threw rocks at you? That sounds like blatant racial discrimination!" the teacher says. "If you can go to the blackboard and write *blatant racial discrimination*, I'll give you a fresh-baked cookie."

Vocational Vacation

A man and a woman meet on vacation and quickly fall in love. At the trip's end, they decide to open up to each other.

"It's only fair to warn you, Jody," Bill says. "I'm a golf nut. I live, eat, sleep, and breathe golf."

"Well, I'll be honest, too," Jody says. "I'm a hooker."

The man looks crestfallen for a moment, then says, "Are you keeping your wrists straight?"

Joke of the Month

Statutory Limitations

A woman's car breaks down near a farmhouse. She goes up to the house and knocks on the door. When the farmer answers, she says to him, "My car has broken down, and it's Sunday night. Can I stay here for the night until I can get some help tomorrow?"

"I reckon," drawls the farmer, "but I don't want you messin' with my sons, Jed and Luke."

After everyone's gone to bed, the woman quietly goes into the teenagers' room and says, "I'm going to teach you the ways of the world. I don't want to get pregnant, so you'll have to wear condoms." She puts condoms on the boys, and the three of them go at it all night long.

Sixty years later, Jed and Luke are sitting on the porch in their rockers. Jed says, "Luke, remember that woman who came by here years ago and showed us the ways of the world?"

"Yeah," says Luke. "I remember."

"Do you care if she gets pregnant?" Jed asks.

"Nope," says Luke. "I guess not."

"Me neither," says Jed. "Let's take these things off."

\$150 goes to Tony Tooma, Brooklyn, NY



Doctor's Orders

A man goes to the doctor and complains that no medicine helps with his migraines.

"When I have a migraine," says the doctor, "I go home and soak in a hot bath. Then I have my wife sponge me off with the hottest water I can stand... especially around the forehead. Then I take her into the bedroom, and

even if my head is killing me, we have sex. Almost immediately, the headache is gone. Try it and come back in six weeks."

Six weeks later, the patient returns with a big grin.

"It worked!" he exclaims. "I've had migraines for years, and no one's ever helped me before!"

"Glad to help," says the doctor.

"By the way," the patient adds, "you have a really nice house."

Count Me Out

Walking past the big wooden fence around the insane asylum, a guy hears everyone inside chanting, "Thirteen! Thirteen! Thirteen!" His curiosity piqued, he finds a hole in the fence and looks inside. All of a sudden a finger shoots through the hole and pokes out his eye, and the inmates start wildly chanting, "Fourteen! Fourteen! Fourteen!"

You're In

A guy tries to impress his date with his knowledge of wine. He tells the wine steward to bring a bottle of 1985 Sterling Cabernet Sauvignon from the Carneros district. After tasting it, the young man berates the steward. "This is a 1992 vintage from the Diamond Creek vineyard in the Mayacamas range. Please bring me what I ordered."

Watching from the bar, an old drunk comes up to the table with a glass in his hand and says, "Can you tell me what this is?"

Winking at his date, the young man sips from the drunk's glass.

"Christ, this tastes like piss!" he exclaims, spitting it out.

"Yeah," says the drunk, "but what year?"

We'll send \$150 to the reader who sends us the next Joke of the Month. Write us at *Maxim* Jokes, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018. Or E-mail your joke to us at jokes@maximmag.com.

The



Flip book

Cut squares, assemble in order and staple.

STARRING HEAT



Funkin' Groovin' Dance Action!

Here's the dilly, yo... It's called Bust A Groove. The fresh, competitive dance game for a funkyed-up PlayStation® generation. You control more than 10 club characters as they perform their super realistic dance moves to disco, house and hip-hop beats. So get your body movin' with the game that's got the groove goin' on!

www.989studios.com



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Great New Products



Boating



Nature



Your town

Cold war, camera-adaptable, night-scope breaks through price barrier!

It's midnight. The sky a dark gray shroud. Now push the trigger. With a scarcely audible pitch, it powers up. Suddenly, in green-hued clarity, the entire scene is like day – magnified from zero to 2.3 times! Originally designed for special forces, you see clearly to infinity in just moon or starlight. Or switch on the optional Infrared Illuminator – and in pitch black total darkness zero in on objects a hundred yards away. Order the optional camera adaptor and you will also capture night images: And now, it's tripod adaptable, too.

Precision optics focus smoothly from 2' to infinity. Shock resistant housing is tough ABS and cast alloy. Complete with strap, carrying case, and lifetime warranty. Rescue, boating, camping, law enforcement, nature study, or viewing your neighborhood, this once-secret Cold War treasure is now yours – at a very special price.

- Spec Forces Night-Vision Scope, #NZT2M ~~\$249.95~~ \$149.95!
- Infrared Illuminator #T2M \$39.95
- Camera/Camcorder Adaptor, #321TM \$39.95

Actual housing shape of unit may vary very slightly.



Camera adaptable.

600 computer games in one!

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Forget about shelling out big bucks for Sega™ and Nintendo™ – and then having to buy slews of expensive cartridges. With Pro-600 you get 658 fantastic games built right in. With 15 different skill levels. Test your wits on different space warrior games. Put yourself in the jungle with adventure games. Race through driving games. Scores of Tetris-like brick games. Shooting games. And more. With sound effects, too!

Pro-600 clicks closed to just 6.75" x 3.75" – take it anywhere: work breaks, friends houses, waiting for a plane. Even handles two, three, or four players at once. Challenge your family or start up a bar-room contest. Operates on 2 AA batteries, not included. Try it with the power of our iron-clad guarantee. You'll instantly discover why a single ad sold 70,000 pieces. Even comes with an on-board 8-digit calculator – so you can figure the money you just saved over the competition!

- Pro-600 Multi-Game Pocket Computer, #PRO-600 \$29.95



New Laser Lighters burn blue to crimson – in any position.

Next time someone asks for a light, surprise them with the new Laser lighter. Instead of just blue, the jet flame turns a vivid crimson. Everyone nearby will ask you where they can get one, too. But don't sell them yours. We've only got a few. In elegant silver, black, or gold. Call now.

- Laser Multi-Flame Jet Lighter #JF-S, JF-B, or JF-G \$29.95

Each refillable, in a black vinyl case. Butane fuel available anywhere.



Burns upside-down, right-side-up, and even sideways.



Newest wireless headphones transmit right through walls.

Enjoy music or news anywhere you roam – even outside. Just plug the sleek transmitter into your stereo, TV or VCR. Slip on the pillow-soft headphones. And enjoy total audio listening privacy – with crystal-clear power. Even walk in your yard, weed your garden, or work in the garage. Unlike old room-limited infrared wireless units, new RF Spectrum System lets you enjoy full-range sound up to 150' away. Right through walls, floors, and ceilings! And without disturbing anyone else. Runs 120 hours on just 2 AAA batteries, with a frequency response of 20-12,000 Hz!

- RF Spectrum Wirefree Sound System, #32071 \$59.95

Even includes microphone adaptor for older stereos or TV's that do not have an earphone or audio-input jack.



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Command your own plane, with no hassles, assembly, or complicated instructions. Just power up and go.



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Power up the 34" wingspan Neoflite and become part of a skyborne adventure. The runway rushes by, you pull the stick back, and rush into the clouds. The 1/12 scale Neoflite soars, dives, and banks. Quick control response is like real piloting, even for beginners! Electric drive is easy starting. Radio control is 3 channel, operates rudder, elevator and motor. Even withstands rough landings. New version also lets you glide: turn off motor in mid-flight to extend flight times. Complete with 8.4v battery pack. 60 day crash warranty even covers your losses! With rechargeable battery, car-lighter quick charger, easy instructions, and free "Flight School" video.

■ Neoflite III Sky-Racer™ Radio Controlled Plane #10731 \$179.95.



No need for "throwing" start-ups, takes off right from the ground. Version 3 is cake to fly.

Who can you trust? Who is telling the truth? Try this on them.

Car dealer being honest about your repair bill? Babysitter trustworthy? Truth seekers throughout the years have developed many methods to gauge a person's guilt or innocence. In the 1960s and '70s, the military sponsored research to develop covert lie detection, using voice and psychological stress analysis. Now Daka Research has incorporated these theories into the new Truth Machine™. As someone speaks, check out the bank of glowing LED barlights. The degree of detected tension runs from green (low) to yellow (medium) to red (high). Although no machine can absolutely tell truth from fiction, this astonishing marvel is fascinating to watch as you engage in conversations. (It's also great at a party – you'll be surprised at the confessions you'll hear just having the Truth Machine there!) Even test it on phone conversations, recorded voices, or newscasters and politicians on TV or the radio! Takes one 9V battery, not included. Built-in mic and phone connector. Adjusts for sensitivity. Measures just 6" x 5" x 1", so you can test for lies anywhere!

■ The Truth Machine™, #TM-10 \$59.95

No machine is a conclusive lie-detector. Under no circumstances should the Truth Machine be used to make personal or business decisions without independent verification. Sold as a novelty only.



Welcome to the machine.

To access the time on our best-selling Machine Watch, touch the secret release button. Gleaming pistons push and slide, and the cover raises. Click it closed, and it's protected from dust and impact. Quartz action is ultra accurate. Wear it and enjoy the compliments you'll receive – from men, women, and any cyborg you meet.

■ Machine Watch III, #0340-M \$39.95



MACHINE™



■ The 6 Carat Blue Topaz Pendant #275-6 ~~\$129.95~~ \$89.95

With Certificate of Authenticity from the American Gem Institute. Like all stones, color may vary slightly.



Tell her a thousand words without making a sound. She'll remember it always.

She opens the velvet box. Sparks of blue dance off each facet. She smiles, holding it in the light. Taking it out, she turns, her hands rising, whispering for you to fasten the catch. You realize it's going to be a great day! The 6 Carat Blue Topaz. Pear shaped and exquisitely cut. With 5 single diamonds. 14k gold chain. A remarkable gift.

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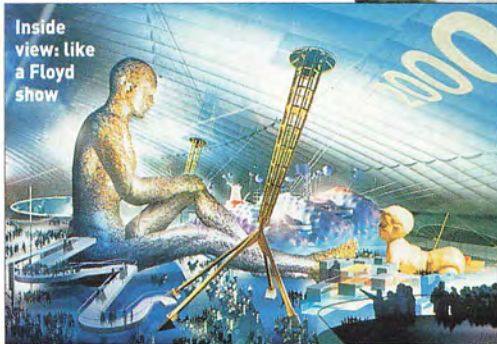
No one in the U.K.'s getting knocked up with this bad boy around!

PARTY LIKE IT'S, ETC.

BIG-ARSED DOME

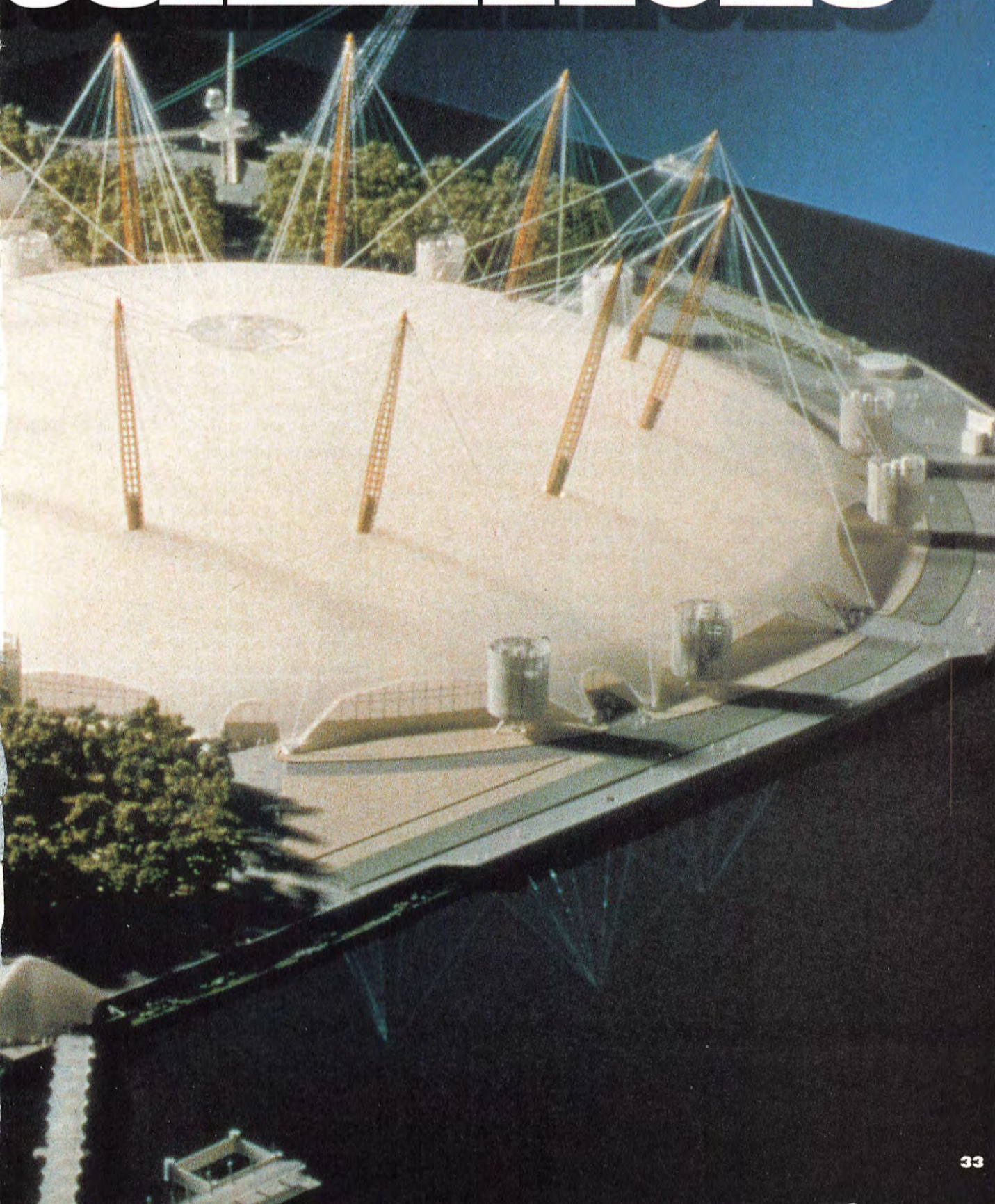
Bigger than Trafalgar Square and whiter than the Queen Mum's south forty, it's Britain's Millennium Dome.

The prickly diaphragm at right is the Millennium Dome in Greenwich, England, the planned centerpiece of the U.K.'s giant Year 2000 celebration. Merry Olde England expects the bubble-like behemoth to be visited by 12 million folks, only some of whom will be sawed-off-bat-wielding soccer hooligans piss-drunk on rotgut champagne. When completed, the dome will be more than 1,000 feet in diameter and 164 feet high—twice as big as what is now the world's largest dome, Atlanta's Georgia Dome. It will be able to comfortably swallow two Wembley Stadiums or 37,000 visitors at a time, way more than Traci Lords ever did. Inside, weird New Age-y exhibits will detail man's progress so far: his rise from the primordial slime, his clever wheel inventing and mastodon slaying, his Foosball playing and penis enlarging. One exhibit, called "The Body," will feature a model of a human body bigger than the Statue of Liberty; others, with names like "Rest" and "Play," will present Disney-on-acid-style interactive multimedia displays and games. And the whole damned dome will be covered with a translucent, condom-like "skin" so it glows at night like a humongous milky-white eye. Welcome to the brave new world, baby.



Inside view: like a Floyd show

aximus





"Where's my copy of
The Bridges of Madison
County, bitch?"

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

Jailhouse Rockettes

Of course you like movies about women's prison—you're only human, dammit. But are you man enough to date a real flesh-and-blood hoosegow honey?

Jail Babes



We specialize in introducing you to
WOMEN IN JAIL

Looking for the perfect gal can be a life-long quest. But even if you've exhausted the singles bars, laundromats,

beauty salons, and roller rinks in your neck of the woods, don't despair. Jail Babes, a Web-based introduction service with a database of 1,200 women incarcerated in 16 states, is happy to hook up nine-to-five types like yourself with three-to-five-with-no-parole cuties on the inside. After narrowing your search by age group and race (black, white, or "other"), you can peruse pictures of

lonely cons. "I think there's a big misconception as to what these girls are all about," says the site's owner and operator, 62-year-old Ken Kleine. "They've made mistakes, and society says they have to pay by spending time in prison. But they're still human beings. I'm trying to give them something to look forward to." Take 21-year-old Thrissie: She enjoys "traveling, dancing, and motocross races" and says she's a "firm believer in loving from the inside out." At www.jailbabes.com, you can grab Thrissie's full name, address, Department of Corrections number, and release date for just \$7 plus handling. Order 10 profiles and get two bonus ladies free. (Assault and batteries not included.)

RING MASTERS

Sage Advice from the WWF



"I'm Mr. Freakin' Humble."

We get pro wrestlers to grapple with the delicate issues of our times.

This month: The Near-Death Experience. Upon being resuscitated, people who have been clinically dead often report heavenly visions. Is this a biochemical reaction, or a glimpse of the other side?

Jerry "The King" Lawler: "My opponents have had near-death experiences, not because of biochemicals, but because they were actually near death! The dying process begins when we are born, but accelerates when you step into the ring with me!"

HOW TO

Get Mr. Big to Take Your Call

Tired of being put off by snotty assistants? We'll help you get the honcho on the line.

Getting through to an important person requires strategy and lightning reflexes. Here's how to make a successful strike.

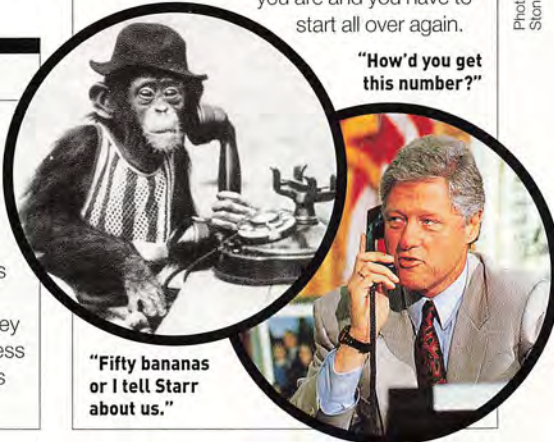
Plan your attack. Before you even deal with this guy's assistant, write down an opening line that'll quickly and clearly spell out how only *you* can solve an old problem or provide an unexpected benefit. Spit it out before he/she can say "Let me transfer you to..."

Neutralize the guard. To get past the inevitable call-screener, another trick is to give off the vibe of someone who talks with guys like the mark all day. "Bob," who's screened calls for high-ranking execs at one firm, tells how he spots a rube: "The people I screen out usually tip me off by sounding overly perky and nice." The best way to get through is just to say, "Is he in? It's John," in a low, hurried voice.

Zero in on the target. If the screener tries to blow you off by telling you to call back, pin him down to a specific date and time, says Madeline Bodin, author of *Using the Telephone More Effectively* (Barron's, 1997). If the assistant's not helpful, call back at around seven in the morning. The president of one multimillion-dollar real estate firm swears most executives he knows show up early and pick up their own lines when no one else is there.

Strike quickly and make it count. If you get through, your target's going to pick up thinking, "This is a telemarketer, a wacko, or a guy who wants my money." You'll have about 10 seconds to convince this hot shot that yours is the best call he'll take all day. And send a follow-up letter immediately, before the overpaid jackass forgets who you are and you have to start all over again.

"How'd you get this number?"



"Fifty bananas or I tell Starr about us."

Photographs, (clockwise from top left): Foto Fantasies; Gary Jochim/FPG; Tom Mair/Tony Stone Images; FPG; Johnson/Gamma Liaison; Rich Freed/WWF.

ROCKS. TONIC. JUICE. MAGIC.



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"KFC
later?"

HOW TO

Dodge a Mob Hit

On the 70th anniversary of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, *Maxim* shows you how to keep your shoes outta the concrete.

In February 1929, in a Chicago garage, seven members of Bugs Moran's gang ate enough lead to choke a Jersey landfill. Here's what Bugsy's boys should have known:

Tip #1: Don't drop your guard in the neighborhood.

"In a mob hit, you're most likely to be killed in familiar surroundings by the people you trust most," says ABC News mob maven John Miller. Paul Castellano, honcho of the Gambino family, had his last supper at his favorite eatery, Sparks Steak House. His pals, John Gotti's boys, had guns under their trench coats; Paul never made it to dessert.

Tip #2: Keep your hands free.

Charles Dion "Deanie" O'Bannion, scary leader of a Chicago gang in the 1920s, ran a flower shop. Three hit men came into the place for "business." While one of the men shook Deanie's gun hand—and pinned it—the others plugged the feared florist.

Tip #3: Never "call shotgun"—you might get your wish.

The trick: A group of guys piles into a car, leaving the passenger seat vacant; when you sit in it, the

guy directly behind you does you in. Even though this technique's been exposed in movies like *The Godfather* and *GoodFellas*, made men keep falling for it: In fact, according to Jerry Capeci, mob expert and *Daily News* (N.Y.) reporter, this is how Sammy "The Bull" Gravano clipped his first victim.

Tip #4: Start your car carefully.

A marked man can thwart some car bombs—the connected-to-the-ignition kind—with a \$200 to \$600 remote-control car starter. But other bombs have fuses that attach to the tailpipe and heat up and blow after the car's been running a few minutes, Miller warns. "It might be a good idea to start the car, then wait," he says. Prepare for remote-control bombs, too: Check under the hood and in the wheel well on the driver's side, two common spots for bombs to be stashed.

Tip #5: Come in from the cold.

"The best information about who's going to get whacked comes from the FBI," says Miller. "They constantly warn mobsters, who dismiss it as trickery. In almost every case, people get killed." Be a wiseguy, capiche?



HEAD-TO-HEAD

Moses VS. Four Roses

One stars in Technicolor yawns (DreamWorks' *Prince of Egypt*); the other gives 'em to you. But which one's the *real* holy terror?



ORIGINAL DISTILLATION

Egypt, around
1300 B.C., from the
House of Levi
Edge: Moses

Lawrenceburg,
Kentucky, 1888

CLEVER DISGUISE

Basket made of
rushes in the reeds
along the Nile
Edge: Moses

Brown paper bag

MAJOR MIRACLE

Parts the Red Sea

Turns anything in
a dress into
Bridget Fonda
Edge: Roses

MINOR MIRACLE

Transforms a
stiff rod into a
floppy snake

Same thing

Draw

SOURCE OF POWER

Angry Old
Testament God
Edge: Moses

Price point that makes
it cheaper than
a crack whore

GOT WRATH?

Plagues of frogs,
flies, boils; hail
Edge: Moses

Plague of unamused
police officers; hail
of nightsticks

SLOGAN

"Let my people go!"
Edge: Moses

"Try life in full
bloom"

MAJOR ACHIEVEMENT

Leads Israelites out
of Egypt
Edge: Moses

Keeps spooky Aunt
Trudy from
sleepwalking

AND THE WINNER IS...

The hairy robed one stomped all over the bottled one, 6-1. Calls for a drink, no?

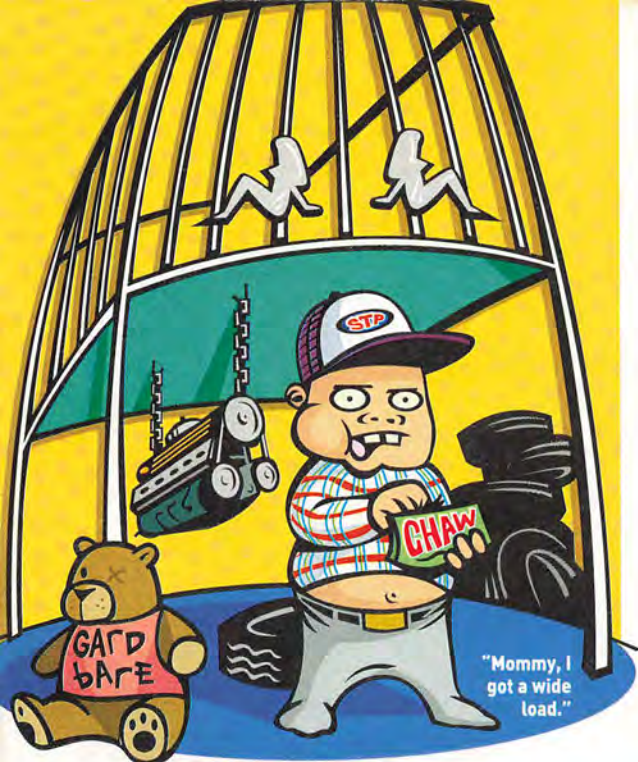
Photographs, (clockwise from the top left), Lester Glassner Collection/Neal Peters; Foto Fantasia; bottle, Damien Donck; frogs, Tim Davis/Tony Stone Images; police, Andrea Renaut/Globe Photos, Inc.; Photofest





SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Box Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



FASHION VICTIMS

Diapers of the Damned

This just in: Dangerous outerwear for kids who've worn out their welcome.

We've heard of Take Our Daughters to Work Day—but take them to the kill? Bonnie and Children's Sportswear (912-579-2653) has already sold more than 50,000 Papa's Little Hunter and Daddy's Little Deer camo rompers (see below) for boys and girls. Now that toddlers are helping their dads blast Bambi, we wonder what's next...

■ Daddy's Little Gangsta

Join Pop at the shootout in gang-color separates: Assemble Garanimalsque sets using the Bloods Bat, the Crips Crocodile, and the Latin Kings Lion. Comes with tiny gold teeth and a Glock Junior™.

■ Daddy's Little Trucker

Underarm pre-staining gives these plaid flannel rompers that long-haul look. Accessories include a six-pack, a box of No-Doz, and a pair of Yosemite Sam BACK OFF! mud flaps.

■ Daddy's Little Triage Medic

Besides green scrubs and a face mask, the kit includes a miniature working scalpel, rib spreader, bone saw and hypo full of "morphine" (actually harmless sugar water).

■ Daddy's Little NFL Linebacker

Tearaway jersey and lightweight foam-core helmet—choose from 30 NFL teams—won't be much protection against a 1,200-pound O line, but do they look cute! Includes choice of three-year deodorant endorsement deal or one complimentary visit to an orthopedic surgeon.



"C'mon, punkin, wear the antlers."

WHO CARES?

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all your nagging, petty, eternal questions.

Q: Did Ozzy Osbourne bite a bat's head off?

A: Yes! During a concert in Iowa in January 1982, a fan threw a live bat onto the stage, where it lay motionless, stunned by the bright lights. Osbourne claims he thought it was a rubber toy; high on adrenaline and God knows what else, he picked it up and bit off its head. He was then rushed to the hospital and treated for rabies, receiving richly deserved injections in his ass, arms, and legs. Even though bats are vile, disgusting creatures hardly worth the air they displace, the Humane Society waged a small war over the incident. A sorta contrite Ozzy donated \$2,000 to two animal protection leagues. Apparently unaware of what a ridiculously tiny fraction of the Oz's smallest paycheck this was, the ASPCA made him a lifetime member.



Q: Did David Bowie, Lou Reed, and Mick Jagger have a threesome?

A: You be the judge: At some point in his career, each of the three was rumored to have been bisexual, and in Christopher Andersen's *Jagger Unauthorized*, David Bowie's wife, Angie, who found David and Mick naked in her bedroom, swears they'd done the dirty. But all three? Well, there is the snap below, taken by photographer Mick Rock at the Café Royal in London in 1973. "Bowie was doing

Ziggy for the last time in concert, and there was a wild party afterwards," says Rock. "Everyone was drunk, and all kinds of shenanigans were going on—people were kissing and sitting on each other's laps." Although Rock won't say what happened after, we'll let his photo speak for itself. "Bellhop, send some more bear grease up to room 21."

Q: Did Keith Richards really have all his blood replaced?

A: Yes and no. In *Keith Richards: The Biography*, author Victor Bockris pumps new life into the tale of the Rolling Stone's bloodletting. The wafer-thin guitarist *did* go to a Swiss clinic to kick his heroin habit, Bockris writes. But if you've got a *Frankenstein*-type mental image of Richards



lying on a slab in an underground lab, you're off. The process, hemodialysis, is also a common treatment for kid-

ney failure. The blood is pumped out of the body through a fancy sieve, purified by substances such as salt, baking soda, and vinegar, and poured, sparkling clean, back in. Prop up your rocker and presto! He's ready to tour!

Send your question to:

"Ask Anything," c/o *Maxim* magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018.

When Spin the Bottle goes horribly wrong



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BORN IN

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America's Timekeeper since 1892

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?



Wave Runner

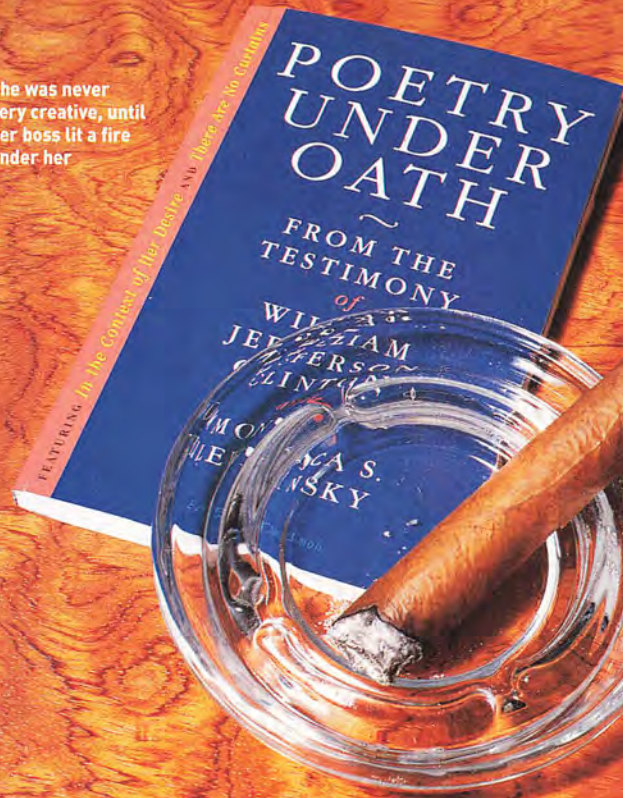
Real name:
Malia Jones

Better known as:

Surfing's tastiest tube rider, out shooting the curl where those *Baywatch* babes fear to tread

Her story: This 21-year-old Hawaiian has been surfing since she was three, when her mom—who, like everyone else in her family, is a surfer—put her on a board. “I literally could swim before I could walk,” says Malia. She won an amateur championship at 15, but just as her natural beauty was starting to send distracted wave-riding dudes into the rocks, *Surfing* magazine spotted her at a meet and a modeling career was born. Fame is coming quickly: Already she’s “taught” Conan O’Brien to surf in a skit on *Late Night*, and she made *People* magazine’s 1998 list of the 50 Most Beautiful People. But this poster girl’s no poseur: Her modeling contract stipulates she be allowed to “get wet” at least every two weeks—which is OK by us.

She was never very creative, until her boss lit a fire under her



BETTER OR VERSE?

Oval Office Odes

Are Bill and Monica poets who just don't knoet?

Some find poetry in the dance of tadpoles in a shallow pond; Tom Simon found it sandwiched between the raunchy sex details in testimony to independent counsel. In *Poetry Under Oath*, he has created 83 poems by quoting word for word from Bill Clinton's and Monica Lewinsky's recent depositions. It's scary just how poetic their statements turn out to be. Just a few choice examples of unintentional verse:

From Monica's testimony:

There Was Always Kissing

I think the only thing

That might be missing

Is kissing...

I mean

Because

The physical intimacy—

Wherever

There's physical intimacy

There was always—

There was always

Kissing

Pizza

And when the pizza came

I went down

To let him know

That the pizza was there...

I said I needed to pack

And he said, "Well, why don't

You bring me some pizza?"

So I asked him

If he wanted

Vegetable

Or meat

From Bill's testimony:

There Are No Curtains

There are no curtains on the Oval Office

There are no curtains on my private office

There are no curtains or blinds that can

close

The windows in my private dining room

The naval aides come and go at will

I Believe It Would

Yes

That would constitute contact

I think that would

If it were direct contact

I believe it would

I—maybe I should

Read it again

Just to make sure

Excerpted from *Poetry Under Oath*
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SWEET AND SOUR

Dark, Dark Chocolate

This Valentine's Day, give the gift that says "Hug me—I need help."

Like roses on her birthday, a heart-shaped box of sweet chocolates on Valentine's Day earns you exactly squat in the relationship-points department. So why not have some fun? Send your lover a *real* chocolate heart. No, no, not the conventional valentine icon: This one's an anatomically correct, fist-size blood pumper pulsing with milk-chocolate valves, veins, and ventricles. She'll ooh and aah over the loving detail—or she'll throw your ass out. The \$20 confection weighs a whole pound, so it's slightly cheaper on the postal meter to rip out your own and mail it. But you don't wanna make waves with the hair-trigger types at the post office, now do you? Play it safe; call the Anatomical Chart Company (which makes the eyeball mug and leg exerciser featured in our December issue) at (800) 621-7500. Prefer something on the sexier side? For \$12 you can get your sweetie a chocolate bust in a box. Made by Myzel's, a New York City chocolate company, this baby is made fresh and on the spot. Definitely for an open-minded girlfriend and not for your granny (well, not our granny, anyway). Call (212) 245-4233 to place your order. It'll melt in your hands.



There's a milk chocolate joke, but we're not touching it

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"We resolve to
maintain current
dignity levels."



HOW TO

Keep Your New Year's Resolution

Can self-hypnosis help you quit smoking, gain confidence, lose 15 pounds, and beat the crap out of your boss? Sure, why not?

This year, instead of making yourself promises you know you can't keep, why not try a little autohypnosis? Jim Fortin, a hypnotherapist at the Hypnosis Institute in New York City, shows you the way with a 10-minute program designed to help you achieve a goal—in this case, to shed 15 ugly pounds. You are getting very sleepy...

Step 1: Lose the swinging pocket watch. Forget that image of being under the spell of a hypnotist bent on making you cluck like a chicken—that's traveling-carnival shit. Modern hypnotherapy is more about the power of positive thinking and imagery. "People think that with hypnosis you're losing control, but you're gaining control, since it helps you become more aware of what's going on in your head," says Fortin.

Step 2: State your goal positively. To make this work, don't think *I wish I could ditch this disgusting blobby shed that covers my tool*. Instead, think *I have reached my ideal weight*. Stare into a mirror and visualize yourself looking more aerodynamic.

Step 3: Talk to yourself. For two or three minutes, give yourself specific instructions, like "You have never enjoyed downing cases of Ding Dongs," out loud. This "programs" your subconscious to help you. You'll feel stupid talking to yourself; this is normal.

Step 4: Relax, relax, relax. Stare at a fixed point—if you have a poster of Alyssa Milano, her navel ring will do just fine—and take a deep breath. Close your eyes, count to three, and slowly exhale. Feel your body relaxing. Do this for a minute and then stop, or you'll tip over and crash to the floor.

Step 5: Reintroduce your goal. Again, imagine having achieved the goal and state how you feel about it in the present tense (e.g., "I'm lean and I like it, damn it!").

Step 6: Relax again. Close your eyes and count slowly from zero to 100 and back. Your conscious mind will become bored, but your unconscious mind will feel calm, happy, and suggestible.

Step 7: Look into the future. For the next two to three minutes, focus on how being fit has changed your life. Picture chicks groping your taut bod and bosses handing you fat raises. "Your unconscious mind understands visual imagery and will know what to do from there," Fortin says.

Step 8: Close the deal. State your goal again, revel in your imagined body, and voilà: an affirming perspective on the new you. Sure, you'll still need to exercise and pass on the second pizza, but now those things'll start to seem almost bearable. Repeat until blue jeans fit.



Chew on these instead

Photographs: (top to bottom), A. Tannenbaum/Sygma; Damien Donick



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Send Holiday Visitors Packing

It was really nice to see everybody and all; now it's time to get those freeloaders back on the road.

Once your relatives have handed over your gifts, there's no real point in them sticking around. But stay they do, until the tree's a tinderbox of crispy needles and the coal in your stocking is well on its way to becoming a diamond. Here's how to ensure that your guests trundle back to their so-called lives in a timely fashion.

■ **Step One: Make using the bathroom problematic,** suggests Janelle Othersen, owner of a bed-and-breakfast in Charleston, South Carolina. Take long showers, tell your guests that the available soaps are just for show, and never wash the one skanky bean-dip-encrusted towel you gave them when they arrived. "By the third day or so, that towel will be sending distinct messages that it's time to move on," says Othersen ominously. If that doesn't do the trick...

■ **Step Two: Put 'em to work.** Talk exuberantly about a big, boring project you've got planned for the next day: cleaning the

garage, painting the basement, fixing the car—and make it clear you'd appreciate some help. Any leisure-disposed guests in their right minds will edge out of there right quick to save their delicate asses from your chain gang. If that doesn't work...

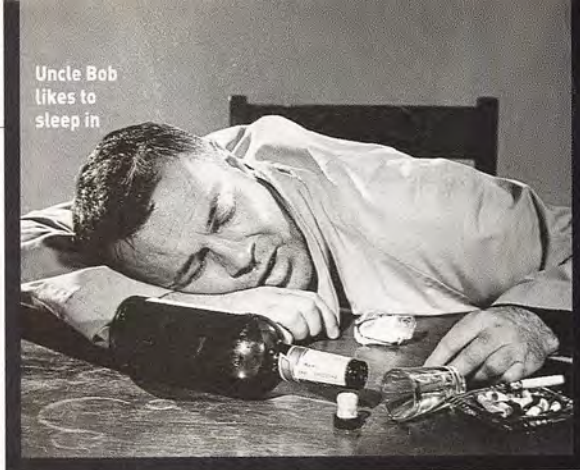
■ **Step Three: Stage a fight with your girlfriend.** Not an ugly, screaming, crockery-depleting brawl. Those deathly quiet arguments in which the two of you stare daggers at each other and pretend everything's OK make things much more awkward. If your dopey guests don't take the hint and skeddaddle, have your gal exit the room so you can say discreetly, "Do you guys mind leaving so we can talk things out?" You should be able to color them gone. Otherwise...

■ **Step Four: Try the old "cat trick."** This maneuver works best when they're sound asleep—say, at about 2 A.M. the night after

they should have left. First, secure a bobcat or an ocelot. Next, holding the cat safely by the nape of its neck, strike it repeatedly with a wire whisk until it's in a yowling, spitting frenzy. (Watch those claws!) Then toss it into the guest room and lock the door. At breakfast the next morning, pretend not to know what the hell they're talking about. If that doesn't work...

■ **Step Five: Make a big pee stain on the front of your pajamas, ruffle up all the hair on your head, then kick open the door to their room.** Pointing your index finger at them and cocking your thumb, force them into their car "at gunpoint." Later, when they're back in their godforsaken home states, call to apologize and claim you're going to be seeking unspecified "treatment."

Uncle Bob likes to sleep in



Photographs, (left to right), Gerard Lacz/Peter Arnold, Inc.; Superstock

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MODERN IMMATURITY

It Came from the Third Grade

Pranks so juvenile they're funny all over again!

THIS MONTH: THE FALL GUY

Situation: You and a female accomplice are standing in an open area when you spot a likely target.

Setup: As foxy accomplice distracts the bozo with the obvious (1), you get on all fours immediately behind him and wait.

Execution: On a signal from you (e.g., "Now! Get the sumbitch!") accomplice pushes your target in the chest (2) hard enough to send him sprawling backward over your jubilant body.

Why it works: The face-to-face betrayal is so shocking (3) your target can't react until your triumph is complete. (Caveat: Stunt could cause serious spinal injury—the old and infirm make easy-but-stupid-in-retrospect targets.)

Punch line: "Have a great trip; see you next fall!"

Next month: The Water Torture



1
Stop...



2
drop...



3
...and run!

TREAD ALERT

Off-Road Warriors

Convert your city-boy tires into all-terrain terrors.

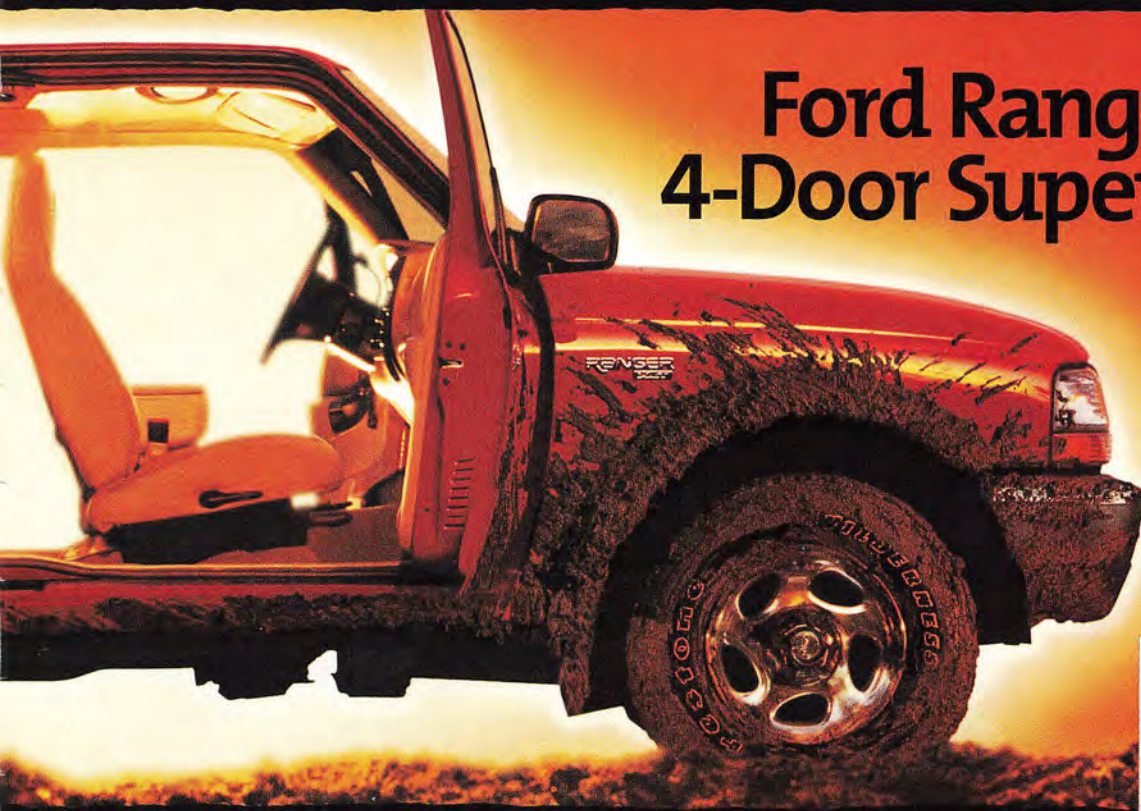
It's a damned shame: You dropped all that dough on an SUV, and you're sitting in traffic behind all the little guys anyway.

Why can't you just drive over other cars, German Tiger Tank-style? Your squishy little city tires, that's why. Well, stand back: Mattracks, a Minnesota-based company, is here to save your sanity. Its tracks lower your truck's center of gravity and give you wicked traction. The company promises that you won't be stuck in mud, sand, snow, swamp, even tundra conditions. Yes, the tracks'll also slow your max speed to a pokey 40 mph, but since you'll be able to do that over any terrain on the planet, you'll hardly notice. Already in wide use by law enforcement agencies, logging companies, and search-and-rescue teams, these rigs pop

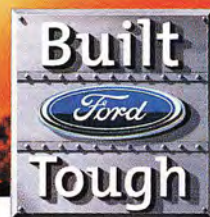


on and off inside of 30 minutes and cost about \$20,000 per system (four tracks). Call (218) 436-7000 or check out the Web site at www.mattracks.com.

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"I'm thinking software merger."

took the company public, and now you're chief technology officer (no true techie would sully himself by becoming a CEO).

Your Gear

Even when you're wearing Armani to impress corporate pinheads, your Teva Valkyrie sandals and faded Mr. Bubble T-shirt never let 'em forget you're a creative at heart. Your computer's artillery, which you upgrade every six months, currently includes a 450MHz Intel Pentium II Processor and 256 MB of RAM. In transit, an ultrathin Sony VAIO notebook lets you page through E-mail from techie minions, while a Pilot electronic organizer and mini Motorola StarTAC phone complete your mobile office.

Your Lingo

Jim: Jim Barksdale, Netscape's CEO. A hip Webhead never refers to a company by name; it's "What's Jim selling next year?" **Samurai:** Hacker hired to crack a computer system for legitimate reasons.

Sagan: Very large quantity. After the goofy TV astronomer Carl Sagan, who made "billions and billions" famous. ("We ought to get sagans from Microsoft for this program.") **Sneakernet:** The real, non-Internet world (e.g., what you use when you hand out paper memos in person).

Mad bank: Serious cashola. ("You making mad bank yet, or what?")

Conversation in a Can

If she asks: "Could you hack into Bill Gates' computer?"

You answer: "Why bother? Microsoft is dead. In six months you'll be asking me who Bill Gates was."

If she asks: "What are you working on now?"

You answer: "A browser that addresses women's particular needs. Another drink?"

If she asks: "Can you help me with my home computer? I want to move the little arrow farther to the right, but the mouse is already at the edge of the pad."

You answer: "I'll come by Saturday night to fix it. I'll need a penknife, a paper clip, and a couple screwdrivers—easy on the OJ."

*Special thanks to Tristan Louis, an Internet executive in Manhattan.

LIAR, LIAR #8

Hard-Drivin' Man

Nothing turns a woman on like a guy with a cool job. And when your *real* job doesn't qualify, it's time to lie. This month you are: a Cybermillionaire.*



Your Training

After graduating from MIT with a degree in computer science, you moved into your parents' basement to hone your skills. Buzz about your plan to make Laetitia Casta's weekly pedicure a downloadable event piqued the interest of an investor who ponied up \$250,000. The incoming traffic on day one smashed the server like a sledgehammer: Thirty-six hours later, a venture capitalist shelled out \$30 million for 20 percent of your business. In two years you put together an initial public offering and

Your Job

You baked a multimillion-dollar high-tech business from scratch, and the dough just keeps rising. Your small-cap firm, which you just took public, pumps out do-everything-but-blow-you programs that integrate the World Wide Web with the television, the toaster oven, and the electric can opener. Some days you're at the keyboard 20 hours straight, downing Oreo O's by the bowl. Other days you'll pop in *The Beastmaster* and brainstorm in bed, conduct a lazy teleconference at noon, and spend an evening getting your ass caressed by corporate-giant CEOs desperate to offer you nine-figure deals for token slivers of your company.

ALL-PURPOSE ANECDOTE

"I was working the booth at this trade show in San Fran, and this old-money businessman from Austin insulted me during a negotiation for my software. He told me he 'could buy and sell geeks like me.' Well, I made a phone call and came up with a whole bank of gold numbers—secure lines right into the main headquarters of the National Security Agency. Then I sent this old goat a Trojan horse disguised as an E-mail petition from Amnesty International. It programmed his PC to dial the NSA every hour and leave a message that read CAN YOU FUCKHEADS CATCH ME BEFORE I LAUNCH THE MISSILES? I'd love to have been there when the NSA goon squad bashed in his door and kicked his Texas ass."



Illustrations: Brian Hughes; photographs: (top to bottom), David McGlynn/FPG; Photofest; Young



The Fighting Red Demons

Brian Jackson
209 Redwood Shores Parkway
Redwood City, CA 94065

Dear Mr. Jackson:

Thank you for your interest in our Men's Basketball Program. We appreciate your enthusiasm, especially the part about "giving your left kidney" for a national championship. Unfortunately, we've just recruited 4 All-Americans. So we don't need the services of a 5'8", 132 lb. power forward with "mad game." Even if you can "take your little brother to the rack at will."

If you still want to experience all the emotion and excitement of big-time college basketball, we suggest you buy March Madness 99, the new video game that puts you on the floor with over 100 Division 1-A teams. (See attached.)

Sincerely,

Dave DeMartini
Head Coach

PS: If you can't handle the competition, you're welcome to try out for our pep band.

E.A.U. 1000 Sansome St. San Francisco, CA 94111 "Welcome to Demon Country!"



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THE RIDING CROP

Cyber Racers

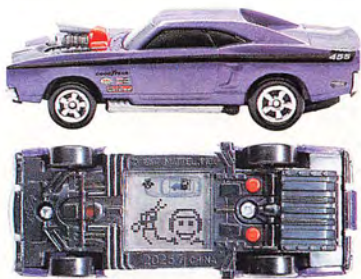
America's favorite mini-cars do a big honkin' ramp jump into the 21st century.

Who didn't convert his mother's living room into the Indy 500 after Santa left a Hot Wheels racetrack under the tree? For those of you foolish enough to have since traded in your Hot Wheels for PalmPilots, here come the track-burning Cyber Racers.

Though it resembles the standard 1/64-scale die-cast model, each Hot

Wheels Cyber Racer contains a microchip and has an LCD screen on the underside that shows the car's speed in proportional mph after each race. You can race laps or drag against a friend's car on a Cyber Race Track (of course, they sell the thing separately). Or, hell, just clear off the company conference table next time you and Bob from accounts payable want to settle a dispute like men. The LCD also tells you when maintenance is needed and how to provide it, demanding as much guided button pushing as a damn Tamagotchi.

Hot Wheels has rolled out four cyber-models (\$13 each) as well as a Cyber Racers Deluxe Track Set (\$47), says Sarah Rosales of the Mattel company in El Segundo, California (800-524-8697). Great for toolin' around the office... when the boss is outta earshot.



"Looks like a crumb in your carb."

ODDS AND ENDS

Head Banger

New crash-test dummies: Not as dumb as you look.

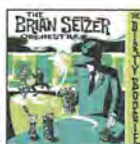
What's this—some giant human Whack-A-Mole game? Wouldn't you love to wire a dozen of these suckers up to bells and whistles and then slam the shit out of them until the machine spits out a plastic badge that reads WHIPLASH KING?

Ah, sorry about the outburst. The Dynamic Event Response Analysis Man—Deraman for short—is filled with a material that simulates the stuffing in your noggin, and wired to monitors that register how shock waves rebound through a head after it's struck. Made by the British Defence Evaluation and Research Agency, Deraman will help answer such questions as whether helmets, because of their added weight, contribute to whiplash, as many bikers claim. Plus, he'd look spectacular plowing through the windshield of a Volvo.



Photographs, this page (clockwise from the top): Damien Donck; next page (clockwise from the top right): Warren Salove; hair and makeup Rita Marmor; for Susan Price, location, Hotel 17 (212) 475-2845, grey bra and panties by Laura Urbanatti, sheets by Gucci; potty-mouth (top to bottom): Everett; K. Jordan/Sigma; The Neal Peters Collection; Karl Gehring/Gamma Liaison; A. Berliner/Gamma Liaison; Photofest; The Neal Peters Collection; Monument, FPG; Pisa, Hideo Kurihara/Tony Stone Images

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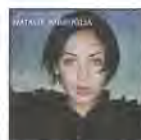
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"My Heart Will Go On," more.
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Cherry Poppin' Daddies
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Like You (Lava/Atlantic) ★
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168161

- | | | | | | |
|---|--------|--|--------|---|--------|
| "Forrest Gump" (Epic Soundtrax) ★ | 487249 | Ⓢ Athenaem—Radiance (Atlantic) ★ | 240697 | Ⓢ Cheap Trick At Budokan (Epic/Legacy) ★ | 241463 |
| Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers—Greatest Hits (MCA) | 474411 | Funk Master Flex III: The Mix Tape Vol. III (Loud Records) ★ | 256297 | Meat Loaf—Bat Out Of Hell (Epic) | 279133 |
| Elton John—Greatest Hits (Polydor) | 471011 | Dishwalla—And You Think You Know What Life's About (A&M) | 255703 | Legacy: A Tribute To Fleetwood Mac's Rumours (Lava/Atlantic) | 239319 |
| Bryan Adams—So Far So Good (The Hits) (A&M) | 467738 | Cam'Ron—Confessions Of Fire (Entertainment/Epic) ★ | 255455 | The Mamas & The Papas—Greatest Hits (Remastered) (MCA) ★ | 239194 |
| Prince—The Hits 2 (Paisley Park) ★ | 466631 | Simon & Garfunkel's Greatest Hits (Columbia) | 219477 | "Spawn"—Crystal Method, Dust Brothers, more. (Epic Soundtrax) ★ | 237057 |
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| ZZ Top—Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) | 438010 | "The Full Monty" (RCA Victor) | 217281 | Bush—Deconstructed (Trauma Records) | 232819 |
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| The Best Of The Grateful Dead/What A Long, Strange Trip It's Been (Warner Bros.) ★ | 291633 | The Best Of Santana (Columbia/Legacy) ★ | 242024 | Elvis Presley—Greatest Jukebox Hits (RCA) | 224303 |
| The Steve Miller Band—Greatest Hits 1974-78 (Capitol) | 290171 | | | Bob Dylan—Time Out Of Mind (Columbia) | 224279 |
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- Jd—Life In 1472: The Original Soundtrack** (Columbia) 255463
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- Harvey Danger**—*Where Have All The Merry-makers Gone?* (Slash/London) * 254086
- **Celine Dion**—*Let's Talk About Love* (550 Music/Epic) 253245
- Gerald Levert**—*Love & Consequences* (eastwest) 252544
- **Lucinda Williams**—*Car Wheels On A Gravel Road* (Mercury) * 250928
- Brian Wilson**—*Imagination* (Giant) * 250423
- Rammstein**—*Schachtel* (Slack) * 249821
- Rod Stewart**—*When We Were The New Boys* (Warner Bros.) 249367
- Gloria Estefan**—*Gloria* (Epic) 249359
- Jeff Foxworthy**—*Totally Committed* (Warner Bros.) 245498
- Songs From "Ally McBeal"**—Feat. Vonda Shepard (550 Music) 244509
- Lilith Fair: A Celebration Of Women In Music**—Sarah McLachlan, Jewel, Paula Cole, more. (Arista) 244426
- Mya** (Interscope) * 244343
- Big Punisher**—*Capital Punishment* (RCA/Loud Records) 244301
- **"X-Files"**—Sarah McLachlan, Filler, Foo Fighters, more. (Elektra) * 244012
- All Saints** (London) * 234097
- Stabbing Westward**—*Darkest Days* (Columbia) * 242214
- Tori Amos**—*From The Choirgirl Hotel* (Atlantic) * 241455
- **Faith Hill**—*Faith* (Warner Bros.) 241356
- Jerry Cantrell**—*Boggy Depot* (Columbia) 240630
- **Jimmy Page & Robert Plant**—*Walking Into Clarksdale* (Atlantic) 241257
- Fuel**—*Sunburn* (Enhanced CD) (550 Music) * 240275
- Eric Clapton**—*Pilgrim* (Reprise) 239145
- **Mavericks**—*Trampoline* (MCA) 238410
- Dixie Chicks**—*Wide Open Spaces* (Monument) 234757
- Billie Myers**—*Growing Pains* (Universal) * 230649
- LSG**—*Levert Sweat Gill* (eastwest) 228171
- **Arefha Franklin**—*A Rose Is Still A Rose* (Arista) 224253
- Our Lady Peace**—*Clumsy* (Columbia) * 189225
- **Next**—*Rated Next* (Arista) 233890
- Brian McKnight**—*Anytime* (Mercury) 221879
- Jon B.**—*Cool Relax* (Yab Yum/550 Music) 221853
- Jars Of Clay**—*Much Afraid* (Silverstone/Essential) 221663
- Elton John**—*The Big Picture* (Rocket/A&M) 221598
- Mariah Carey**—*Butterfly* (Columbia) 221499
- Adam Sandler**—*What's Your Name?* (Warner Bros.) 220616

- Busta Rhymes**—*When Disaster Strikes* (Elektra) 220434
- **"The Rocky Horror Picture Show"** (Ode) * 254961
- **"My Best Friend's Wedding"**—Diana King, Tony Bennett, more. (Work) 214759
- Limp Bizkit**—*Three Dollar Bill Y'all* (Flip/Interscope) * 214429
- **Edwin McCain**—*Misguided Roses* (Enhanced CD) (Lava/Atlantic) 213520
- K-Ci & JoJo**—*Love Always* (MCA) 213306
- Boston**—*Greatest Hits* (Epic) 212464
- James Taylor**—*Hour Glass* (Columbia) 211128
- **Swirl 360**—*Ask Anybody* (Mercury) * 252791
- Hanson**—*Middle Of Nowhere* (Mercury) 194480
- Rush**—*Retrospective 1 (1974-1980)* (Mercury) 194472
- **Jeff Black**—*Birmingham Road* (Arista Austin) * 252205
- Kiss**—*Greatest Kiss* (Mercury) 188110
- Bee Gees**—*Still Waters* (Polydor) 186619
- The Notorious B.I.G.**—*Life After Death* (Bad Boy/Arista) 184655
- **Billy Bragg & Wilco**—*Mermaid Avenue* (Elektra) * 251397
- Kelly Price**—*Soul Of A Woman* (T-Neck/Island) * 251462
- Monster Magnet**—*Powertrip* (5-10-50/Flip/A&M) * 250225
- Badman Turner Overdrive**—*Best Of BTO* (Renaissance) (Mercury) * 249441
- Fourplay**—*4* (Warner Bros.) * 248799
- **Pure Reggae**—*Various Artists* (Island) * 254888
- Savage Garden** (Columbia) 186601
- Ben Folds Five**—*Whatever And Ever Amen* (550 Music) 185371



- The Mighty Mighty Bosstones**—*Let's Face It* (Big Rig/Mercury) 184283
- Heart**—*Greatest Hits* (Capitol) 183889
- Live**—*Secret Samadhi* (Radioactive) 181511
- **Ringo Starr**—*Vertical Man* (Mercury) * 250456
- Frank Sinatra**—*Songs For Swingin' Lovers* (Capitol) 175125
- The Who**—*My Generation: The Very Best* (MCA) 174169
- Barenaked Ladies**—*Rock Spectacle* (Enhanced CD) (Reprise) 171397
- Paula Cole**—*This Fire* (Image/Warner Bros.) * 170035
- L.L. Cool J**—*All World* (Def Jam) 168914
- Korn**—*Life Is Peachy* (Enhanced CD) (Immortal/Epic) 167726
- **"Last Days Of Disco"** (Work) * 249474
- Sheryl Crow** (A&M) 165969
- Fiona Apple**—*Tidal* (Work) * 163584
- The Wallflowers**—*Bringing Down The Horse* (Interscope) 163477
- Toni Braxton**—*Secrets* (LaFace) 159202
- Dave Matthews Band**—*Crash* (RCA) 156703
- **"Saturday Night Fever"** (Polydor) * 148551
- Daryl Hall/John Oates**—*Rock 'n' Soul, Part I* (RCA) 147025
- Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble**—*Grt. Hits* (Epic) 140939
- Janet Jackson**—*Design Of A Decade: 1986-1995* (A&M) 139501
- Jim Croce**—*Photographs & Memories: His Grt. Hits* (Sajo/Atlantic) 139006
- Jewel**—*Pieces Of You* (Atlantic) 137463
- Styx**—*Grt. Hits: Time Stands Still When It Sounds This Good* (A&M) 136721
- Neil Young**—*Harvest* (Reprise) 129189
- The Beach Boys**—*Greatest Hits* (Capitol) 122903
- The Cream Of Eric Clapton** (Polydor) 121665
- AC/DC**—*Back In Black* (Remastered) (ATCO) 120337
- Bruce Springsteen**—*Greatest Hits* (Columbia) 119354

COUNTRY

- Patsy Cline's Greatest Hits** (MCA) 365924
- **Collin Raye**—*The Walls Came Down* (Epic) 253641
- Terri Clark**—*How I Feel* (Mercury) 245589
- **Dwight Yoakam**—*The Long Way Home* (Reprise) 250528
- Mark Wills**—*Wish You Were Here* (Mercury) 245571
- Tracy Byrd**—*I'm From The Country* (MCA Nashville) 245480
- **Steve Wariner**—*Burnin' Down The Roadhouse* (Capitol) 241331
- Alan Jackson**—*Everything I Love* (Arista Nashville) 235002
- **Garth Brooks**—*Sevens* (Capitol) 232207
- Martina McBride**—*Evolution* (RCA Nashville) 220236
- Michael Peterson** (Reprise) 214544
- George Strait**—*Carrying Your Love With Me* (MCA Nashville) 188631
- Clay Walker**—*Rumor Has It* (Giant) 186692
- Reba McEntire**—*What If It's You* (MCA) 172973
- Deana Carter**—*Did I Shave My Legs For This?* (Capitol Nashville) 166397
- Vince Gill**—*Souvenirs* (MCA) 155259
- **Brooks & Dunn**—*If You See Her* (Arista) 247759



Third Eye Blind
(Elektra)
188151



Shania Twain
Come On Over
(Mercury)
229021

SIMPLIFY YOUR LIFE WITH PLAY

○ At last...a music club that gives you all the savings and shop-at-home conveniences you'd expect—but without any of the hassles. No more "selection of the month"...no more annoying cards to return month after month...no more automatic shipments of unwanted selections!

○ And as an introduction to Play, we invite you to take any 12 CDs right now—all 12 for only a penny, plus \$1.49 enrollment charge. What's more, you can take another selection at a great discount and get still another one FREE! (A shipping and handling charge will be added to each shipment.)

○ All you need to do is buy as few as six selections, at regular Club prices, in the next two years—and that's it! How long you remain a member is entirely up to you—you're free to cancel your membership at any time after buying your six selections. Regular Club prices are currently \$12.98 to \$16.98 for CDs, \$7.98 to \$10.98 for Cassettes, plus shipping and handling.

○ As a member, you'll enjoy all of these benefits—exciting *Fast Forward* CD samplers so you can audition upcoming new artists—your choice of informative magazines targeted by music category, offering thousands of titles at special low prices—toll-free 800-number for friendly customer service and easy ordering—and our convenient Web site—www.playfromcolumbiahouse.com—that puts over 14,000 selections right at your fingertips.

○ So take advantage of our 14-day risk-free trial. We'll send your new member guide with your introductory shipment. If not satisfied for any reason, return everything within 14 days at our expense for a full refund—and there's no further obligation on your part! So stay tuned to the latest in music by acting now!

○ If the application is missing write to: Play from Columbia House, 1400 North Fruitridge Avenue, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1130

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○ Contains explicit lyrics which may be objectionable to some members.

★ Selection available on CD only.

■ Selections with this symbol count as two.

Play from Columbia House, 1400 N. Fruitridge Avenue, Terre Haute, IN 47811

Please accept my application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I've enclosed my check or money order for \$1.50 (that's 1¢ for my 12 CDs, plus \$1.49 enrollment charge). I agree to buy 6 CDs, at regular Club prices, within the next 2 years and may cancel my membership anytime after doing so.

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2	5	8
3	6	9
10	11	12
13	14	

Bonus Offer: Also send this 13th selection at a discount! I've enclosed an additional \$6.98 (shipping/handling will be billed).

I'm entitled to this 14th selection FREE!

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Check only one, but you may choose your CDs from any category.

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Kiss
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Elton John
- ☐ **R&B**
Brian McKnight
Erykah Badu
- ☐ **DANCE/POP**
Savage Garden
'N Sync
- ☐ **ALTERNATIVE**
Beck
Tori Amos
- ☐ **RAP/HIP HOP**
Will Smith
Busta Rhymes
- ☐ **COUNTRY**
Garth Brooks
Shania Twain

ADULT EDUCATION

Potty-Mouth U

Still cursing like a sailor? This school will gladly wash your mouth out with soap.



"Golly!"



"Jeepers."



"Oh, my!"



"Fiddlesticks."



"Drat."



"Darn."



"Jeez."



"F*ck you, pal."

Don't you wish you could swear less? *Fuck*, no. But just in case you someday have to move back in with your parents or you score an invite to high tea with the archbishop of Canterbury, you may want to give James V. O'Connor a call. He's the president of the Cuss Control Academy, a Northbrook, Illinois, program that—in five days—will help you turn your foul language around until nothing but roses and daisies come outta your pie hole.

"Profanity is lazy language," says O'Connor, himself a reformed inveterate cusser. It's casual swearing, he claims, that really hurts the language—people sprinkling their conversation with cussin' even when they're not angry or quoting Eddie Murphy. The only snag: The goddamned course costs 300 bucks. (Doesn't he know how much fucking money that is?)

We at *Maxim* agree that casual cussing is bad, mainly because the overuse of swear words blunts the impact when you *really* want to let loose and freak the hell out of people with verbal abuse. But our solution is simpler: Have a private detective follow you around with a tape recorder and leave whatever you say on your mom's answering machine. (To contact the Cuss Control Academy anyway, call 847-498-2284.)

"Sacrebleu! Zat was... oh, la la!"



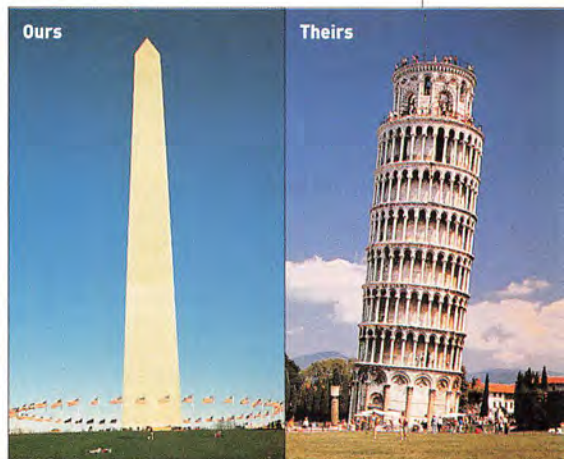
SEX FILES

Home of the Whopper

Stand proud, boys: Here's proof that when it comes to sex, nobody delivers like the American man.

Though they're skinny, they talk funny, and they refuse to admit that their movies blow, French and Italian guys, bizarrely, are still assumed to be great lovers by most of the world's women. Well, not anymore: According to the 1998 Durex Global Sex Survey, American men take a back seat to nobody. Groping for the pulse of 10,000 sexually active men and women around the world, the survey found that the Yankee male gives his partner a world-record 28.1-minute bout, on average—head and shoulders above the universal norm of 17.2 minutes. Our friends to the north, those randy Canadians, come in (so to speak) at 22.7 minutes, but our European chums Henri and Paolo peter out at a high-school-freshman-like 16.1 minutes and 14.2 minutes, respectively. (What's the country with the stingiest lovers? Sex-tour capital

Thailand, which puts its collective boxers back on after a scant, sailor-on-shore-leave 10.4 minutes.)





"Damn—put
the antifreeze
in backwards
again!"

THE RIGHT STUFF

Auto Elixirs

In the cold winter months, should you give your car's systems a shot of feelgood? We evaluate car additives.

When it gets cold, your car can get as run-down and wheezy as Bob Dylan after a rough night. Throwing in a few of those additives that line the shelves of your local automotive store seems like the way to go. But are these products really any good? We asked Dave Van Sickle, director of automotive and consumer information for the AAA, for the real dirt.

■ Gas-line antifreeze

The idea: Added to your fuel, it absorbs condensation in the gas line and tank, preventing the formation of ice crystals, which block fuel and cause the engine to stall.

The expert says: A waste of cash. If you buy your gas from a brand-name dealer (Exxon, Texaco, etc.), chances are it already has an additive like this.

■ Antifreeze corrosion inhibitor

The idea: Added to your antifreeze, it prevents the radiator's aluminum parts from corroding and leaking.

The expert says: All antifreeze has corrosion inhibitors. In fact, mixing a new additive with certain kinds of antifreeze that already contain additives can actually

speed up corrosion. Just remember to change your antifreeze regularly—every two years for most machines—and you won't have problems.

■ Cooling-system sealer

The idea: Added to your antifreeze, it cleverly seals cracks and leaks in the radiator.

The expert says: A temporary fix, not a cure. Use in a pinch, and only until you can get to the shop to have leaks fixed by a pro.

■ Power-steering or automatic-transmission conditioner

The idea: Added to your power-steering fluid or transmission fluid, it causes the system's seals to swell, plugging baby leaks.

The expert says: Don't bother. The liquid is fine as a temporary solution, but it's no substitute for a good mechanic.

■ Engine-oil treatment

The idea: Added to your crankcase oil, it reduces friction and increases viscosity.

The expert says: Usually unnecessary, but "viscosity improvers can help if the car is on its last legs," says Van Sickle. "Then they might make the car last another 500 miles before you reach the junkyard."

■ Gasoline or oil detergent

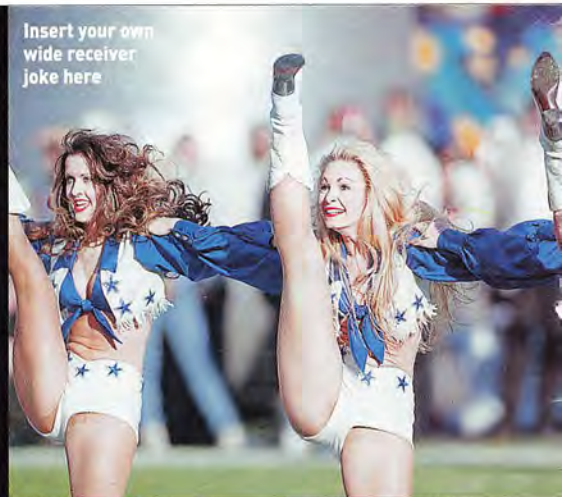
The idea: Gas detergent cleans deposits from fuel injectors; oil detergent removes sludge and deposits from the crankcase.

The expert says: Bunk, mainly. Federal law requires all gas, but not necessarily all motor oil, to include them. (Most oil makers have added them.) But if your car's more than five years old, sometimes detergents help. Same goes for relatives over 50.



Daisy'll get
any motor
running!

Insert your own
wide receiver
joke here



POP QUIZ

TRI-STAR
PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Super Bowl Trivia



Test your gridiron chops and win signed Super Bowl gear.

Do you know your Super Bowl stuff?

Prove it. Send us correct answers to the following wild, weird and head-stumpin' Big Game trivia questions and, courtesy of the wacky Maxim fans at Tri-Star Productions (www.tristarproductions.com), you could win 1) a football signed by Jerry Rice, 2) a mini football helmet signed by Emmitt Smith, or 3) a 16" x 20" color photo signed by Shannon Sharpe. Winners will be selected from correct entries; complete rules are below. Good luck, y'all.

1. Who's the most annoying person ever to sing the national anthem at the Super Bowl?
2. Besides his nylon work, Joe Namath also did spots for Noxzema. Who lathered his face in the ad?
3. Which president-elect allegedly moved his swearing-in to a Monday to avoid competing with the Super Bowl?
4. How many Super Bowls has Up With People performed their schtick at?
5. True or false: O. J. Simpson never played

in a SB game, but he conducted the coin toss for one.

6. Which former Super Bowl winner is the only NFL team whose logo appears on only one side of their helmets?

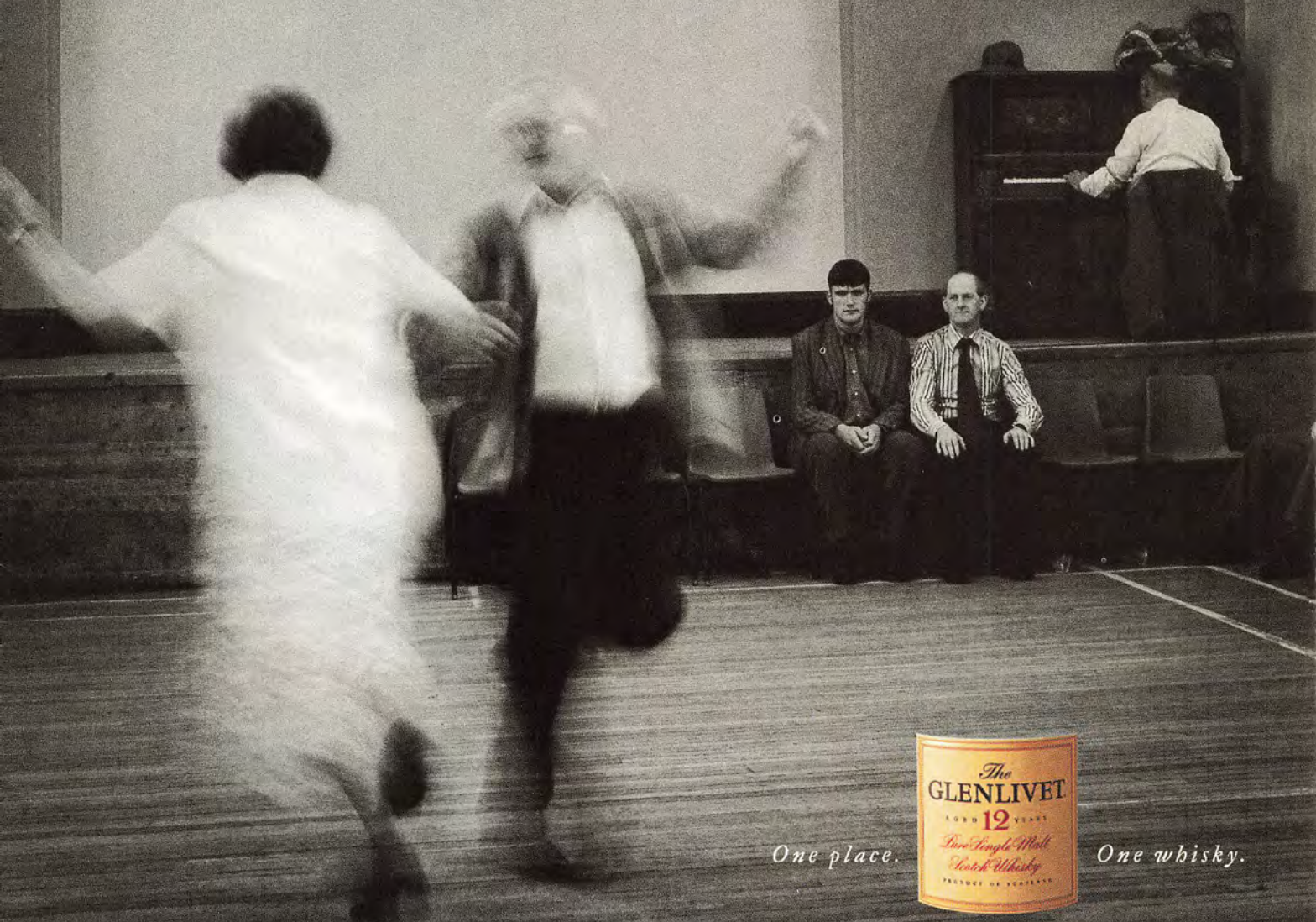


Photographs (clockwise from the top left): H. Armstrong Roberts; Mike Powell/Alisport; Damien Donck (x3); Everett Collection.

Located in the same
REMOTE highland glen
for nearly 100 years.

Great for making **WHISKY.**

Not so good for meeting **WOMEN.**



One place.

One whisky.

DOMESWEET DOME \$300

Not only do the Boy Scouts rely on it for winter camping and for constructing emergency shelters, but the Polar Dome is the closest thing you'll ever see to Eskimo prefab housing. Simply lay out this sophisticated sack, fill it with snow, dig out the center and—*whammo!*—you've got your own igloo. What good is an igloo, you ask? If the temperature outside is minus 20, it'll be mid-30s inside. Case closed. (Norquest Innovation Corp., 877-667-7837)

PUSH AND SHOVEL \$45

If you live in a winter war zone, like Fargo or Calgary, you'd have to be brain damaged to travel without a shovel in your car. The Avalanche weighs only 24 ounces and boasts a guaranteed-for-life blade made of Lexan plastic. And because its three-foot handle folds up, you can take it anywhere: your ice fishing hut, the ball game, or hell...when it finally freezes over. (K2 Snowboards, 800-972-4038)

DASH DANCE \$9

When it comes to car accessories, fuzzy dice and pine-tree air fresheners take a back seat to the Hula Girl. Her bodacious bod comes with all the Hawaiian trimmings (grass skirt, lei, ukulele); when attached to the dash, she wiggles seductively over potholes. (Archie McPhee, 425-745-0711)

TOY CHEST

Do you really think needless spending on materialistic trifles will help you beat the winter blues? We do.

POP ART \$349

They may look like works of fine art, but when you crank up your stereo, these babies go to 11. The new Gekko speakers are about as thick as a picture frame, and you can order them with any of 450 covers, from a Van Gogh to a little something called *Pit Stop Nympho*. Finally, paintings that'll make you get up and dance. (NCT Audio Products, 800-278-3526)



RING MASTER \$3,000

With this bad boy in hand, E.T. actually *could* have phoned home. The cell phone, developed by Iridium, is the first with worldwide coverage. It uses local networks when possible, but when you're out of range, the phone's ultrapowerful antenna hooks into a network of 66 satellites orbiting the planet...meaning that now you can order a pizza anywhere from Alaska to Antarctica. Of course, individual delivery time may vary. (Iridium, 888-474-3486)



SNOW BLOWER \$2,795

Our only New Year's resolution is to rid the world of snowboarders. Our weapon of choice will be the Fast Trax, a stand-up snow scooter with a top speed of 38 mph and treads that would make a Sherman tank jealous. Snowboarders will be pulling fakie stalefish to get out of our way as we crush their Mountain Dew cans and teach them about the new extreme sport of survival. Dude. (Fast Trax, 408-993-1828)



DIGITAL PAGER \$499

Who wants to haul five hardbacks to Maui when you can store 4,000 pages on a gizmo the size of a Game Boy? The Rocket eBook, the first electronic book on the market, lets you download more than 1,000 popular books straight from the Barnes & Noble Web site so you can read yourself silly. You can even look up obscure words (like *merkin*) using its built-in dictionary. (Levenger, 800-544-0880)





WINSTON BOX

16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

No additives are in our
tobacco, for true taste.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.



Good luck?

Tell that to the rabbit.



Winston Straight up.

NO ADDITIVES • TRUE TASTE

Why We Pick On Every Little Thing

Ever been left wondering how one little first-date faux pas benched you from the game for good? Nancy Miller explains.



"Damn! I hope his wallet's in his breast pocket."

You're on a first date and things are going smoother than the 12-year-old scotch you're drinking. Then you signal the waiter for another drink and you notice that her previously warm manner has suddenly turned as chilly as your whiskey on the rocks. And it stays that way until she shakes your hand good-night—before the check comes. As you calculate the tip, you wonder, *What's the deal?*

The deal is, *you* may know you're not a slobbering sot, but the last guy she went out with who outpaced her by pounding three whiskeys before dinner wound up getting so plastered he redecorated her apartment in late-20th-century Technicolor hurl. In other words, women come to the table with dating histories chockablock with first-date fiascos so severe even a flicker of

similar behavior will launch them into flashbacks of their dating pasts—and catapult you out of their dating future.

Let me illustrate: Though I wish the following five dates were fiction, unfortunately they are all too real. Sure, I'd like to give a good guy like you the benefit of the doubt, but experience has taught me (more like kicked me) that it's better to cut my losses and leave the premises before things get ugly. And as you'll see from these dates, I know ugly.

Little Red Flag #1: You think of everything...except her.

Max, an architect, asked me to go sailing on the Fourth of July and then check out the fireworks. There are four of us on his friend's boat: his buddy "the captain," the captain's girlfriend, Max, and me. We head out at

10 A.M. By noon the waters are so choppy I'm hurling over the side...for the next six hours. Even the captain is ill, but not my little skipper, who is busy rigging and hoisting and tacking and saying things like "Ahhh! Feel that air."

When we hit shore, I drop to the ground as if I've stepped onto the Promised Land. Exhausted, sweating, and 20 pounds lighter from throwing up my vital organs, I just want to go home.

"C'mon, Nance!" My date is racing past me. "I want to find the perfect spot for the 'works!'"

I automatically start running, too. At every turn he's 10 feet ahead of me. My heart is exploding in my chest, and once more, I am drenched in sweat. I hear the crack as the first of the fireworks goes off. I stop and watch a haze of muted blue and red lights come raining down. Max keeps running, and I watch him get smaller and smaller until I just let him disappear.

Bottom line: In an effort to make your first date unforgettable, don't forget to make sure *she's* having a good time. You've got to be ready to bail on Plan A if the look on her face reads "What are we doing *here*?" Ask her if she likes where you are/what you're doing. Give her a nice out by saying something like "I just want to have a nice time. You won't hurt my feelings at all if you're not into this place."

Little Red Flag #2: You let her get the first round.

Neil had a charming grin and an English accent. When we met, he let me know right away that he was a big-time banker, a Cambridge graduate (he showed me ▷

I'm barfing over the side of the boat as my date says, "Ahhh, feel that air!"

Photographs, Patricia McDonough; hair and makeup, Yukiko for Utopia, Inc.; stuffed animals courtesy of FAO Schwartz

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The human body has over
45 miles of nerves.

Enjoy the ride.

Set yourself free. In a new Durex® condom.

Feel what you've been missing. With the most exciting condoms ever made.
New **Durex** condoms for ultimate sensitivity. Now safe sex doesn't have
to feel that way. Free sample at www.durex.com.



his school ID), and a world traveler. He called to ask me out a couple of days later, but the only night I had free was the night I was going to a friend's birthday party. He said he wanted to go.

We meet at a bar for a pre-party drink. When the bartender comes to collect for the first round, I pause. Though Neil had

I knock on the bathroom door. "Are you OK in there?" He emits a long, low groan.

asked me out, technically I had invited him, so I say, "Let me get this." He smiles and says, "Sure!"

We arrive at the restaurant a little before my friends and decide to order some appetizers and a few more drinks. The bill comes as my friends arrive and are seated. Neil watches me pull out my wallet, then goes and sits down at the table.

When the dinner bill comes, he lays down \$52, then turns and says, "Love, you owe me \$26." I'm starting to feel swindled.

My drunken birthday pal decides she wants to go dancing, so we all head in the direction of a nearby club. I, however, have to hit the ATM again. I've already blown \$100.

"God, New York is outrageously expensive, isn't it?" says clueless Neil in his tart accent. My stomach is twisted in regret at going out with this guy, yet a small part of me still hopes that, miraculously, things will change. When we approach the velvet ropes, my friends are already inside. "I'm sorry, but I cannot justify paying six bloody dollars just to get in," Neil tells me when we're informed of the cover charge. At this point I say, "Look, I'm going in. But please, if you want to go home, go home." We say goodbye, and I run inside and blow another \$100 on champagne to celebrate being rid of him.

Bottom line: Spring for the first round. Let her pick up the one after that (and feign protest), but nab that first one. If you don't, you risk looking like a cheap bastard. "And cheap guys got no soul," says my pal Suzy. Simply put, skimp on the beer and she'll assume you're the type who won't have sex with the lights on because it wastes electricity.

Little Red Flag #3: You order one drink too many.

I met Scott in a dive bar. The night we hang out, he arrives at my apartment toting a six-pack and a fifth of Johnnie Walker. It

seems like a lot of hooch, but I figure what the heck. We listen to music and kick back. Within an hour and a half, he pounds half a bottle of whiskey and four beers.

At midnight he gets up off the couch and staggers to the kitchen (I think to get another beer). After a half-hour, I get worried. The door to the bathroom is shut, but I can hear water running. I knock on the door. "Uh, Scott? Are you OK?" I hear a long, low groan. The door opens and Scott comes out, his face green. "I feel really sick," he mumbles, then stumbles into my bedroom and passes out on my bed. I go to sleep on the couch.

The next morning I wonder if it was all a bad dream, but my roommate opens her door and, with a murderous glare, says, "Your date puked all over the kitchen. Everywhere. And he used my toothbrush." She holds out her purple toothbrush, the bristles coated with chunks.

Twenty minutes later, he walks into the living room and asks me if I would mind making him some coffee. I tell him I'm out of coffee, and hustle him to the door. Two nights later he calls me to go out. When I demur, he is bewildered: "Why? I mean, I thought we had a real, you know, connection."

Bottom line: Even if you know you can hold twice your date's weight in booze, hang back and match her one for one. She is keeping tabs on how much sauce you're sucking down. "If I'm out on a first date and the guy drinks four or five hard-liquor drinks," says my friend Chelsea, "I wonder what he'll be drinking once we've been together awhile."

Little Red Flag #4: You get touchy-feely too fast.

Proving that it's not just me, my friend DeeDee recounts the story of the man who made her wary of any dude who even grazes her arm on the first date: "When I meet up with Rich, he holds out



PROCEED WITH CAUTION

Dating is like driving. Miss a few road signs and you'll wind up engulfed in flames at the bottom of a cliff. Here, how three guys dodged the dating crash-and-burn.

"On the first date with a girl from work, I noticed an odd habit: She wiped the restaurant chair before sitting down. During the evening, she wiped a barstool and even the seat of my car. Weeks later, we were making out on her couch and when we got naked, she stood up, undressed, and folded her clothes! In bed, if I leaned on her a bit, she'd say 'Ouch!' and had zero passion. Finally, I had to give her the brush-off."—Joe, 30, lawyer

"On the third date with my ex-girlfriend, we went to a diner. She began to rag on the waitress, saying she looked like a slut, which I thought was amusing. From that night on, however, I noticed her trashing other women as well, then accusing me of checking out the girls she was putting down. Eventually I told her I couldn't take the jealousy thing, and ended it."—Rob, 32, civil servant

"On my fourth date with one woman, we wound up in her bed, which was covered with stuffed animals. When I woke up the next morning, she was cuddling a big stuffed giraffe. Later that week, she called me, saying that she had had a really bad day, and asking me to come over. When I showed up, she was sobbing and clutching two stuffed rabbits. She quickly cheered up and introduced me to her little friends, Mr. and Ms. Sunshine, explaining how her animals had helped her get through all her sad times. I never called her again."—Tom, 36, insurance salesman



"Excuse me, cabby, how big is your trunk?"

"Suddenly, I become aware of his upper arm rubbing against the side of my breast."

his arm in this cute mock-chivalrous way. But as we walk down the street, arms linked, I become aware of his upper arm rubbing against the side of my breast. I blow it off like it's an accident and unhook arms. We proceed to an Ethiopian restaurant, where we eat watery lentil-soup-looking stuff with our fingers. After a few scoops, his sticky hand snakes across the table and starts fondling my sticky hand. He doesn't say anything, just looks into my eyes and strokes me as if saying, 'Feel my caress now and scream in ecstasy later.' I give him a wincing smile, pull my hand away, and grab a fistful of carrots.

"We go to a movie. Twenty minutes into it, I feel him staring at me. Finally I look over and whisper, 'What?' Still leering, he puts his arm across the back of my seat. So I ignore him for the rest of the film. As the credits begin to roll, he leans into me and says, 'You make me so hot.' I get up quickly, put my coat on, and make a run for it. Even when I am booking down Seventh Avenue, he's still calling after me, 'Hey! Are you *sure* you don't wanna come back to my place?'"

Bottom line: Can't say this one enough: You can never ever go wrong by not making a move on the first date. An ill-timed grab for anything but a door handle will make you look sexually pushy and she'll shut you out permanently.

Little Red Flag #5: You compliment her body.

"Hi," says Nick as I open the door. His smile fades as he adds disappointedly, "You're wearing pants."

"Yeah. I know," I say, thinking, *What's your point?* He explains that when we met the week before, I was wearing a dress that "showed off" my body. "Seems a shame to hide it, that's all."

When we arrive at the restaurant, I am feeling irritated and totally self-conscious. I can't figure out what I wish I'd worn, a dress or a burlap sack. Still, I decide to ride this date out through dinner, because I am polite. And because I am an idiot.

"So-o-o-o, how do you like your, uh, job?" asks my stockbroker date. As I'm about to answer, his eyes bug out at something behind me. I turn to see a woman in a short skirt walking toward us. He practically burns a hole in her ass as he watches her pass by. "If you want to talk to her, I really don't mind," I say. "Don't be silly," he reassures me. "That's the type you just have sex with. You're the kind of woman I want as a girlfriend." I'm also the kind of woman who can jump out of a chair, bolt from a bar, and hail a taxi, all in under 30 seconds.

Bottom line: Even if you mean well, you'll come off as drooling, if not womanizing, if you get too specific when you compliment a woman's looks, especially her bod. "A guy I'd just met in a bar said to me, 'You look really good in that skirt,'" recalls my friend Kristin. "It creeped me out. I became too aware that he was checking out my body. He should have been more subtle about it." Stick with "You look great." It's flattering, it's vague, and if you can deliver it without winking and giving her a thumbs-up, it's respectful. And who can argue with that? **M**

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A Palm Greaser's Guide to the Universe

Want box seats at the ball game? How 'bout a cable installation job on the cheap? A little baksheesh can get the job done. By Dan Zevin



There comes a point in life when you discover that you never get something for nothing. Soon after, you discover the fine art of palm greasing, a global business stratagem in which a couple of crisp greenbacks lubricate the system and get you whatever the hell you want. It's the way things get done from Mexico to Morocco, and—as I recently discovered through some, uh, *fieldwork*—it's the way things get done right here in the land of the free.

Bribery? Pshaw! I prefer to

think of palm greasing as creative tipping: A customer provides a laborer with a relatively small sum and, in return, receives excellent service. And talk about value! Greasing can actually *save* you money, not to mention precious time. How do I know? For more than a month, I studied at the fast-moving hands of the masters—bartenders and bouncers, cable repairmen and maître d's, ticket takers and tow truck drivers—learning to get ahead in an underground economy. Will greasing work for you? Yes, if you

approach the right people the right way. And remember, as long as they're not wearing a badge, the worst they can do is say no.

Getting into a restaurant ...without reservations

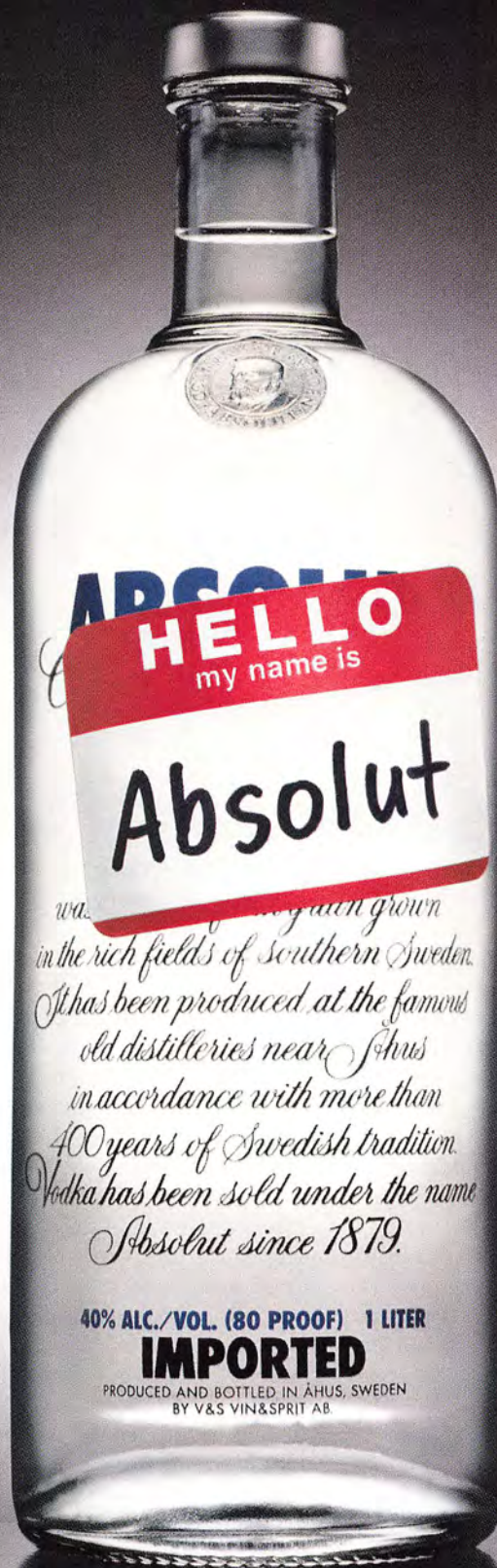
Setup At 8 P.M. on a Friday, I land at the city's swankest steakhouse with my friend Sharon... but *without* the required reservation. I wend my way through the mob at the door and, with genuine nervousness, approach the maître d'. We shake hands; mine holds a folded twenty.

Me: [speaking into his ear so the rightfully reserved can't hear] I need your help. Tonight's my wedding anniversary, and my wife thinks I made reservations here, since it's her favorite spot. Truth is, I forgot our anniversary altogether. I'm hoping that what's in my hand might get us a table.

Maître d': Why don't you give me your name and wait at the bar? [He releases my hand without taking—or even looking at—my twenty]

Net gain I assume that my cash offering has been rebuffed; Sharon and I hit the bar anyway. But not 10 minutes later, the maître d' is leading us to a table. As Sharon sits, he casually extends his hand to me, and I slip him the bill. I end up getting into a happening restaurant without doing time on the waiting list, having the best steak of my life, *and* being treated like royalty the next time I show up. Not a bad return for 20 bones.

Recap and analysis When greasing for access, know who has the power to help you. Want to get ➤



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into a sold-out concert at a club? The bouncer's your boy. In restaurants, "the hostess is just a bimbo who walks you to your table; the maître d' controls the tables," says Joel Cantor,* a former Miami maître d' who bought a Mazda with all the grease he earned.

How much "gratuity" does it take to snag a table you're not supposed to have? Cantor suggests 50 percent of the price of one person's meal. Drop more than that, he says, and your man will suspect you're a spotter planted to nail employees on the take. (Never flash cash in public: Tipping is legal, but tables aren't officially for sale.)

Two other points to keep in mind: Dress well. Guys on the front lines are more likely to let you in if you look like you belong. "The first thing we look at is what's on your feet, not what's in your palm," says Cantor. "If you're wearing shitkickers, you don't fit in." Also, give them a reason—beyond the cash—to

*This name has been changed to prevent this guy from losing his job and going on unemployment and raising your taxes. You're welcome.

help you. That's where my anniversary yarn came in.

Scoring cable TV

Setup I call my cable company, plead poor reception, and request a free service call. I "forget" to mention that I also want their man to put cable in my bedroom and guest room. When Cable Guy arrives, I tell him the problem has miraculously disappeared!

Me: [wink-wink-nudge-nudgingly] Well, whaddaya know. Hey, as long as you're here, would 10 bucks get me hooked up in the other rooms?

Cable Guy: I've got a wife and two kids. For all I know, you work for the company and you're trying to get me canned.

Me: How 'bout \$15?

Net gain Zippo. Cable Guy tells me he has a dozen more calls and hits the road. I made him an offer; he turned it down. No harm, no foul.

Recap and analysis The technique I tried was the "side-job special," wherein you contract for one service *on* the books and get another service *off* the books.

Greasers routinely use this strategy with telephone repairmen, plumbers, and landscapers. So what went wrong? "You made him nervous," says Joe Lostambo,* a former repairman fluent in creative cable. Lostambo frequently offered a side-job special of his own: a one-time-fee, no-monthly-payment plan. "I hooked them up, they gave me \$50, and I'd report them as a no-show. It was like I was never there."

Because a repairman makes about 10 bucks an hour, Lostambo says, next time I should offer him \$20 to do the job. And *show him the money*—literally. It's damn near impossible to turn cash down when it's in front of your nose. But the main problem with my original scheme, Lostambo explains, was the setup: "If you called me to fix a TV that there obviously was nothing wrong with, my guard would go up immediately."

Scoring cable TV (take two)

Setup A few days later, I ask the cable company to send over another tech because my mysterious problem has returned. I request a morning appointment to avoid getting a guy who's in the middle of an overbooked day; then I turn on the VCR, which causes the TV screen to go all snowy. When the repair guy walks in the door, I immediately hand him a cup of coffee. His diagnosis takes four minutes.

Me: My wife left the VCR on?! God, I feel terrible for wasting your time. Here, take this twenty—it'll buy you lunch and a few beers. Hey, I just thought of something: Since you've got a little time left over, is there any way I could give you a hand running cable into a couple of other rooms? Let me get you another cup of coffee.

Net gain Cable in the bedroom, cable in the guest room. Total cost: 20 bucks—more than 30 percent off the "additional installation fee" most chumps pay.

Illustrations, David Hine; Photograph, Damien Donck.

ROOM SERVICE

If your hotel room's too expensive, if you want a suite for the price of a single...just tip your desk clerk.



Money talks—especially when you're speaking with the desk clerk at a hotel. But how do you slip the tip? And what do you say while you're slipping it? We asked a desk clerk who knows. His name has been omitted to protect the guilty.

"I have total control to upgrade you from a standard room that costs around \$175 to a luxury suite that costs \$400. When you check in, slip a \$10 bill under

your credit card, lean over the desk a little, and quietly say, 'It's an important night for me, and I'd really appreciate it if you could get me a great room if you have one.' Be discreet so the other guests don't hear, and say it immediately, before I start all the paperwork. If you give me anything under \$10, I'll just tell you how much our hotel charges for an upgrade. Come as close to check-in time as possible: The later it gets, the busier we get. When you're slipping me my tip, you can also say, 'The rate was really high when I called. Do you have anything lower?' I can knock off more than 100 bucks." —D. Z.


Recap and analysis If at first you don't succeed, grease, grease again.

Nabbing box seats at the ballpark

Setup My buddy Kevin and I take in a baseball game, but the only seats in our price range are roughly 4,000 feet above sea level. After the first inning, we hike down to an usher in a high-rent section. He asks for our tickets; I promptly relinquish them—wrapped in a \$10 bill.

Net gain Third row behind the dugout on the first baseline. Yep, an extra five bucks each gets us killer seats for half of what they cost at the box office. Did I mention the dude even wipes down our seats for us?

Recap and analysis Because each usher is the lord and master of his section, our first smart move was

bypassing Altitude Sickness Usher and heading straight for Box Seat Usher. Our next smart move was waiting until the second inning. "The ushers who seat season-ticket holders know what time the regulars usually get to the game," said Charlie, a ticket taker Kevin and I met. They also know when the regulars aren't going to show. True, we could have upgraded *ourselves* without slipping anyone a dime, but then we'd have risked losing our seats (and our pride) if we got caught like a couple of clowns. As for our \$10 gratuity, Charlie said it was adequate, considering ushers make around nine bucks an hour. But the real reason we settled on \$10 was this: That's what the guys in front of us gave. 



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The Toughest Man on Ice

Meet Tie Domi: a good skater, a friendly guy, and hockey's best enforcer. Just don't call him a goon, or he'll knock you on your ass.

By John Galvin



"Did not!"
"Did too!"
"Did not!"
"Did too!"

It requires intimidating the other team's players by getting in their faces and muttering poignant words of warning such as:

"Watch your back, understand?" But on this particular winter night, young Oliwa would meet Toronto's Tie Domi and learn a hard lesson about what being an enforcer really means.

Oliwa started the second period by skating menacingly close to the Maple Leafs' bench, sending a message that they'd better steer clear. He finished off his visit with an ample serving of trash talk—a serious breach of hockey etiquette. A few minutes later, the 5'10" Domi

skated over to the 6'5" restaurant wearing gloves, he'd have dropped them by now.

So I backtrack and ask, "I mean, what did you do when you skated over to Oliwa?"

With his game face still on, Domi replies, "What did I do? I said, 'Hey, what the *fuck* are you doing—don't *even* fucking come near my bench! Get the *fuck* out of here. *Nobody* talks to my bench! *Nobody!*'"

Quite an effective little speech, really.

Call Him the Dominator

Tie Domi will never be the Ken Griffey, Jr., or the Tiger Woods or the Michael Jordan of hockey. He will never skate with the skill of Gretzky or chalk up a 50-goal season, like Mark Messier. His photograph will never hang in the Hockey Hall of Fame alongside that of Phil Esposito...and Tie Domi knows this better than anyone. Still, the man has amassed a huge fan base, and when he hits the ice—at home or away—the crowd goes nuts. He recently inked a long-term contract, a rarity for a tough guy: \$1.36 million a year for the next five years.

Why the Domi mania? Look at his numbers: In his nine-year NHL career, the right winger has served a whopping 2,260 minutes in the penalty box (not counting this season's many transgressions). That's 37 hours of hard time! For every 10 minutes Domi was on the ice last year, he spent about 4.5 minutes in the box.

But numbers alone don't tell the whole story. In 1994, the Dominator, as he's known to fans, fought Chicago's Steve Smith with such fury that Smith's leg broke in▷

On a cold night last January, the Toronto Maple Leafs skated onto the ice against the New Jersey Devils. It was a mid-season game of little importance; there wasn't much to keep your eye on except for Krzysztof Oliwa, the Devils' inexperienced but huge 235-pound Polish left wing. Oliwa was spending the season doing what many skill-impaired players in the NHL do: starting a lot of fights, spilling a decent amount of blood, and hoping to carve out a permanent niche for himself as an "enforcer." The job of enforcer calls for being both unhesitatingly violent and jail-yard mean.

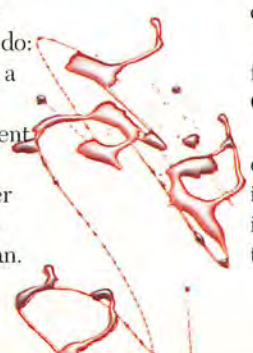
"I don't take any shit. And I don't let my teammates take any shit."

Oliwa and said something the crowd couldn't hear. He then promptly dropped his gloves and let loose a series of quick but brutal blows to the Pole's head. When it was all over, Oliwa was bloody and shaken.

Domi is recounting the fight for me in graphic detail over dinner at a Toronto restaurant. He is eating chicken on a stick.

"Is it scary," I ask, "having to face off against guys the size of Oliwa for a living?"

Domi looks insulted by the question; he scrunches up his inordinately large face and leans in close, looking me square in the eye. If he had come to the



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two places. A year later he knocked New York Ranger Ulf Samuelsson out cold with a single punch to the jaw, rocking him so solidly that Samuelsson's eyes rolled back in his head *before* he fell to the ice. Last April, in a violent fight with Domi, Chicago Blackhawk Cam Russell hit his head on the ice with brutal force; he had to be carted off on a stretcher. The overwhelming guilt he felt about that, Domi tells me, almost made him quit the sport.

Yet despite the incident with Russell, Domi says last year was his best ever. He played in 80 games and logged a career high 365 penalty minutes, leaving him just seven minutes shy of the league's first-place slot. He also chalked up 26 so-called fighting-major penalties for hand-to-hand combat. On top of all that, he managed four goals and 10 assists.

The Making of an Enforcer

Domi made a name for himself in 1992, with two brawls that hockey

Fans recall Domi's fights more vividly than they do who won the Stanley Cup.



fans recall more vividly than they do who won the Stanley Cup that year. The first fight started when Domi, then 22 years old and playing for the Rangers, faced off against legendary Detroit Red Wings enforcer Bob Probert. Domi pulled Probert's jersey over his head and thumped his face without mercy. When Probert went to the bench to have a deep cut above his eye patched, Domi hammed it up in front of the home crowd: He wrapped an imaginary heavyweight belt around his waist and did a memorable Hulk Hogan impersonation.

To say that Probert was pissed would be to greatly understate the matter.

Domi vs. Probert was intense, but round two figured to be Armageddon. On rematch night at Madison Square Garden, scalpers got \$800 a seat as thousands of crazed Ranger fans chanted for their champ: "Do-mi! Do-mi! Do-mi! Do-mi!"

They didn't have to wait long. Thirty-seven seconds into the game, Probert and Domi went at it. They grabbed each other's jerseys and circled around in their own little mosh pit. The haymakers started soon after; within 10 seconds, Domi's helmet flew off. Some 61 punches were thrown in 48 seconds, the majority by Probert. It was by all accounts one of the greatest fights in hockey history.

Domi had been beaten, but as he scraped himself off the ice, he turned to the crowd and flashed an eerie Jack Nicholson smile that seemed to say, "I kinda liked that." The kid could take it from the best that hockey had to offer. The crowd howled, and for a fleeting sports moment, Tie Domi was an honest hero.

What's Behind the Fighting?

At a practice rink on the outskirts of Toronto, Gus Cecchini and I wait for Domi to leave the locker room after an off-season scrimmage. Cecchini, an NYPD detective who, believe it or not, goes by the name of "Cheech," is Domi's best friend from the enforcer's Ranger days. "Tie Domi is the kind of guy who will do anything

THE EVIL CURSE OF TIE DOMI

Sports Illustrated denies it. ESPN pooh-poohs it. But Maxim has uncovered the awful truth: Tangle with Tie and your future is grim.

■ On October 10, 1993, fans in Chicago roared as Darin Kimble traded punches with Domi. A mere five years later, Kimble was playing for the ultra-minor-league Shreveport Mudbugs and fighting Shawn Legault, a rookie with the Austin Ice Bats, at the Travis County Exposition Center. Attendance: 3,648.

■ Although Domi was voted the Winnipeg Jets' most popular player, they traded him to the Toronto Maple Leafs on April 7, 1995. Six months later, suffocating under mountains of debt, the Jets were forced to move the franchise to Arizona and change its name to the Phoenix Coyotes.

■ Four months after he scrapped with Tie, John Kordic was cut by the Washington Capitals. The following year, he was released by the Nordiques after only 19 games and then charged with assaulting his fiancée, stripper Nancy Masse. On August 8, 1992, after ingesting alcohol, cocaine, and anabolic steroids and wrestling with nine police officers in his

Quebec City motel room, Kordic died on the way to the hospital.

■ After mixing it up with

Domi in the '93-'94 season, Enrico Ciccone found himself traded to the Tampa Bay Lightning, who were so consistently awful that even their coach, Jacques Demers, called them "a team of limited talent."

■ In 1994, Shawn Antoski brawled with Tie. On November 24, 1997, he suffered a skull fracture in a car accident, had a steel plate inserted in his head, and underwent months of rehab. One day his Doberman drank some Tidy Bowl, and while Antoski listened for a heartbeat, the dog kicked him in the head. "It felt like a golfer took a divot out of my head," he said. "I had this huge dent." At press time, Antoski was still recovering.—Charles Cox

Face off?



Photographs, (first page, clockwise from top left), T. Bennett/B. Bennett Studios; Scott Levy/B. Bennett Studios; Robert Fishman/blood; (this spread, clockwise from top left), B. Bennett/B. Bennett Studios; Robert Fishman; Maclean's/Sipa (x2)

for his friends," Cheech says in thick Brooklynese. "We send my son to private school, which isn't easy on a cop's salary. And while I'm not the type of guy to take anything, Tie always wants to make sure we're doing OK."

Cheech is obviously talking his pal up for my benefit, but my guess is that he isn't exaggerating much. If you watch enough hockey, you quickly see that Domi punches and pummels and swears not for the sheer joy of it, but out of fierce loyalty to his teammates. If you're Tie Domi's teammate, you're his best friend. And that means you can skate with the warm, fuzzy feeling that if some goon even *considers* laying a finger on you, he's going to have to deal with your enforcer, your own personal 200-pound human-dozer.

Domi's been an enforcer for as long as he can remember. "It started when I was young," he says. "I was a short kid, and I didn't take any shit from anybody, *ever*, and so I got this reputation for not taking shit. I still don't take shit from anybody, and I don't let my team take any shit." In summary, Tie Domi takes no shit.

"Obviously, starting my career as a fighter helped me. And I'll never change," he says. "I know what got me here, and I know what's going to keep me here. But people are finally realizing that I'm an all-around player, that I can play hockey, too."

Where Tough Guys Sleep

One day Domi invites me to his house and introduces me to his wife, Leanne, whose very first hockey game featured the second fight with Probert. I ask her about Tie's tough-guy rep. "At the games, fans always say things like 'Tie, you gonna fight that guy tonight?'" she says. "I can tell that it bothers him sometimes, because he answers, 'You know, you have to be able to skate, too.' But that's his job, and it puts the bread and butter on the table

and pays the mortgage. When we first got married, I had a hard time watching the games, but now I critique him."

"Like how?" I ask.

"He'll come home and I'll say, 'Hey, why didn't you *hit* that guy!'"

Before I leave, Domi takes me on a tour of his basement, with its stocked bar, pool table, and big-screen TV. All four walls are covered with memorabilia: a Michael Jordan jersey, a Jordan shoe, a picture of Jordan and Domi in a golf cart. There's Tie with Doug Flutie, Tie with Arnold Palmer, Tie with Bobby Orr. Then there's a shot of the great Ryne Sandberg in a Cubs uniform; across the photograph is written TIE DOMI—A FUTURE HALL OF FAMER. HA HA.

Tie works his way across the room toward one of his favorite photos. It's of Domi with former teammate Teemu Selanne, the high-priced goal scorer whom the Winnipeg Jets hired Domi to protect. When I ask if anybody ever touched Selanne while Domi was there, the enforcer answers without cracking a smile, "If they did, they got hammered." The photo was taken moments after Selanne set the NHL rookie record for goals scored. Domi provided the assist. It was the same season Winnipeg fans voted Domi most popular player. In the photo the fans are up out of their seats, cheering, while the team surrounds Selanne and Domi in celebration. "I'll never make it into the hall of fame," Tie Domi says, looking at the photograph. "But I'll make it into the record books." **M**

"People are finally realizing that I can play hockey, too."



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MSM/99

Even clerks
are getting the
works



Executive Sweets

Rolling Stones tickets, laptops, four-day workweeks. You'd be amazed at what employers are being forced to cough up these days. Here's how to get your slice of the perk pie. By Russell Wild

Imagine walking into your boss' office, telling him you've just shackled up with a woman 60 miles from work, and asking if he'd mind if you came in only a coupla days a week. He'd laugh you straight out the door, right?

Wrong. Kevin Toyama, 26, an account executive with McGrath/Power Public Relations in Santa Clara, California, slapped that scenario on his employer's desk just a few months ago. "I told him I wanted to stay with the company but that my girlfriend's house was a 90-minute commute. I assured him I'd be just as productive from home," says Toyama. "After two years on board, I'd become a valuable asset. The boss not only said I could work at home three days a week; he got me a fax machine, a computer, and a second phone line for my home office."

The time has never been better to shake the corporate tree for

goodies. "Because it's a tight labor market, many companies—particularly in hot industries such as computers, health care, and financial consulting—are offering perks to the rank and file that not long ago were given only to top execs," says Brian Bark, senior benefits specialist with Buck Consultants, a worldwide human resources consulting firm.

Other setups increasingly available, even to Not Ready for V.P. Players: extended leave, frequent flyer miles, reimbursement for meals, cell phones, magazine subscriptions, gym club fees, and professional organization memberships, which, as everyone knows, are perfect for schmoozing your way to a better-paying gig at another company.

**Employees
are being
provided
the equivalent of
1950s-style
personal
secretaries.**

Spin and Ye Shall Receive

Whatever perk you desire, the key is convincing the boss that it's in the company's interest to give

it to you. Jim Henshall, an attorney with the Irvine, California, firm of Berger, Kahn, was 28, with three years in the practice, when he walked into the office of a senior partner and made a pitch for fun money. "I reminded him that a law firm survives by bringing in new clients," Henshall says. "I told him that having to come to him for permission every time I wanted to take someone out was making me disinclined to take people out in the first place."

Jim's boss said OK. And now, within limits, Jim can blow the wad without "asking Dad" first. That means he and his wife, clients in tow, have enjoyed Lakers games, UCLA football games, and concerts by Van Halen and Fleetwood Mac—all courtesy of Berger, Kahn.

Make Your Own Hours

Even flextime and working at home can be made to sound like the greatest inventions since the "Darrin, get in here!" intercom. Perhaps you want to work four 10-hour days instead of five eight-hour days. Play to your boss' needs, e.g., "If I come in from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M., I can handle the phone business that's conducted with London." Or make a case for higher productivity, as in "If I stay home one day a week, uninterrupted, I can write what would take me three days to write in the office." Then remind the tightwad it won't cost him a dime. Remind yourself, too, that your request isn't insane: Flextime, virtually unknown a decade ago, is now offered by 52 percent of all employers, according to a survey by Buck Consultants. And 21 percent of all companies permit working at home—with an additional 41 percent considering it.

You'd be amazed at what strategic spinning can yield. Best Upon Request Corporate Inc. (BurCorp), a Cincinnati-based concierge service, provides corporate employees with the equivalent of a 1950s-style secre-

tary: someone who'll shop for your girlfriend's birthday present, bring it by so you can seal it with a kiss, then wrap and deliver it; someone who'll sit in your house, listen for leaky pipes, and relay the info to the plumber. The employee usually chips in five bucks an hour, and the company pays the rest.

Says Dave Lima, BurCorp's president and CEO, "Who's more productive? The guy who's distracted by knowing he has to order and pick up his son's soccer team's victory cake or the guy that can focus? What's more cost-effective, recruiting and training a new employee or keeping a solid worker from burning out by picking up his dry cleaning for him?"

It's a pitch that's bearing fruit. More and more companies are outsourcing this type of fetching and foraging: "For the first time in history, *Fortune* magazine included concierge services in the inventory of desired perks that accompanies its list of the 100 best companies to work for," Lima points out, "and 15 of those companies provide them." Yours doesn't? Sell the human resources department on it. Lima currently has seven corporate clients—including Andersen Consulting, with 59,000 employees worldwide—and is trying to help guys like you at several other companies convince their employers of the virtues of picking up the tab for employees' errands.

When to Hit Them Up

The best time to ask for extras is "immediately after you've been offered a job but before you've accepted," says Michael Mercer, Ph.D., an industrial psychologist in Barrington, Illinois, and the author of *How Winners Do It: High Impact People Skills for Your Career Success* (Prentice Hall, 1994).

Mercer suggests that the subject of perks follow salary negotiation. After duking it out for the dough, you can say (looking as dejected as possible): "Gee,

\$60,000. That's less remuneration [the word'll throw them, too] than I was expecting, but I think we can work it out." Then bring up the reimbursement of commuting expenses or the cost of golf lessons (to help you hobnob with clients). "And after you get all you can," says Mercer, "put it in a memo so the boss can't renege."

The next best time to press for perks, he says, is at your annual review, particularly if you got a high rating but a paltry raise. If the boss balks, ask exactly what you would have to do to get him

Press for perks after you've been offered a job but before you accept.

to acquiesce. Perhaps he'll say that landing two new clients gets you the golf lessons. OK, you've got a contract. Put it in a memo. Fulfill your end, then reconvene and press for your reward.

After you score the prize, thank the boss and remind him how it's benefiting the company, as in "Hey, boss, on my way home last night I was able to call Schmertz [the big client] back on the cell phone. I'm sure glad I had that thing!" He'll probably never notice that Schmertz's number spells out (800) WILD-SEX. **M**

HEY, BOSS, CAN I HAVE A MERCEDES, WHADDAYA SAY?

Which requests will get you a perk, and which will get you a pink slip?

We asked a couple of bosses to field requests for privileges as if the petitions were coming from one of their employees, and to tell us whether they'd assent or give the guy the boot. Jon Chait is president and CEO of Reality Bytes, a Cambridge, Massachusetts-based manufacturer of computer games, such as *Dark Vengeance* and *Havoc*; his employees are salaried. Peter R. Marra is president of William B. May Co., a residential real estate brokerage firm with seven offices in metropolitan New York; his employees are commissioned.

Would you buy me a laptop, boss? It'll make me more productive.

"I turned down one employee who brought this up casually, as in 'Gee, it would be nice to sit in the sun; can I have a laptop?' But if he'd come to me seriously and convinced me that working on a laptop would make him more creative, I'd certainly consider it."—Jon Chait

"I'd get it for you. Absolutely. Or I'd at least pay for half. If a laptop makes you more productive, you got it."—Peter R. Marra

How about my dry-cleaning expenses? I dress up for the job, after all.

"Ha! If a guy came in here wearing a suit and tie, we'd wonder if someone died."—JC

"You call yourself a businessman? Dress the part, and that means a clean, pressed suit. It's your responsibility, not mine."—PRM

Buy my meals, please? I work long hours.

"Sometimes we work really late here, and I'll pick up dinner for everyone. Buffalo tenders, blackened chicken sandwiches, fries. If you



asked me to reimburse you for an individual dinner or lunch, I'd probably comply."—JC

"No, not much chance of that."—PRM

Get me a gym membership, will ya? I'll be more energetic at work.

"I'd like that for myself! And I think we all could benefit from it. So if it were affordable for everyone, yes, I'd consider it."—JC

"Absolutely not. It's not work related."—PRM

Can the company pick up 10 cases of beer and a dozen pizzas for an office party?

"Am I invited? Are you getting a good beer? I'd probably go for it. Parties can boost morale. I'd admire you for taking the initiative."—JC

"Yeah, I'd pay for the beer, wine, pizza, or whatever. It could be fun."—PRM

And how's about a new Mercedes? Think how nicely that would reflect on the firm.

"Sure. I'll even buy you the little model paints and glue for when you snap it together."—JC

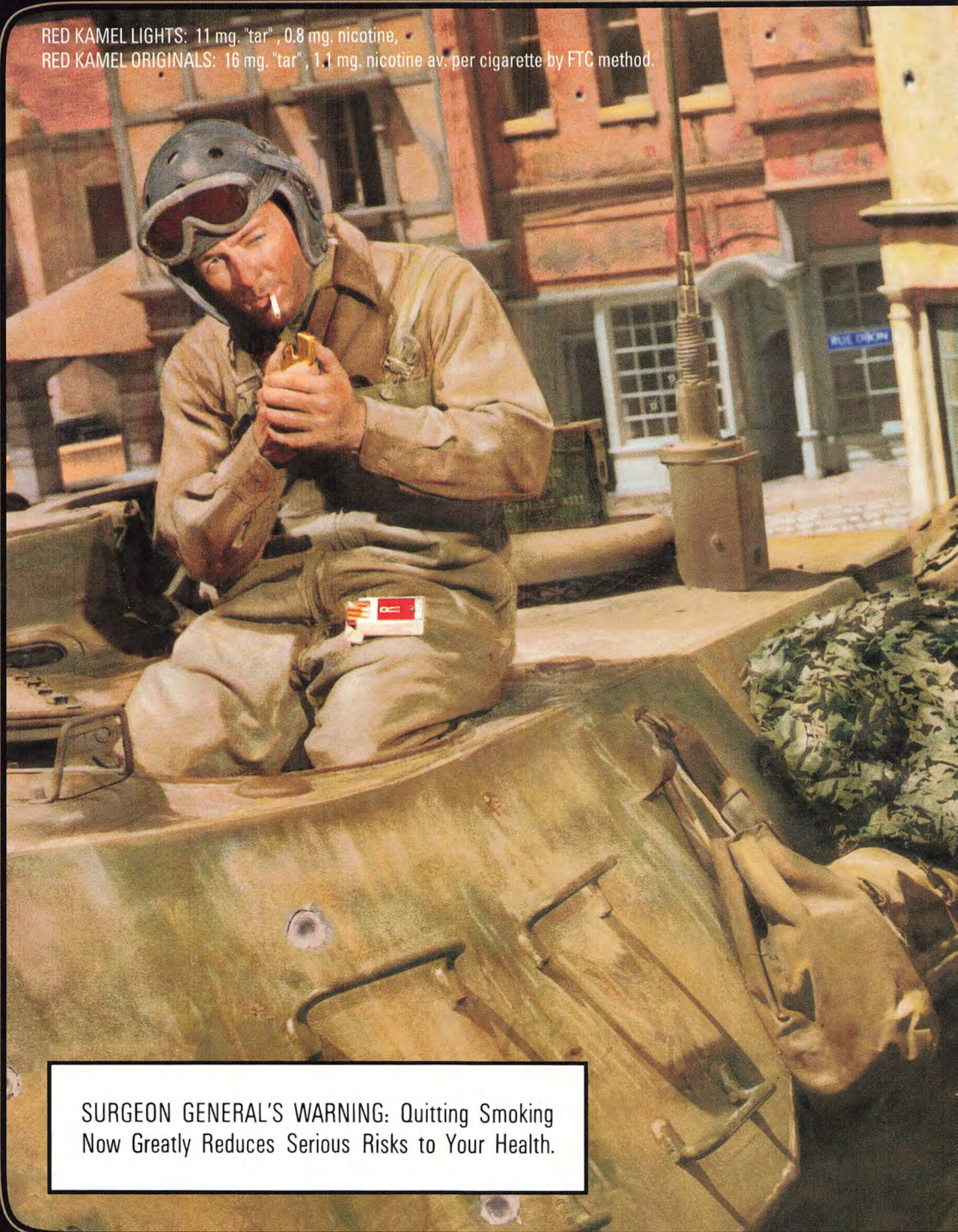
"My top people make over \$500,000, so they can afford to impress clients with whatever kind of car they want. I've never bought or leased a car for anyone."—PRM

Would you go halves if I leased it?

"Get out of my office."—JC

"Forget it."—PRM

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Hang Time

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FoleyVision: all
Dave, all the time

e



MY FAVORITE THING

Foley Grail

A man's home may be his castle, but *NewsRadio* star Dave Foley knows you can't be king without a really big screen.

His favorite thing: A 61-inch rear-projection Sony Videoscope XBR200 television, a set so bizarrely large that its picture-within-a-picture measures a whopping 27 inches.

Love at first sight: "I spotted her one day across the room at The Good Guys! electronics store. I'd never liked rear-projection TVs, but the picture on this one looked really crisp. I crouched on the floor for about an hour, just watching her. I had to have her, and, as luck would have it, I was wealthy. After I got her home, my old 35-inch seemed anemic, just this little glowing thing in the corner."

Settling down together: When hunting for a house, says Foley, most people look for good schools or nice neighbors. "I thought, *Is there room for the TV?* It's now the central feature of what should be my dining room, except there's a giant TV in there. I bought small furniture to create more room, but it only makes the TV look bigger."

Life without TV: This February, Foley costars in *Blast From the Past*, a big-screen comedy about a family that spends 35 years in a subterranean bomb shelter. "That would mean no TV," says Foley, shuddering. "I suppose I'd survive, but there would be a definite prolonged withdrawal period. I would bravely adopt a stoic posture, but inside I'd be weeping."

His favorite shows: *Green Acres*, *The Addams Family*, *The Avengers*, *Get Smart*, *Star Trek*, and old Buster Keaton movies

Tube of the gods: "A TV like mine can become the center of the social world. When my friends first saw it, it was like that scene in *2001: A Space Odyssey* when the early primates find the big black monolith. They approached it with inarticulate wonder, touching it to make sure it was real."

Does size really matter? "Maybe it doesn't matter so much with sex—but it is absolutely crucial if you're watching sex on TV."



Maximeter



HELL, YES!

The renaissance of female roller derby: *Roller Jam*, a '90s revamp, debuts January 15 on TNN. Catfighting gals are fun. Catfighting gals on skates are better!

Mike Tyson vs. Francois Botha: On Showtime's pay-per-view, January 16. Only in America can an ex-con cannibal snag millions to pound a guy named Francois.

Thomas Crapper Day: On January 27, offer your personal tribute to the man who invented one of the first mechanical toilets, in the 1860s. Then flush.

Rocky and Bullwinkle storm the big screen: Robert De Niro is set to star as Fearless Leader in a live-action/animation hybrid. Now if only... *Stallone will play Rocky!*

Jon Stewart's *Daily Show* debut: Beginning January 11, our favorite smart-ass will anchor Comedy Central's flagship show—replacing plain old ass Craig Kilborn.

HELL, NO!

The Leonardo DiCaprio Computer Center: The *Titanic* twit funded this new facility in an L.A. library. Finally, Web-deprived teens can tap the vast resources of www.tigerbeat.com.

National Hugging Day—January 21: The best scenario: You find yourself at the Playboy mansion. Worst scenario: You find yourself on the set of *Cocoon III: The Goiter*.



Bond without babes: The next 007 flick's director says he doesn't "want women only... in the film for a sex reason."

Q: How do we get a license to kill?

The Rolling Stones tour: Top tickets for the March of Dinosaurs, kicking off January 25, start at \$300. For that kinda dough, Keith Richards should drive you to the show.

Gloria Estefan's miserable conga choreography: We predict her half-time show at Super Bowl XXXIII (a.k.a. *Maxim* Thanksgiving) will turn 14 million tons of Doritos into vomit.

Opening Photograph: Stephen Sticker; grooming, Keiko Hamaguchi for Celestine, L.A.; styling, Julia Perry

DATAMATIC

Not Just a Girl

34% Marilyn Monroe on a sugar high

What's the exact composition of No Doubt's Gwen Stefani, who's busy finishing a new album? Sugar, spice, and stinky reggae icons...

1% Cher

3% Arby's curly fries

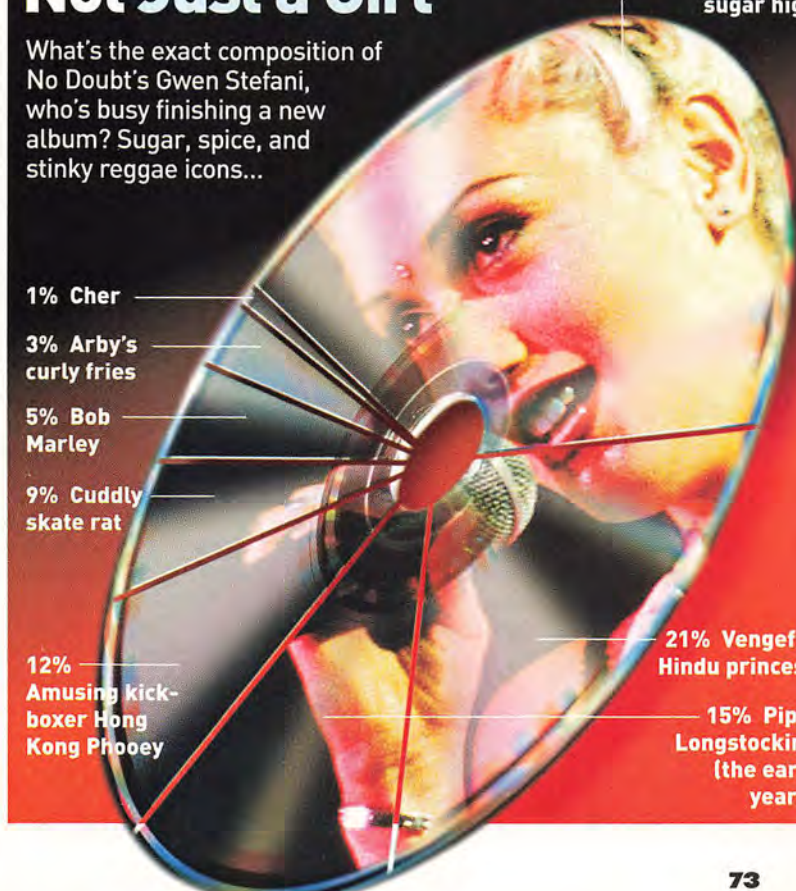
5% Bob Marley

9% Cuddly skate rat

12% Amusing kick-boxer Hong Kong Phooey

21% Vengeful Hindu princess

15% Pippi Longstocking (the early years)





Movies

Below:
campfire
girl Arquette



Woody and Billy: cow poking

MAXIM RECOMMENDS

The Hi-Lo Country

This month the *Maxim* oddsmakers are backing *The Hi-Lo Country*, a western whose only special effects are...women.

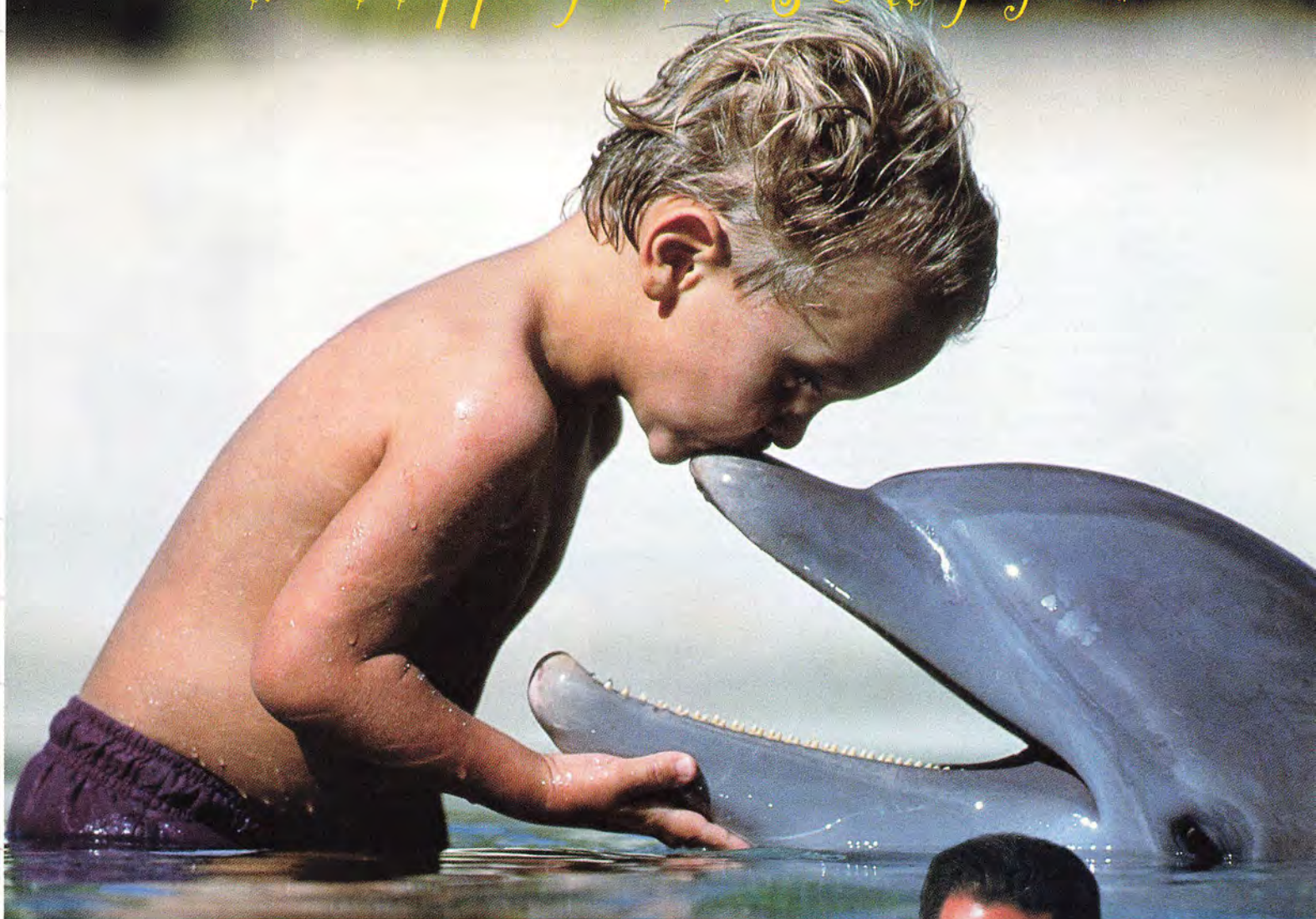
Hmm, a western. Lotta dust. No apocalyptic tidal waves, Wookiees, or chatty pigs. So how can *The Hi-Lo Country*—a low-budget oater—have so much going for it? Two reasons: 1) a hot young cast in a genre that's ripe for an end-of-the-century revival; 2) loads of hay-igniting sex. After World War II, two cowboys turned soldiers (Billy Crudup and Woody Harrelson) return home to New Mexico, ready to start ropin' on the range again. Crudup's lust object (Patricia Arquette, who always seems vaguely horny) has hitched her wagon to another man, so

he makes do with another gingham goddess (mind-blowing Spanish newcomer Penélope Cruz). Only problem: It turns out that his buddy Harrelson is secretly doing Arquette, the one Crudup really wants. Meanwhile, a greedy cattle baron (Sam Elliott) is trying to drive all real cowboys, like our heros, out of business. Though this may sound dangerously *Dallas*-like, look for gritty scenes of steer branding and saloon brawling—all set evocatively in the 1940s, when Marlboro was still a red-tipped "woman's cigarette." (Gramercy, January 15)

PREVIEWS	FILM	STARS	STORY	WE SAY
	Varsity Blues (Paramount) Release date: January 15	Jon Voight, James Van Der Beek	In a Texas town that's freakishly obsessed with high school football, a wise-ass quarterback (<i>Dawson's Creek</i> 's Van Der Beek) clashes with his hard-ass coach (Voight).	Don't pile on. This coming-of-age comedy provides plenty of action but fumbles with a laughable (and not in a funny way) <i>please-don't-take-sports-so-seriously</i> message.
	The Thin Red Line (20th Century Fox) Release date: January 8	Sean Penn, Woody Harrelson, Nick Nolte	 G.I. Joes go through hell in the muddy, bloody WWII battle to recapture Guadalcanal from Japanese forces that just don't get the concept of sharing.	Yes, sir! We're suckers for punishment— <i>Saving Private Ryan</i> nightmares still disturb our beauty sleep—so we'll fall in for wrenching, well-made war drama number two.
	In Dreams (DreamWorks SKG) Release date: January 22	Annette Bening, Robert Downey, Jr., Aidan Quinn, Stephen Rea	A clairvoyant woman (Bening) shares the twisted dreams of a psycho killer (Downey). But before you can say "Paging Freddy!" he starts stalking her waking hours, too.	Snore. This arty take on <i>A Nightmare on Elm Street</i> —directed by the <i>Crying Game</i> guy (Neil Jordan)—sounds too hifalutin to deliver <i>quality</i> cheap thrills.
	At First Sight (MGM) Release date: February 5	Mira Sorvino, Val Kilmer	A stressed-out career gal (Sorvino) gets touchy-feely with her blind masseur (Kilmer) until he surgically regains his sight—and rubs their relationship the wrong way.	 Poke your eyes out. Then say, "Honey, I'd love to see this mushy flick with you on Valentine's Day, but—sweet Jesus!—I've been struck blind!"
	Payback (Paramount) Release date: February 12	Mel Gibson, Maria Bello	After a crook (Gibson) is left for dead by his double-crossing partner, an extremely compassionate ex-hooker (Bello) nurses him back to health—while he plots revenge.	Pay dirt! Our <i>Payback</i> interest rate is high, since this violent tale of vengeance is rumored to feature the darkest, grittiest Gibson since <i>The Road Warrior</i> .
	Blast From the Past (New Line) Release date: February 12	Alicia Silverstone, Brendan Fraser, Christopher Walken, Dave Foley	A family that's been hiding in a bomb shelter since the '60s sends the son (Fraser) up to the '90s surface to fetch food, water, and a mate (Silverstone).	 Might not blow. Normally we steer clear of mushy laffs, but atomic blonde Silverstone and the reliably creepy Walken could make this fission-out-of-water comedy click.

Illustrations: Tavis Coburn; Photographs: (first spread), Julie Andrews; Photofest; toilet, Index Stock; cd, Alfred Pasieka/Science Photo Library; women, Scott Harrison/Archive Photos; imaging, Dan Lipow.

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HOLLYWEIRD

Heil, WWII Villains!

On the screen, Communists are passé, terrorists are tired, but circa-'40s fascists rule.

Last year Nazis goose-stepped back into the zeitgeist with the World War II blockbuster *Saving Private Ryan*. In the current release *The Thin Red Line*, another Axis menace, the Japanese, get their comeuppance. And more WWII movies are in development, including *Combat* and *U-571*, about a sunken sub.

Face it, dogface, classic war flicks are back—and so are their villains. The trend, says George

Stevens, Jr., *The Thin Red Line*'s executive producer, reflects a deep hunger for a time when we believed in hero and country. At *Maxim*, we've got a simpler theory: Hollywood simply ran out of other bad guys!

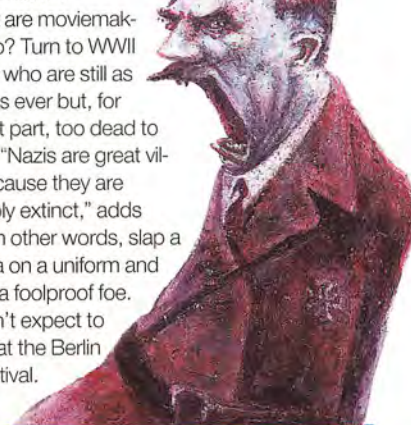
Let's recap. After the Big One, the Cold War provided a useful cinematic enemy: stinking Commies. In *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962), the Kremlin brainwashes a nice American boy into becoming a puppet assassin. In *Red Dawn* (1984), Soviets invade the U.S. (yet sloppily let Patrick

Swayze escape). And don't forget that if it weren't for a patriotic moose, Boris Badenov certainly would've topped the American way of cartoon life.

Then the Berlin Wall fell and Communism lost its oomph. Luckily, the rise of Saddam Hussein provided a quick fix; next thing you know, Arnold Schwarzenegger was mangling nuketoting Arab terrorists in *True Lies* (1994). But as Hollywood discovered, ethnic stereotypes trigger bothersome picket lines (remember *Aladdin*?). "Depicting

almost any ethnic group as villainous gets film studios into trouble," says film critic Leonard Maltin.

What are moviemakers to do? Turn to WWII fascists, who are still as potent as ever but, for the most part, too dead to protest. "Nazis are great villains because they are ostensibly extinct," adds Maltin. In other words, slap a swastika on a uniform and you got a foolproof foe. Just don't expect to be a hit at the Berlin Film Festival.



CELEBRITY CONVERTER

Christopher Walken

This month's lab subject: The Godfather of Cool, who's hitting (but not hurting) screens in February's *Blast From the Past*.

IF CHRISTOPHER WALKEN WERE...

HE'D BE...



Liquor	100-proof vodka served in a chipped glass flaked with cat shit
A musical genre	Gangsta jazz
Furniture	A leather recliner that tips over violently if you lean back a tad too far
An epidemic	The amusingly named but frequently fatal mad cow disease
A woman	Shelley Duvall crossed with a wharf rat
A car	A jacked-up, turbocharged hearse
An alien	Whaddaya mean...if?



Mr. Movie Know-It-All

Let Buzz N. Sider help you get the last word in when you and your pals start talking movies.

8MM (February 12)

They say: "You know Nick Cage's new movie? It's all about those sicko snuff films."

You say: "Yeah, but only geeks believe snuff films exist. They're a total urban myth! In 30 years, FBI experts haven't found proof of a single one..."

The kicker: "...even in Holland."

STAR WARS: EPISODE I—THE PHANTOM MENACE (May 21)

They say: "What's Lucas gonna do with special effects this time?"

You say: "So far he's breaking records. The movie's got more than 2,000 special-effects shots, beating *Pleasantville*'s 1,700..."

The kicker: "and the measly 600 in *Titanic*."

PAYBACK (February 12)

They say: "Man, I can't

wait to see that twisted new Mel Gibson movie."

You say: "Actually, it's not that new. It's a remake of *Point Blank*, this amazing 1967 film by John Boorman—who directed *Deliverance*, right?—starring Lee Marvin and Carroll O'Connor..." **The kicker:** "the guy who played Archie Bunker."



This page, (clockwise from top right), Everett Collection; illustration, Zachary Barbis; man, Patricia McDonough; outfit by New York Indurist; Everett Collection (x2); transformer, Damien Donck; The Neal Peters Collection.

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Ready to
reshake their
money maker



MAXIM RECOMMENDS

Crowes Feat

With the rock-solid *By Your Side*, the Black Crowes break out of a sleepy slump and prove they're more than semiconscious Stones.

BUY
IT

Listening to this smoking new album is like attending a really entertaining high school reunion: one where guys do a few drugs, relive the good old days, and (naturally) start picking fights. On *By Your Side* (Columbia), the Black Crowes revisit their early sound—with great success. Back in 1990, the young band boogied out of nowhere (or Atlanta, anyway) with *Shake Your Money Maker*, a hit-laden album that unapologetically, and effectively, ripped off the classic sounds of '70s Rolling Stones and Aerosmith. After that platinum splash, however, the Crowes' swaggering rock'n'soul quickly wilted into the sort of meandering, jam-laden mess that makes us want to perform our mime-trapped-in-quicksand routine. On this up-tempo new album, thankfully, blistering rave-ups like "Go Faster" and "Kicking My Heart Around" recall the band's more raucous days, while its road-honed chops and tighter licks finally convince us it's ready to own its style rather than just ape someone else's. It looks like you can go home again, even if it's just to blow the roof off the joint.—David Peisner

COMPARI-SOUND SHOPPING

IF YOU LIKE...

The smoky, smooth vibe of love god Barry White



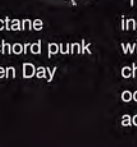
BUT HATE...

Coming off like some guy stuck in the cheeseball '70s

CHECK OUT...

Fun Lovin' Criminals, whose 100% Colombian mixes sultry vibes with subtle rap to create hip seduction music

The high-octane three-chord punk of Green Day



Their unconvincing brattiness and willingness to churn out the occasional weenie acoustic hit

NYC hard-core stalwarts D Generation, whose *Through the Darkness* is pogo-ready punk—with no violins

The combination of pop and techno on Madonna's latest album

Madonna



Central Reservation, from doe-eyed Brit Beth Orton, which spices up Orton's jazzy voice with electronic beats

Shania Twain's rollicking mix of country and rock

Her not-so-rollicking pop efforts and her saccharine vocals



The Damns (fronted by two sisters), whose debut, *Half Mad Moon*, combines honky-tonk and harmony

Up from the underground



the SEBAD OH

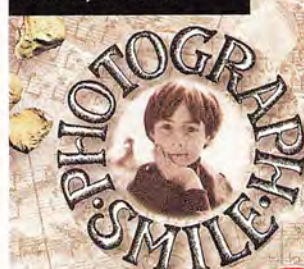
Sebadoh

The Sebadoh (Sub Pop/Sire)

Sebadoh became underground favorites by championing a brand of barely produced, lo-fi alternative rock—swapping instruments and vocal chores from track to track just to keep us guessing. On this new release, these moody, lovable guys have become more radio friendly but have sacrificed personality. The decision to crank up the amps and add a solid new drummer has given the band a cohesive sound for the first time, but it's lost some of its unpredictable edge. We're happy that under-appreciated Sebadoh has figured out how to make everyone like them. But we're selfish assholes; we liked them better before.—Charles Cox

BORROW
IT

Ob-la-di, ob-la-dud



BURY
IT

Julian Lennon

Photograph Smile (Fuel 2000/Universal)

Julian Lennon must have the worst sense of timing in rock. Why else would he release this lame album—his first in seven years—just months after *The John Lennon Anthology* celebrated his dad's genius to the point of saturation? Compounding the problem is the fact that Julian still can't nail down his own style. From the early-Beatles harmonies of "I Don't Wanna Know" to "How Many Times" (a shameless reworking of "All You Need Is Love"), he brazenly tries to relive his father's legend. Julian, you've got the nose and the squinty eyes, but you picked the wrong career. Why not just become a celebrity impersonator?—Todd Bridges

Illustrations: Travis Coburn; Photographs: Jesse Frohman/Outline (Green Day); Frank Trapper/Sigma (Madonna); Constantine N. Philippas (Shania Twain)

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THE FRANKLIN MINT

SOUND CHECK

Ugly Rockers

Do hideous looks equal rock credibility? *Maxim* asked Mac Fulfer, a professional facial analyst, to weigh in on six musical monstrosities.

1. The Black Crowes' Chris Robinson

Mug meaning: "The curved line on his chin indicates that he needs confirmation of his worth by external sources," says Fulfer, who analyzes links between facial features and personality traits for Fortune 500 companies. **Our take:** "External sources"... can you say "groupies"? Robinson (see album review on p. 78) was clearly destined for the rock lifestyle.

2. Aerosmith's Steven Tyler

Mug meaning: "The round ball on his nose tip is a sign that he appreciates art and beauty. His large lips indicate self-assuredness in his sensuality. He's a doer who expresses himself confidently to the whole world." **Our take:** The round ball in

his Lycra pants indicates that he likes doin' beauties.

3. Kiss' Gene Simmons

Mug meaning: "His square chin shows he's tough, driven, and locks on to what he wants like a snapping turtle." **Our take:** His square chin shows he needs some extra room to garage his massive lizard-like tongue.

4. Marilyn Manson

Mug meaning: "His convex profile [receding forehead and chin] shows he is quick of mind." **Our take:** His convex profile shows he's sanded down his forehead and chin trying to get all that circus-freak makeup off his face.

5. Iggy Pop

Mug meaning: "The line on his chin shows he underrates



himself but makes up for it by overachieving. His wide frenulum [the groove between his nose and upper lip] displays a high libido." **Our take:** Uh, sorry, we're too busy drawing Magic Marker mustaches on our narrow frenulums to care.

6. Prodigy's Keith Flint

Mug meaning: "Round ears are a sign of good musical ability. Horizontal forehead lines show he works to stretch his intellect, while the nobbly chin shows he expects life to be hard." **Our take:** Limited rock cred. Spiky hairdo indicates a failed attempt to deal with his bald spot—revealing that he was actually born to be an accountant.



VIBES

Our Music Predictions for 1999

We have seen the future of rock. It involves paper clips, meat, and Billy Joel's eyeballs.



Each year the music industry spends millions to predict the trends and artists that will define the months ahead. We here at *Maxim*, however, are stingy, so we watched *The Dead Zone* a few times to get inspired, then came up with our own prognostications. If events unfold as we foresee, music fans can look forward to a very exciting year.

- **Juice Newton:** Back and hotter than ever!
- **Scott Weiland:** Stone Temple Pilots former frontman will see a vision of the Virgin Mary in the tracks on his arm.
- **Metallica:** Taking the unplugged trend to raw new extremes, the band will

release *Acoustica*, an album of its greatest hits performed entirely on aluminum paper clips.

- **Billy Joel:** His eyeballs will bug all the way out in the middle of a boisterous rendition of "Uptown Girl," landing on the stage with a pleasant *plop*.
- **Heavy metal:** Chrysler will introduce the Minivan Halen.
- **Beck:** He will study late-'80s episodes of *Kate & Allie* and be deeply inspired.
- **The VH1 Purebred Horse Awards:** The music channel will build on the success of the VH1 Fashion Awards by celebrating something with an even more tenuous connection to music.



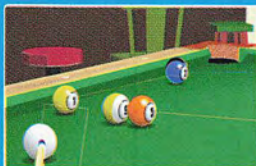
- **Postfeminist icon Sarah McLachlan:** Lilith Fair's mastermind will call a press conference to announce that she's "tired of touring with a bunch of whiny little bitches." Then she'll shotgun a can of Bud, crush it against her forehead, and jump into the lowrider of her new "producer," middleweight boxing champ Oscar De La Hoya.
- **Luciano Pavarotti:** From April 15 through August 4, the tenor will belch.
- **Jay-Z:** As a follow-up to his hip-hop hit "Hard Knock Life," which sampled the *Annie* soundtrack, this angry artist will sample the "My bologna has a first name" jingle.

Clockwise from top left: Frank Edwards/Fotos International; Chris Craske/London Features International, Ltd.; Geoff Swaine/Li-GSI/London Features; Ken Babolcay/LFUBAB; Steve Rapoport/SRY/London Features; Derek Rodgers/ORY/London Features; George Holz/Outline

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Small Screen

TELEVIXEN

Charisma Carpenter

You know her as Cordelia on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, the drop-dead-gorgeous cheerleader who leaves the ickier aspects of slaying to Buffy. But if you think that half-heartedly battling the undead is scary, imagine growing up (in Las Vegas, no less) with a name like Charisma. "My mother named me after a perfume," says Carpenter. "It was like a cross I had to carry around. Other kids would say, 'Charisma? What's that—a disease?'" After a misguided attempt to form a nightclub act with her cousins ("We headlined the Travelodge"), she was discovered while hostessing at a Sunset Strip eatery. Soon Charisma was cranking out commercials, causing some confusion back home. "My family would hear my voice on TV in the other room and call me in for dinner," she laughs. Next fall—when Charisma debuts in her own series, *Angel*, a *Buffy* spin-off—we'll be eating in front of the set.



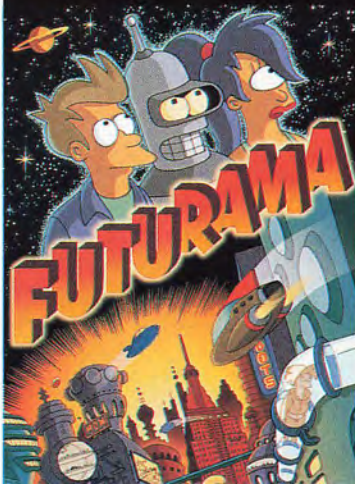
Buffer than Buffy

Illustration, Tavis Coburn; Photographs, this page (top to bottom), Howard Rosenberg/Shooting Star; Fox (x3); next page, (top to bottom), Everett Collection; Neal Peters Collection.

COUCH POTATO REPORT

Mid-Season Toon-Up

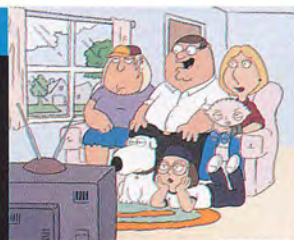
If we watch another episode of *Felicity*, we'll cry. To the rescue: a trio of crass cartoon series from Fox—the network that brought us *King of the Hill*.



Name that toon: *Futurama*, in which a frozen guy named Fry thaws out 1,000 years from now in a world full of aliens and neurotic robots.

Rough sketch: *The Simpsons* mixed with *The Jetsons*—and a shot of *Encino Man*.

Drawing power: Created by Matt Groening, the warped mind behind *The Simpsons*. Bonus: Katey Sagal (Peg Bundy) voices a tarty E.T.



Name that toon: *Family Guy*, in which a blimpie, beer-swilling middle-class dad raises a diabolical toddler bent on world domination.

Rough sketch: *King of the Hill* moves in with *The Flintstones* and gives birth to *The Omen*.

Drawing power: With his politically incorrect one-liners and ovoid physique, this Guy could be Cartman's long-lost father on *South Park*.



Name that toon: *The PJs*, a satirical look at the chaotic life of a housing project super, rendered in that creepy California Raisins-style animation.

Rough sketch: *Good Times* meets Gumby, damn it!

Drawing power: Eddie Murphy executive-produces and provides the grumpy voice of Thurgood Stubbs, the *Wheel of Fortune*-addicted lead character.



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VIDEO GAME REVIEWS

Life in the Blast Lane

In *Half-Life*, this month's top pick, you get to cruelly disfigure all your coworkers...then waste 'em!

Here's a new game addictive enough to O.D. any video junkie. Yeah, *Half-Life* (Sierra Studios-PC) is another first-person 3D shooter, but its hyper-realistic gore and fast, tense action gut the competition. In the game, you are Gordon Freeman, a physicist trapped in a labyrinthine underground lab (note cool *X-Files*-ish decor). Somewhat unprofessionally, you've triggered a radioactive meltdown, transforming your fellow scientists into angry mutants. For good measure, you've also foolishly opened a portal to another world through which pissed-off aliens stream. Your

mission: Battle your way through the richly detailed, creature-oozing maze and reach the surface using your bare hands, a crowbar, and—for real carnage—grenades. Sometimes you'll find yourself wandering through pitch-black corridors with a flashlight that runs out faster than your limited ammo. It's OK to press "pause" and crash on the couch after a couple of days of playing—just don't expect your *Half-Life*-inspired nightmares to allow you much rest. Bonus: The training course, which alone can take several hours to complete, is made plenty bearable by the fact that your guide is a holographic hottie.



"And this time stay dead!"



T&A rex

Tomb Raider III
Eidos Interactive—
PlayStation, PC

BORROW IT



Even if you haven't played a video game since Pong, you've probably heard of Lara Croft, the spunkyly underdressed heroine of this popular Indiana Jones-inspired game series. Unfortunately, this third installment, in which Lara searches for alien artifacts, isn't the leap forward in design and action that the second, and still best, edition was. You can now maneuver Lara onto her hands and knees (to crawl through tight spaces, of course), but with a recycled story line and clumsy controls, this is less of a must-own than a must-steal-sometime-from-your-nerdy-friend's-apartment.



Warning: a real dragster

S.C.A.R.S.
Ubi Soft—Nintendo 64,
PlayStation, PC

BURY IT

This game's title is supposed to stand for Super Computer Animal Racing Simulation, but we'd like to suggest an alternative—Stupid Cruddy Absolutely Retarded Shit. A first clue to this game's overall suckiness is that the vehicles are designed to look like lions, rhinos, and other zoo animals: We don't want to sit in racing-game animals, we want to flatten 'em into zebra-striped roadkill! Toss in sloppy controls, dull gameplay, and lame graphics and you've got a game to avoid like the south end of a diarrhea-stricken elephant.

Reviews by
Avi Fryman



BUY IT



"I said no Riverdancing!"

EMERGENCY RENT

The Stepford Videos

This month: Paranoia classics to rent if your video store is out of *The Truman Show*.

In *The Truman Show* (available January 12), a restrained Jim Carrey (no farting!) discovers his friends and family are really actors in the cheesy TV show that is his life. No copies left to rent? These similarly themed movies will quench your thirst for creepiness:

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1955) In this original B&W version, a small-town guy suspects that his neighbors are being replaced by emotionless replicas sprouted from alien pods.

Moment of truth: When the hero smooches his normally frisky girlfriend, she responds with all the raw passion of broccoli.

The Stepford Wives (1974) A feisty feminist moves to a Connecticut suburb where wives are

eerily content to serve their hubbies' every whim, bake pies, and screw like they're...sex robots or something! **Moment of truth:** A foxy fembot (Ginger from *Gilligan's Island*) accidentally shorts out and pours coffee all over her spotless floor!

Disturbing Behavior (1998) High schoolers watch in horror as classmates join the goody-goody Blue Ribbons—a seemingly lobotomized clique that likes homework. *Dawson's Creek* cutie Katie Holmes fights back with her powerful bare midriff. (OK, this isn't exactly a "classic.")

Moment of truth: A Blue Ribbon prude conflicted by sexual urges smashes her noggin into a mirror while flashing her boobs.

Body Snatchers: "Nice pod!"



Good news. He's **NOT** **GETTING** his **MONEY** **BACK.**

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It works for 4 out of 5 men. Those are nice odds, don't you think?

These pictures simulate the hair regrowth Rogaine Extra Strength can deliver in as little as 4 months for men like this man with mild to moderate hair loss. Individual results vary. Not everyone responds to Rogaine.

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Give Rogaine Extra Strength a chance to work for you. Use as directed for 4 months. Then you be the judge. If you haven't begun to regrow hair by then, or at least stopped your hair loss, we'll give you your money back. Terms: Register with us and save original receipts and cartons. If not satisfied, submit your claim within 30 days after 4-month trial. One refund per household, up to \$135. For details see store or www.rogaine.com.



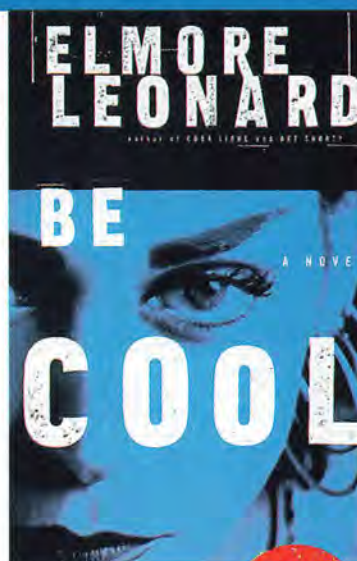


Books

Be Cool

by Elmore Leonard
(Delacorte, \$24.95)

After boring us with last year's *Cuba Libre*—his stab at historical fiction—Leonard gives us fans what we want: the kind of funky, hard-boiled crime novel that hooked us in the first place. *Be Cool* picks up where our favorite Leonard book, *Get Shorty*, left off, bringing back Chili Palmer, the punch-first-ask-questions-later antihero (played by John Travolta in the hit movie version). Here, having conquered Hollywood, mobster Chili sets out to make a movie about a rock band; unfortunately, before delivering a script or a cast, the record-label guy he's using as a creative consultant gets his brains splattered onto a plate of grilled pesto chicken. Typically undeterred, Chili has to somehow put together a band, finish the movie, and find the killer before the LAPD can pin the murder on him. Extra cool: side trips into the music biz's seedy side,



which the 72-year-old Leonard researched by inviting the bad boys in Aerosmith over for a backyard barbecue. Though it's a pretty safe bet that this fast-paced novel will jump onto the big screen soon, here's our advice: Just this once, don't wait for the movie.—Kevin Giordano

BUY IT

the life and death of a rock legend



BORROW IT

Moon: The Life and Death of a Rock Legend

by Tony Fletcher (Spike, \$30)

This biography of Keith Moon, the Who's master of excess, is impressive...but excessive. Moon, a drummer who virtually reinvented his instrument, is certainly a legend worth investigating. And the tasty tales of debauchery—a doctor injecting the lethargic Moon with cortisone during a concert to perk him up—are nicely humbling. But at 608 pages, this Encyclopedia of Keith may be too plodding for anyone except hard-core fans. For most of us, the cut-to-the-chase VH1 *Behind the Music* version will do just fine.—Craig Stephenson

BETWEEN THE COVERS

Unnecessarily Solved Mysteries

There's no such thing as a stupid question. At least not in this book.

Is God dead? Who cares, when more pressing mysteries—like why Popeye's foe, Bluto, is sometimes called Brutus—have us up pacing the floor all night? Luckily, the upcoming *Triumph of the Straight Dope* (Ballantine, \$11.95), by compulsive demystifier and syndicated columnist Cecil Adams gets to the bottom of off-beat puzzlers like these:

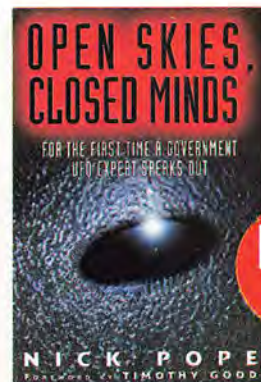
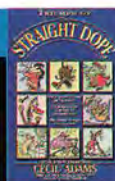
Why do sky divers yell "Geronimo!" when they jump from an airplane? The night before the first mass parachute jump at Fort Benning, Georgia, in 1940, the jittery soldiers were joking that—mid-jump—they'd forget their own names. To calm their nerves, they went to a movie about the famous Apache chief. Afterward, one cocky dude boasted that he'd yell "Geronimo!" as he fell; and he did. "What if they'd seen *Rocky*?" writes Adams. "Jumpers everywhere today might be shouting, 'Adrian!'"

How do they make that nifty sound when someone lands a punch in the movies? "For a good face punch," writes Adams, a sound effects guy "might hit a piece of raw meat with his fist, maybe wearing a tight leather

glove for enhanced smackiness. I'm told rib cuts are particularly good to use because they have bones to give a crunchy effect."

Is it true that cats always land on their feet, unharmed?

No—but, bizarrely, cats who fall *longer distances* are more likely to survive. In a 1987 study, vets found that in falls of up to seven stories, the severity of feline injuries increased with each story. In falls from the eighth story or higher, however, it *decreased*, because when cats reach their terminal velocity of 60 mph, they're able to spread themselves out like flying squirrels, minimizing injuries. But, Adams admits, your "fell-20-stories-and-looks-like-it-came-out-of-a-can-of-Spam cats go to the Dumpster, not the emergency room."



BURY IT

Open Skies, Closed Minds

by Nick Pope
(Overlook Press, \$23.95)

This nonfiction report on UFOs is being hyped as "the real X-Files" written by "the real Fox Mulder": a British Ministry of Defence big shot assigned to the UFO desk from 1991 to 1994. Don't fall for it. While admitting that some "UFOs" turn out to be low-flying aircraft, the author does his (lousy) best to make us believe. His principal evidence? Most newspaper stories about the many European sightings that occurred on March 30 and 31, 1990, and March 31, 1993, were published on the following day: *April Fools' Day*, when *aliens would know* we silly humans wouldn't take them seriously.—Amy Spencer



Illustration, top, Tavis Coburn; bottom, Clay Meyer

How to use your head to grow back your hair.

An intelligent consumer's guide to hair regrowth issues.



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2 Is the medication really safe? What are your risks in using it? Are you willing to take those risks? DR. LEWENBERG'S FORMULA®, when used as directed, should have no side effects.

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** These results were reported in TV news stories across the U.S. and around the world and were the basis of a feature on the TV news show "EXTRA."*

A high-angle, aerial photograph of a large stadium, likely the Super Bowl arena, filled with spectators. A person is parachuting into the stadium from the top left. The parachute is large and colorful, with yellow and green sections. The person is wearing a yellow and green jumpsuit. The stadium is packed with people, and the field is visible in the center. The overall scene is dynamic and captures a moment of high action.

Can you sneak into the biggest game of the year? To find out, *Maxim* sent four men to last year's Super Bowl, each outfitted with \$500, an ingenious strategy, and balls the size of small dogs.

CRASH THE SUPER BOWL!



The Super Bowl. The single hottest sporting event of the year. One game. Two teams. Seventy thousand fans. And about 1.2 million security guards. Under normal circumstances, all those guards wouldn't bother us, law-abiding citizens that we are. But last year we decided that watching the game would be much more rewarding if we could get in without actually, you know, having a ticket.

Cue *Mission: Impossible* theme song. Enter four *Maxim* writers. Each has \$500 and strict orders to do whatever it takes to weasel his way into San Diego's Qualcomm Stadium: Use a disguise. Bribe someone. Offer up an orifice. We're talkin' *by any means necessary*. Just get a goddamned seat...and score one for the common man. Here's what happened.

Ingenious Strategy #1

THE FORGERY

Armed with counterfeit letterhead and a goofy costume, Jim Thornton tries to dupe Super Bowl security.

My instincts have warned me to leave the musket behind. I've also opted for running shoes over authentic Revolutionary War buckle-style brogans. Other than these two concessions to modernity, which were triggered by fears of a SWAT-team response and bunions, respectively, I look exactly the way I'd planned to: like a dimwitted Colonial American patriot gone to seed.

A few miles away from Qualcomm Stadium, I pull the rental car into a space behind the Mission Valley Pet Clinic Kennels (WHERE A DOG'S LIFE IS A PLEASURE) and pay a lady 10 bucks for a BARK + PARK spot. She tells me she likes my costume, especially my tricornered hat, and asks why I'm wearing it. I show her my award notification letter on WKRC's Morning Zoo official letterhead. Basically, it says that as the contest winner, if I show up at the Super Bowl dressed as a patriot, a proud representative of the New England Patriots, the football team that *should* be playing today, there'll be a ticket waiting for me at Will Call. I debate telling her that the "Put a Patriot in the Super Bowl" contest I won is something I concocted and finally opt to do so out of pragmatism.

"There's a chance," I explain, "that I might not be able to pick the car up for a few days, depending on bail." She tells me not to worry about the car and wishes me luck sneaking into the Super Bowl.

Off I trudge to the distant stadium. My 18th-century breeches, stockings, and regimental greatcoat are all on loan from a friend, Jim Riley, who runs a living-history farm called Colonial Chesterfield a couple of hours outside L.A. The clothes, designed for him, don't fit me very well. In fact, the breeches keep threatening to fall down, and something's telling me that a de-pantsed patriot is just asking for his fraud indictment to be aggravated by morals charges.

My nemeses, the San Diego cops, pass by in a paddy wagon and I am reminded of the seriousness of my future crime. The papers have reported that scalpers are getting \$3,000 a ticket. What I'm trying to do is the equivalent of heisting a pretty nice used car.

I march up to the Will Call gate with my award letter gripped between white-knuckled fingers. Now, I've never for an instant believed that the savvy gatekeepers will think the contest I won is real, that they'll actually hand me a ticket and welcome me to Super Bowl XXXII. Rather, I'm counting on the pity factor—my ability to make▷



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January 1, 1998

Dear Mr. Jim Thornton,

Happy New Year! From the WKRG Morning Zoo! We're delighted to announce that you've won the Grand Prize contest. In the Put a Packer in Your Bull contest.

**THE COPS
PASS BY IN
A PADDY
WAGON,
AND I'M
REMINDED
OF THE
GRAVITY OF
MY CRIME.**

them believe that *I* believe the contest is real. My goal, in short, is to pass myself off as an incredibly pathetic, unemployed boob who has just driven 3,000 miles from Boston dressed up like a Minuteman because of a practical joke played on him by the assholes on the WKRG's Morning Zoo radio

broadcast. Surely the milk of human kindness must flow for such a good-naturedly honest simpleton.

"Name?" a jaded official in reflective sunglasses barks at me as I attempt to get into the Will Call line. Breathlessly I tell him who I am and that I won this contest and how excited I am to see the game even if the Patriots aren't playing and ask where exactly I can find Susan Preston from MediaCom Promotions, anyhow, to pick up my ticket. He glances at his clipboard. "You're not on the list," he says.

"I must be on the list," I say, marching forward to show him the letter. "Look! I'm a winner. I just drove 3,000 miles! Just call Susan."

He refuses to read my letter, muttering instead, "We see this every year. Jerks come in with nice letterhead and everything."

"But I really *am* a winner," I say, my voice cracking.

I beg him to let me into the Will Call line, and after a few minutes during which I attempt to cry, he reluctantly agrees. I tell the seven other people in line about WKRG and about the contest, all the while gradually letting it dawn on me that I may be the victim of an inhumanly cruel hoax perpetrated by disc jockeys. I generate a lot of sympathy from my fellow petitioners. Will the Will Call functionary share this emotion?

"There is no Susan Preston," the Will Call guy says. "There is no ticket for Jim Thornton."

"There's gotta be," I say, my wild patriot eyes misting over again. "My car broke down twice, in Illinois

and Nevada, I haven't slept for three days... My God, you don't think those bastards at WKRG are playing some kind of sick joke on me!"

The Will Call guy says this may well be the case. I beg him to let me into the game anyway.

"Sorry," he says. "I can't." He does suggest I get a lawyer and sue the station. I ask to see the guy's supervisor, who turns out to be similarly hard-assed.

During the next two hours, I try this aggressive-pathos approach at a dozen entrance gates. Everyone I talk to turns me away but encourages me to sue the bastards in Boston. After 15 fruitless head bashings, this simpleton finally gives up.

Heading back to the car, I encounter a beautiful Wisconsinite wearing a cheese bra that has NEED TICKETS written across it at nipple level. She tells me she's had no luck, either—evidently the power of titty is not significantly greater than the power of pity. We get our picture taken together, which at least is something.

Ingenious Strategy #2

THE BOOZE

If you find a guy with an extra ticket and you get him completely sloshed, will he take you to the game? The drinks are on **Mason Brown**.

My plan is deceptively simple. I'm going to visit San Diego with a wad of cash, hit a bar, and buy drink upon drink for my fellow fans until someone with an extra ticket becomes my newest, bestest buddy and takes me to the game. I see no obvious downside to a scheme premised solely on the consumption of massive quantities of alcohol.

To improve my odds, I've concocted a heart-wrenching story about how my wife mistakenly threw out my tickets while reorganizing my home office, a tale sure to resonate with any man who lives with both a woman and a desk. Of course, my sob story will only work if the people I drink with think I'm a super-fan, just like them. Which team, then, to pick? Denver's the underdog, and the us-against-the-world factor weighs in its favor. But when I arrive in San Diego, it's clear that rooting for Green Bay makes more sense. For one thing, the streets are crawling with drunk Packer fans. For another, most of them are getting fleeced by three-card monte dealers; guess they play it slower in Wisconsin. So I settle on the Pack. The simple addition of a slice of foam cheese on my head instantly lends me that crucial super-fan cred.

I'm ready for action. The Gaslamp Quarter, with its countless upscale bars, is the place to start. I pop into a bar and quickly identify the three richest-looking guys in the place, guys who, with any luck, have been given extra tickets by generous bosses or clients. I'll have these guys drunk and charitable in no time.

As it turns out, the sheer enormity of the crowd renders buying rounds an immense hassle. Near the bar,

"Hope I land on a cheerleader."





"Last year I was off by three feet and tunneled into John Madden's ass."

All imaging, Gene Bressler; photographs, (first spread) NFL Photos(stadium); Tom Sanders/Adventure Photo & Film(x2, parachute & skydive); Joe McBride/Adventure Photo & Film(sky surfer); (this spread clockwise from top right), Jamie Courne/Alisport(football players); Dr. Erik Bjurström/Adventure Photo & Film(digger); Al Bello/Alisport(digger's face); Nick Vedros/Tony Stone Images(rocketman)

I overhear a Canadian named Wade tell someone he won his two tickets in a supermarket raffle in Vancouver. He appears to be unaccompanied, and I glom onto him like a free-spending remora. A few shared drinks later—\$20 worth of beer for me, top-shelf 15,000-year-old scotch for Wade—he tells me that “tickets are going for \$3,000; pretty neat, eh?” I’m screwed. Still, I gamely tell Wade my tragic story as I spot him another round. He nods and says, “That sucks. Women, eh?” When I float the possibility of him taking me to the game, he turns noticeably colder. I believe his exact words to me are “Piss off, eh?”

I drop another \$100 casting my alcohol net randomly around the room: tequila for a lawyer, a rum and coke for a woman in orange pants, four beers for two guys in Packer jerseys. But by now, procuring drinks has become a half-hour ordeal, which means I can barely buy someone enough to make him tipsy, much less get him sufficiently hammered to part with a ticket worth three grand. I need my marks to drink a round every 10 minutes. I need to get them blackout drunk. I need them to be sure-go-ahead-and-sleep-with-my-wife drunk. I decide to look for a bar where I can at least buy drinks without a struggle.

I hit a local bar, Foggy’s Notion, and stumble around with a pitcher, screaming, “Go, Pack, go” and pouring free beer for anybody wearing a Packer shirt. I drop \$200 on 30 pitchers and repeat my tale of woe 27 times...but every lead comes up empty. There is, however, one unexpected benefit to wearing my cheese head: It proves irresistible to drunken women, who



"And a Triscuit hat for the lady."

constantly cluster round to “squeeze the cheese.” I return the favor by spending \$55 on their mixed drinks.

Squeezed I got. Drunk I got. Tickets I didn’t get. Shit-faced and shit out of luck, the best I can do is look at the past 24 hours as a learning experience. And here, in essence, is what I’ve learned: People from Wisconsin are virtually impossible to outdrink.

Ingenious Strategy #3

THE BRIBE

Ticket takers make \$13 an hour. Vince Bielski offers one \$500 to look the other way.

The bribe should be the perfect scam for getting a seat at Super Bowl XXXII. After all, everyone is on the take at America’s biggest spectacle. The stadium and its environs reek of filthy money, from the five >

**DRUNKEN
WOMEN
GATHERED
ROUND
ME TO
SQUEEZE
MY
CHEESE.**



"I swear, officer. I've got a press pass from *Men's Health*."

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SLIP A TICKET TAKER 500 BONES AND WALTZ INTO THE STADIUM.

limps flying overhead, plastered with ads, to the 75 limos in the parking lot hosting pay-per-eat tailgate parties. Hell, they even sold the stadium's name to the highest bidder: For a few million bucks, they dumped stately "Jack Murphy" for crass "Qualcomm." The way I figure it, all I have to do is amble up to the turnstile, slip a ticket taker 500 bones, and waltz into Qualcomm, happy as a cheese head.

What I didn't plan on was the wall of cops. They're stationed about 100 yards from the stadium, making sure no one without a ticket gets near the entrance. Bribing the police, while frequently effective, seems too risky. Instead, I pull out my notebook, pretend I'm a newspaper reporter, and begin buttering up a brawny cop. Pretending to be a journalist, it must be noted, is easy; Dan Rather does it every night.

"I'm writing a story for *Security News* about how fans try to sneak into the Super Bowl," I tell him, hoping he'll cough up a few tricks I can put to use if Operation Bribe bombs.

"They don't get too far," he says. And then he sucks in his gut and asks, "You're gonna say good things about me in your article, aren't you?"

I've hooked him. "Sure, I'll make you look good," I say, "if you can get me past the other officers so I can do more interviews."

"Follow me."

GET INTO THE GAME...LEGALLY!

Why sell a kidney to pay a scalper when you can score a pair of Super Bowl tickets for \$650?



Every year, the NFL

holds a drawing to give the humble everyday fan a chance to attend the big show. For this year's game, in Miami, the league drew 500 names out of a measly 23,000 requests; that worked out to odds of 1 in 46. By comparison, the odds of getting dealt a three of a kind in poker is 1 in 47.

Winners get to buy two tickets; since you don't send money unless you win, your bet only costs you a stamp. For a shot at tix for Super Bowl XXXIV in Atlanta, send your name and address by registered mail to NFL Super Bowl Tickets, 280 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10017; it's gotta be postmarked between February 1 and June 1, 1999.

How do you boost the odds of having your name picked? We spoke with Sunday Billings, who's been in charge of the ticket drawings for four years, and asked her if she'd changed her name to get the job. (She assured us that she hadn't and



immediately became suspicious of our intentions.) According to Billings, the NFL only accepts one entry from each household. Our tip? Move at least twice in early 1999...or send requests from your dad, uncle, oral surgeon, and anyone else who'll play along. Get 14 friends to do it and your odds jump to 1 in 4.

The NFL plugs the entries into a computer and selects the winners at random—so don't bother decorating the envelope or including a heartfelt description of how your pet frog is dying of leukemia. If you win, the pair of tickets will cost you \$650.

—Charles Cox

Oh, sweet irony: I now have a police escort onto the stadium grounds. I ask him a few easy questions, then head for the entrance gates. But cops are lurking there too; all it would take is a ticket taker with a highly developed sense of moral outrage for me to end up in jail with a bunch of drunk jocks. I identify a particularly friendly-looking female ticket taker and wait for the cops to drift away. Then I make my move.

"I don't have a ticket," I tell her, slyly displaying five Ben Franklins. "But I do have \$500 with your name on it."

The woman looks at the money. Then she looks me in the eye. *Oh, shit*, I'm thinking, *she's leaving me hanging. If she were going to let me in, she wouldn't have hesitated.* But rather than scream for the police, she laughs in my face.

"You guys try everything. Bribes and everything else," she says, still giggling a little. "It doesn't work. We get trained to expect all of this."

Humiliated, I slink away. Now what? Then I spot a gangly teenager in a uniform selling ice cream out of a bulging shoulder bag. The halogen lamp in my head clicks on: Maybe I can sneak into the stadium as a vendor. So I approach the kid and whisper, "I'll give you \$500 for your bag and cap."

Now, \$500 is a lot of money for a 15-year-old; I figure he'll jump at the offer. But he cocks his head

This page: Chris Noble/Tony Stone Images(climber); Superstock(wall); NFL Photos(tickets); Andy Lyons/Allsport(football players)

and looks up for a few seconds, as if he's calculating his profit margin. "It'll cost you \$1,000," he says. What? A grand for a sack of ice cream and a stupid hat? I tell him \$1,000 is too much, that nobody would pay that.

But I am wrong. He coolly explains that he and his buddies, all of whom are working for Service America concessions, have already sold company uniforms at \$1,000 a pop...to six people! "We brought extra uniforms with us," he says. "People change into them, and they're getting in the stadium, no problem."

Come next year, I'll be your Good Humor man.

Ingenious Strategy #4

THE SCALP

Steven Kotler goes for the tried and true: paying up the wazoo.

Tickets for the Super Bowl—now, how hard can that be? I mean, this is the late 20th century, for God's sake; we've got scalping down to an art. Even *USA Today* carries ads for ticket brokers. So I open the paper, find the biggest ad, and call a place called Golden Tickets. And the guy from Golden Tickets listens to my tale of woe and politely says, "For 500 bucks, you can come to my house and watch it on the big screen."

So the papers cater to the rich: Who knew? Next I pop onto the Internet, our generation's great democratizing force, but all the brokers I find are the same companies that advertise in the newspapers. I'm left wondering: football, the sport of the common man?

A friend of mine tells me that certain high-end travel agents get tickets. I call around, and the tip turns out to be true. They *do* get tickets. And the prices start at two grand. There's nothing left for me but to drive to San Diego and do what all the other common men do: grovel and beg.

The night before the game is one endless scam. In the streets, in the bars, everyone's a pimp and everyone's got a line. Sure, there are tickets to be had, and every one of them's on the 50-yard line, and they all cost \$3,000 apiece. So I move on to plan D: get to the game early and find some guy who wants to sell fast.

It's 8 A.M., and Qualcomm is sealed tight. The spaces in the parking lot were presold. The streets around the stadium are barricaded and patrolled; you practically need diplomatic status just to be in a car. I manage to find a guy with a minivan and some kind of pass; for 20 bucks, he says, he'll drop me close.

A fence runs along the back of the parking lot. I get out of the car and sprint the half-mile to the fence and scale it. A man in a chef's hat starts screaming. I am in the part of the parking lot reserved for caterers.

I make the rounds in the main parking lot and find that prices have dropped from the night before; \$2,500 will now get me through the gate. The scalpers are easy to identify: They're the ones scurrying up to anyone with an open wallet, chanting "Who needs one?"

...How much you got?" I watch one scalper who asked for three grand take \$2,500 because the buyer had it out, in his hand. Tough to walk away from hard green.

To make matters worse, word is that counterfeit tickets are everywhere. The problem's gotten so bad that the NFL now has ticket authenticators standing at certain gates. One guy tries to sell me tickets to *next year's* Super Bowl—and the bastard still wants \$2,000! Do I look *that* retarded?

I decide to bide my time. Any scalper still holding a ticket after the first quarter will start to shit; my 500 clams will get me in late, but they'll get me in. Four minutes into the first quarter, the Packers score; prices stay at \$2,500, but a scalper tells me that if Green Bay pulls ahead by two touchdowns, I may have a chance.

With five and a half minutes to go in the first quarter, Denver ties it; prices actually climb back to \$3,000—hints of a good game. And when the Broncos pull ahead seconds into the third quarter, I'm hosed. Scalpers' prices sway stock-market-style with each TD but never drop below \$1,500. By the fourth quarter, two things are clear: This is the best Super Bowl in years, and my \$500 won't even get me into the game at the two-minute warning. The one saving grace of the whole wasted day? I'm a basketball fan. **M**

**ANY
SCALPER
STILL
HOLDING A
TICKET
AFTER THE
FIRST
QUARTER
WILL START
TO SHIT.**

EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE

We strongly discourage sneaking into the Super Bowl disguised as a stadium employee. Study these uniforms so you don't accidentally wear one and get in for free.



Front-gate security
Crucial detail: clipboard



Ball boy
Crucial detail: no socks



Referee
Crucial detail: poor vision



Parking attendant
Crucial detail: ugly shirt

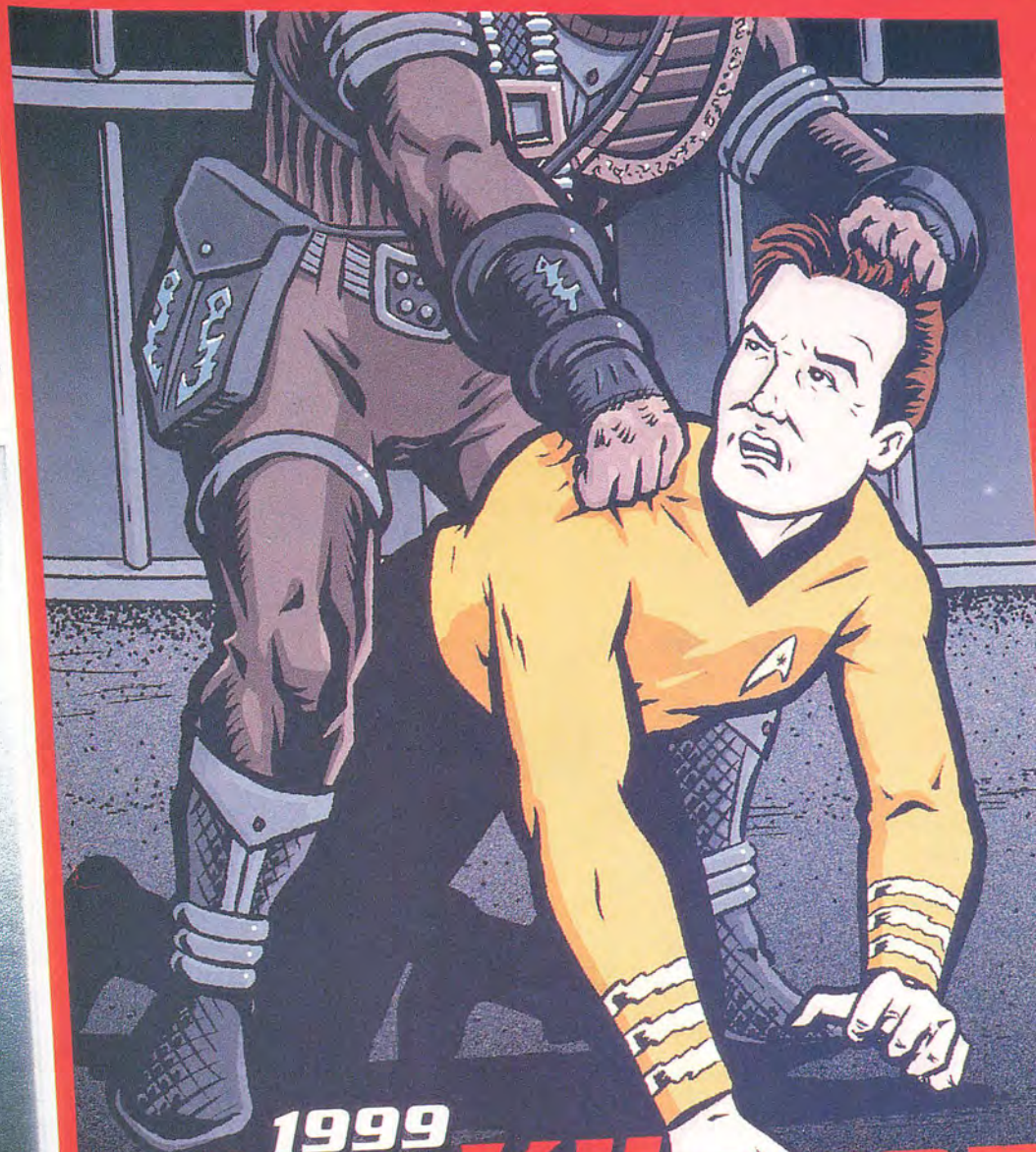


Employee security
Crucial detail: flat hair



United States Marine
Don't even think about it

1999 CALEN

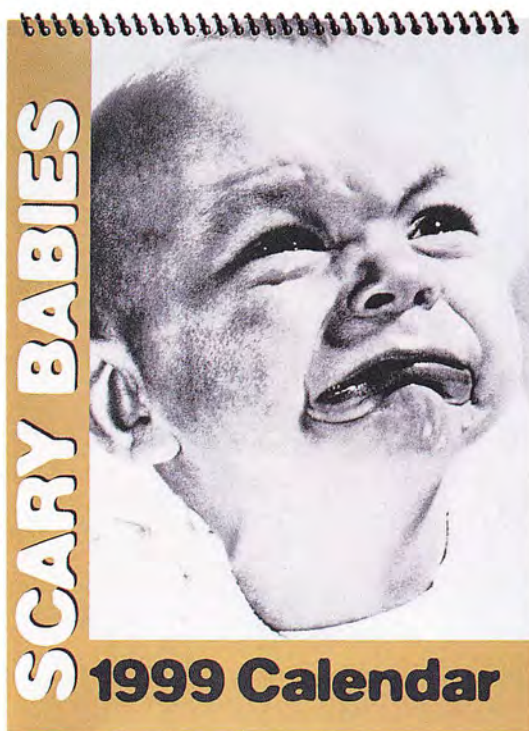


1999
**The Klingon
Prison** Calendar

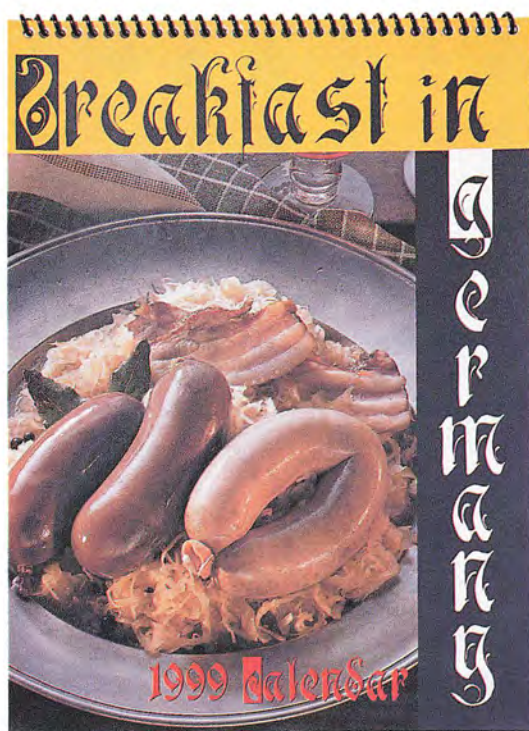
DARS

The calendar industry's in dire need of a major overhaul, and we're just the assholes to provide one. *Maxim* presents these ideas for calendars free of charge to any manufacturer with the balls to produce them.

Our 12-month mission: to keep you out of intergalactic trouble with horrific scenes from the Klingon pokey. March's seven-clawed cavity-search cyborg alone is guaranteed to scare you onto the straight and narrow.



You'll cry, screech, and poop in your pants when you see *Scary Babies 1999*, an even dozen of the ugliest little bastards ever to terrify an obstetrician. Proof positive that God is one twisted, devious son of a bitch.

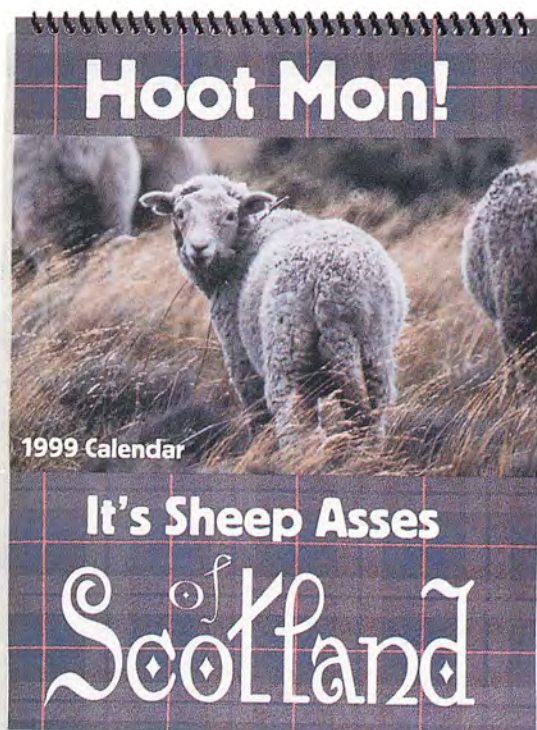


Greetings from the wonderland of wurst! Each month enjoy another 9,000 calories of porky pleasure that cheerfully says, "Guten Morgen!" in a Germanic, yet friendly, way.

Photographs, Todd Huffman/calendars x6i



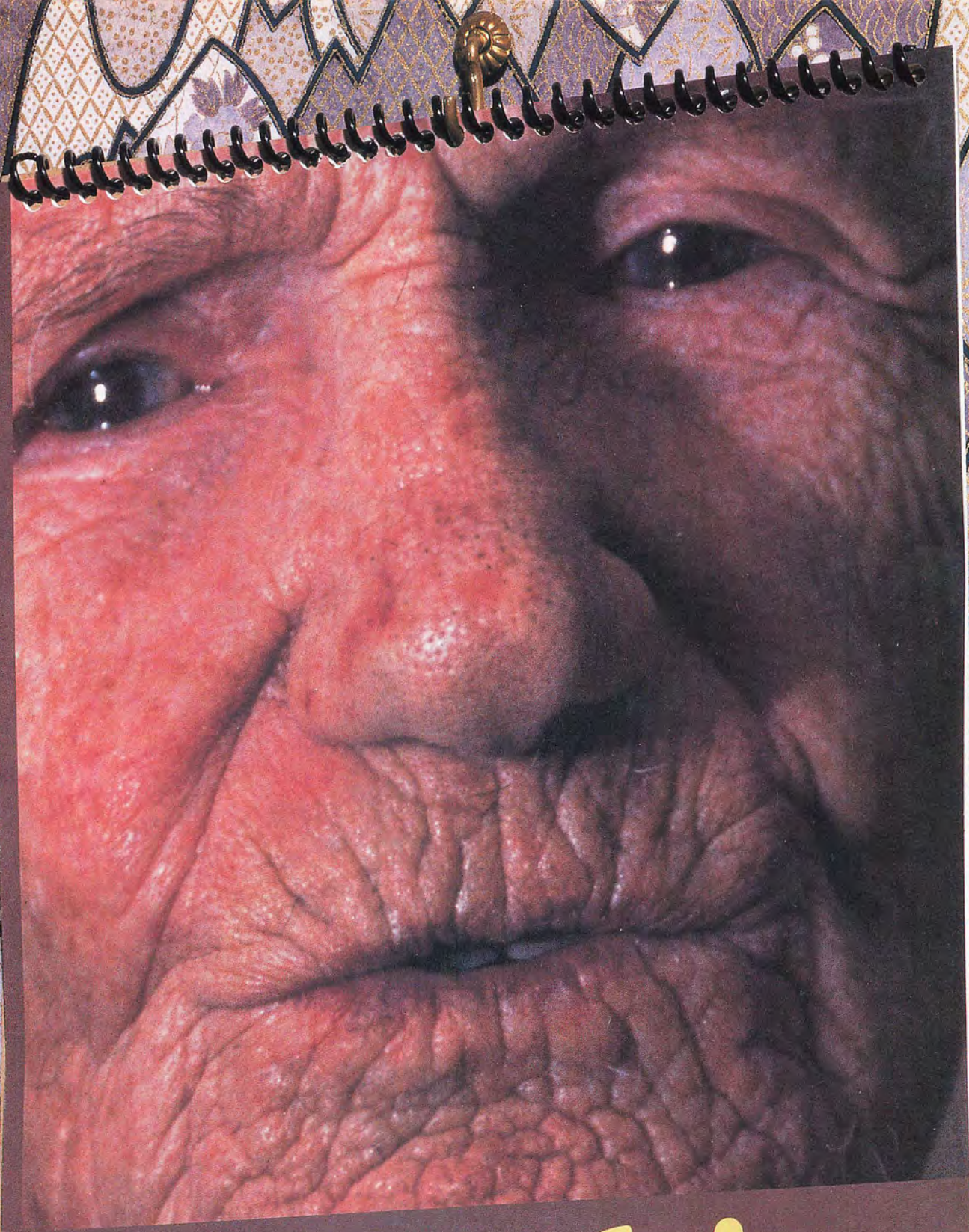
Soft baby-blue eyes as big as your head. Luxuriant tresses of auburn back hair. Long, shapely legs sprouting along both sides of her thorax. Ah, but which month's honey is really Gandalf in drag?



When you're trampin' over the frozen peat an' the north wind's bloowin' up yer kilt, there's nothin' warms the heart like the sight of a wee sheep creepin' t'other way. Twelve woolly comforters for your winter pleasure.

If you thrill at the image of a homeless man's gaping maw, its wrinkled turkey-skin lips blown back by fetid cat-food breath billowing out of a bombed-out jaw full of crooked, rotten, malt-liquor-stained teeth, then by God, this calendar's for you. Freak.

Illustrations: (first page) Rodney Frendak; (this page) Dave Broder; photographs: (first page from top) Hulton Getty; StockFood America; (this page from left) Shiko Nakano/Photonica; Conor Caffrey/Science Photo Library/Photo Researchers



Old People's
1999 Calendar **Mouths**

MAXIM'S ROAD MAP TO EASY STREET

Those wry little tequila ads are right. Life is harsh. And although we've got nothing against getting shit-faced to deal with life's cruel and annoying complexities, *Maxim* offers a slew of additional suggestions for breezing through the crap. Cheers.

By Nancy Miller and Judy Dutton





Unless you have piles of money and an army of minions ready to do your bidding, you're probably still going crazy trying to wring as much playtime as possible from your insane life. To see whether you're chronically wasting more time than you're enjoying, stop for a second and take *Maxim's* stream-

lined, efficient test:

You are reading *Maxim*

- a) on a BarcaLounger in Hugh Hefner's rec room, drinking a cold one
- b) by accident—you just discovered it buried under a pile of dirty laundry, tax forms, and your ex-girlfriend
- c) on an office toilet with your feet on the seat—you're hiding from your boss because you've lost his expense receipts for the entire year

If you answered **a)**, you're a liar. But if you answered **b)** or **c)**—and the odds are 99 percent of you did—take five to read this and get more time to do what you want to do. Like teach yourself to bend spoons with your mind.



Tip #34:
Pray to
street signs

Shove shoveling. Spread rock salt on your driveway the minute it starts snowing to avoid backbreaking work later. "Water freezes at 32 degrees Fahrenheit, but salt water usually doesn't freeze until it hits minus six," explains Skip Niman, who specializes in research and development for Cargill Salt, the company that helps keep the streets of Minnesota de-iced in the winter. If the snowfall is light, laying rock salt on beforehand will keep snow from accumulating at all. If the snowfall is heavy, the salt keeps it from freezing and bonding to the pavement, making shoveling easier.

Buy now, give later. If you see the ultimate gift for a friend or relative or your girlfriend, buy it and hold on to it until you need it for the holidays or a birthday or when you've really screwed up. You'll thank yourself later.

Never again fill out an insurance claim form or any form you use every few months. On the last form you'll ever complete, fill in all the standard information—name, address, policy numbers, etc.—and leave the signature and date lines blank. Make 50 copies and just sign and date them when needed.

Don't organize, rough-sort. Put an end to the mountain of paper with the three-box system. Toss your bills into box number one, old letters and memos into box number two, and the nebulous wad of cocktail napkins and matchbook covers with women's phone numbers on them into box number three. "For those who have zilch organiza-



tionally, it's a great beginner filing system," says Allen Elkin, Ph.D., director of the Stress Management Counseling Center in New York City.

Guarantee yourself a pair. Screw the argyles. Buy all your socks in solid colors: back, white, brown. There will never be a question of finding a matching pair, no matter



**NEVER
JUMP-
START A
FROZEN
BATTERY.
ODDS ARE
IT'LL
EXPLODE.**

how many the damn dryer eats.

Get it on film. Keep a disposable camera in the glove compartment of your car to document accidents and obscured traffic signs. Videotape winter-storm damage. You'll always have the upper hand with insurance agencies and traffic courts if you've got the photo-documented evidence. And don't forget the white foam neck brace.

Stop searching for the same things.

When it's all added up, the average Joe will waste a year of his life looking for stuff, says Lee Silber, author of *Time Management for the Creative Person* (Three Rivers Press, 1998). The top four items we search for are keys, wallets, the remote control, and our glasses. Make a place for everything: Put a nail in the wall by the front door for the keys, keep your wallet on the dresser, attach a Velcro patch to the side of the TV for the remote, keep one eyeglass case in the bathroom and one in the bedroom. While you're at it, staple a condom to your inner thigh.

Never fill out a warranty. Your product is almost always guaranteed by the manufacturer. The main thing a warranty guarantees is that your name will be sold to hundreds of other companies, which will send you duck-decoy and lawn-ornament catalogs.

Trim obligatory phone calls. Make your calls to ex-girlfriends, annoying relatives, and blabbermouth friends while you're at work. When you feel your conversation quota has been filled (about 4.5 minutes), in a rushed tone say, "I'm sorry, I love talking to you, but I've got a line of people out my door." You have technically clocked credit for the call without having incurred any further obligation to call them again.

Give Hallmark the heave-ho. Go to a museum gift shop and buy two 10-packs of Chagall, Picasso, or

When all else fails, impale yourself

Matisse greeting cards that are blank inside, so you can use them for everything: Mother's Day, Father's Day, birthdays, On the Occasion of Your Daughter's Illegitimate Pregnancy, etc.

Forget Post-its as reminders. "A thousand little Post-its create problems," says Jeffrey J. Mayer, author of *Time Management for Dummies* (IDG Books Worldwide, Inc., 1995). They stick to things they're not supposed to and get lost. "Write what you need to do at work on one large piece of paper that you either tack up on your wall or keep open in a notebook."

Get your car inspected just before your warranty expires. Have an independent mechanic do a thorough check to discover whether any components need repair, suggests Roy Cox, manager of technical training and research at the American Automotive Association, based in Heathrow, Florida. If the car needs work, take it to the dealership, where the parts are still under warranty.

Let your voice mail do the talking. Don't answer your phone at work unless you're expecting an important call. Schedule two or three half-hour time slots a day during which you deal with messages.

Don't bother speeding. Most people's driving consists of short trips, points out the National Traffic Safety Institute. And on a five-mile outing, you save only 43 seconds by going 70 miles an hour instead of 60 mph; on a 10-mile trip, you save only one minute and 26 seconds; and on a 15-mile drive, just two minutes and nine seconds. Not exactly worth a ticket and points on your license.

Snag a rock-bottom price on any flight. On the web site www.priceline.com, enter your destination and how much you would like to spend on a ticket. They'll find the airline that comes closest to matching your price. Or, if you're looking to take a last-minute, \$200 trip to, say, San Francisco, punch up www.1travel.com, an on-line travel



LOTS OF CLOTHES MARKED "DRY CLEAN ONLY" ARE MACHINE WASHABLE.

service that can E-mail you every Wednesday with dirt-cheap prices for the upcoming weekend.

Buy clothing in bulk. If a shirt or pair of pants has gotten you compliments or a whistle on the street, go back and buy two more before the first one wears out, and while the store still carries it. If you hear sniggering behind your back, however, return the item and deny having worn it.

Eat fast-cooking food. Use the *Three Ingredient Cookbook*, by Ruthie Wornall (Wornall Publishing, 1988), an entire book of breakfast, lunch, and dinner recipes with no more than three ingredients and 20 minutes' preparation time. Being able to "whip something up" in the kitchen is also guaranteed to wow *any* woman.

Get an HMO referral over the phone. Most managed-care plans require you to obtain a referral from your primary-care physician before allowing you to see a specialist. But you don't have to drag your ass to his or her office to get one. "Even if you've only seen your primary-care physician once, you can call and ask the doctor to fax or phone in the referral to a specialist," says an Oxford Health Insurance representative.

When you find a number you're looking for in the phone book, circle it. You look up the same numbers over and over, so you may as well mark them. Not only will you remember stuff like which pizza place is the one with the cheese-steak-and-souvlaki-pie, but writing in books breaks you of anal-retentive restraints imposed upon you in the third grade.

Shut up and listen. A person can think at a rate of about 1,200 words per minute—but only speaks about 250 words per minute, says Jeffrey Mayer. So if you stay on the quiet end of a conversation with a coworker, you process the problem five times faster than he will with his incessant blabbing, and you'll come out way ahead.

Schedule all your meetings for the same day. You don't get much done in the hours before or after meetings, so you're much better off devoting just one full day to them all, Mayer explains. If you can swing it, giving yourself a half-hour before each one will let you prepare.

Buy three knives. No need for that bogus chopping block full of blades. You only need three knives in the kitchen, according to Bobby Flay, host of *Hot Off the Grill*, a cooking show on the Food Network: a paring knife (for peeling vegetables), an eight-inch chef's knife



Life got you by the leg hairs?

Photographs, (first spread, clockwise from top left), H. Armstrong Roberts; Ray Barby/FPG; Hulton Getty; H. Armstrong Roberts; (this spread, clockwise from top left), Hulton Getty; Super Stock (x4); (last spread, clockwise from top left), Archive/Weigoss; Super Stock; Photoworld/FPG; Index Stock Photography; Super Stock; H. Armstrong Roberts

(for slicing and dicing), and a boning knife (for boning fish, chicken, and cats). And, of course, a stiletto to keep tucked in your boot.

Fumble-proof your front-door key. Put a rubber ring (you'll find them at hardware stores) around the base of the key you use most often, so you can stop bungling like a drunken jailer when you come home at night—even if you are a drunken jailer.

Make her fall in love with you. If you've had a great evening with a woman, when you get home that night, give her work voice mail a call. Leave her a message that says something like "Hey, I'm just about to hit the sack, but I wanted to let you know that I had a great time with you tonight. Thanks for a really nice evening." When she gets to work the next morning, she'll be so psyched by your message, she'll probably wear it out playing it over and over.

Use staples instead of paper clips. Paper clips take up twice the space. And when you can't find an important letter, it's almost always caught on an unrelated, paper-clipped document.

Lose the snooze bar. "When you hit the snooze button, you interrupt your sleep patterns, giving you just enough time—five to 10 minutes—to fall back to sleep before the alarm goes off and you whack the snooze button again, perpetuating a cycle of poor-quality sleep," explains Dr. Jonathan Schwartz, medical director of the Sleep Disorders Center of Oklahoma in Oklahoma City. Schwartz suggests setting the exact wake-up time, then parking the alarm clock across the room: "If you have to get up to turn it off, you usually stay up."

Create a dossier on your woman. Make a note of her clothing sizes and ring size as well as her birthday and your anniversary. Write the dates on your calendar along with a reminder two weeks prior to each one.

Dry-clean, schmy-clean. "Many clothing manufacturers like to cover themselves with a dry-clean-only provision, but most of your clothes are machine washable," says Carolyn Verweyst of Whirlpool Home Appliances, Benton Harbor, Michigan. Although clothing with shoulder pads or a lining should be professionally dry-cleaned, you can throw almost everything else into the washing machine on "delicate." Garments made of light fabric

NEVER PAY FOR A PLANE TICKET AGAIN

Frequent-flyer miles are as easy to collect as bellybutton lint. And much easier to cash in.

In 1998, an estimated 14 million people flew for free, thanks to frequent-flyer programs. Meanwhile, the rest of us stayed home because we were unable to make sense of the 94 frequent-flyer programs out there. "Many people pass up at least four opportunities a day to earn mileage," says Randy Petersen, editor of *InsideFlyer* magazine. To get the most miles, Petersen suggests sticking to one program, such as American Airlines AAdvantage (800-433-7300), which offers more than 3,500 ways to earn mileage. Below, a few easy ways to reach your great escape.

Eat your way there. Dine at any of 6,500 restaurants nationwide and earn 10 miles for every dollar you spend there (not including tip). If your bill's \$50, you earn 500 miles.

Chat your way there. Sign up for MCI WorldCom long distance and most participating airlines instantly award you 2,000 miles. Then you earn five more for every dollar you spend on a long-distance or calling-card call. Now you have no excuse for not calling Mom.



Golf your way there. Earn 1,000 miles on the spot when you join the Leading Golf Courses of America Golf Miles Program. You'll earn another 1,000 miles the first time you use the program, and 100 miles every time you tee off at one of 500 participating U.S. courses.

Drive your way there. Alamo, Avis, National, and Budget offer AAdvantage members 50 miles for every day a car is rented. You earn 350 miles if you and your buddies take a week-long road trip.

Romance your way there. Send your darling a bouquet of flowers from FTD and turn a profit. You earn 300 miles for every \$30 worth of posies you send.

—Judy Dutton

may be hung to dry. Items made of heavier material should be rolled in a towel, unrolled, then laid out flat, optimally on a second, dry, towel.

Load up on vino. Buy a case. It's cheaper, and you'll always have a bottle on hand for a spur-of-the-moment nightcap or to present to the host of a party.

De-stink your shoes. Sprinkle baking soda inside them, then stuff them with crumpled newspaper or paper towels and let them stay like that overnight, says Melodie Moore, author of *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Household Solutions* (Alpha Books, 1998).

Work your hotel concierge. Holly Stiel, who was a concierge for 16 years, has suggestions for how you can max out the man who sits behind that little desk in the lobby. You can ask him to:

1. Get you into the most happening nightclub. Friends of the concierge are always on the guest list, even if a place is completely booked.
2. Get you a tie, if you forgot to pack one for those snazzy dinners.
3. Show you attractions that are off the beaten path. ▷



HOTLINES TO HEAVEN



Instead of running yourself ragged, let your fingers do the walking, catering, suing, and praying with toll-free phone numbers even an amnesiac couldn't forget.

■ **(888) NEED-A-PIZZA:** The game's on in a few minutes, and you forgot to order the requisite pepperoni pizza. This number connects you to a pizzeria in your area that delivers a pie within 45 minutes.*

■ **(800) THE-TRUTH:** When you haven't got a prayer, get one. Steps to Life, Inc., a nonprofit ministry located in Wichita, Kansas, sends free Bibles, Bible study guides, and sermons to your doorstep. Includes info on what heaven's really like (no harps) and how to kick Satan's ass (bulk up on Bible studies and eat lots of fiber).

■ **(800) WE-CATER:** Swankier than a keg in the bathtub, this free service will do the legwork. You tell them how many guests and how much money you want to spend; they'll hook you up with local caterers, decorators, and even a D.J.

■ **(800) SPIRITED:** Your future in-laws are rolling into town. How better to warm their hearts than by serving your soon-to-be Pop his favorite single-malt scotch and Mumsy her perfectly aged merlot? This liquor-by-wire service will root out a liquor store in your area that carries the potables you seek and deliver them to your doorstep. Overnight delivery is offered nationwide for \$15 bucks.

■ **(888) JR-CIGAR:** JR Tobacco of America, the largest cigar company in the U.S., has an endless stash of cigars, cigarettes, and accessories for up to 50 percent off retail price. Stock your humidor, then have a



smoke delivered to a friend who's just dropped out of law school. And check out JR's most recent coup: a Bolivar cigar—handmade in the Dominican Republic with 1BW wrappers—the rarest and best in the industry (\$52–\$108 for 20).

■ **(800) FOR-A-TOW:** When your car has broken down in the middle of nowhere and your only companion is a cow skull, call this number for a tow truck in less than an hour.

■ **(800) WE-DO-LAW:** In a heap of trouble and only allowed one phone call? This number connects you to a nationwide network of lawyers who answer your legal questions for free.

■ **(800) FUNERAL:** The niggling details of planning a funeral can make you want to kill the bastard who died. This service connects you to a local funeral parlor to help you organize everything from buying a cemetery plot to throwing a reception. Roughly \$500 gets Grandma underground in an orange crate; or cough up a few thousand for an all-out, pipe-organ-pounding bash.

■ **(800) 555-1212:** It can be a toll-free jungle out there, especially when you need to call the corporate headquarters of Taco Bell to tell the chief how much you love that little dog. This free directory gives you the 800 number for any company that has one.

*If your phone doesn't have Z, press (0).
—Judy Dutton



- Who knew there was a beer garden down the street?
4. Develop your film.
5. Ship your souvenirs home.

Bypass the premium pump. "Most cars these days don't need high-grade gasoline," says Roy Cox of the AAA. "Today's autos are designed to run adequately on regular fuel." Generally, the only cars that benefit from premium fuel are older sports cars. Check your owner's manual to see what your engine requires.

Demystify your washing machine. "Permanent press" may sound fancy, but that's the setting on which most of your clothes should be washed—T-shirts, dress shirts, and khakis—according to Carolyn Verweyst of Whirlpool. The key is that permanent press cools the clothing down before spinning it, so wrinkles don't set. "Regular" is the boot camp of clothes washing. It really throws clothes around—great for jeans, towels, and your skid-marked undershorts. "Delicate," which mimics hand-washing, is for sheer and loosely woven fabrics, nothing we hope ever to find in your closet. Using hot water (120° F.) is the best way to keep whites white and to clean super-dirty clothes. It will cause colors to fade more quickly, however.

Ease out of procrastinating. "If a horrendous task looms before you, such as cleaning the garage, set a timer for 30 minutes and do as much as you can in that time. Do the same each weekend until done," recommends Connie Cox, author of *30 Days to a Simpler Life* (Plume, 1998). The thought of the enormity of a task can have you putting it off forever. Chop it into unthreatening bits and you'll actually do it.

Never try to dodge a woman by telling her you're going out of town. Never do this with anyone, for that matter. "You don't have to lie," says New York-based Sharyn Wolf, C.S.W. and author of *Guerrilla Dating Tactics* (Plume, 1998). "Say, 'Look, I'm really going to be tied up this weekend. I've got some unfinished business I have to take care of.'" That way you don't have to be afraid to answer your phone.

Get the gunk off your car. Roy Cox of the AAA suggests these home-style techniques for getting that shit off your paint job:

- **Tar:** Spritz on a prewash laundry spray.
- **Bugs:** Wash with a mixture of baking soda and warm water.
- **Tree sap:** Use a solvent such as 3M General Purpose Adhesive Remover.
- **Bumper or window stickers:** Soak with white vinegar, then scrape off.

Don't take meetings behind closed doors. It's amazing how little a person has to say when he or she can't say it privately. Whether you're meeting in your office or in the conference room, insist that the door stay open. "This limits the depth and duration that your interaction can achieve," says Michael Zentman, a psychologist based in Centerport, New York.

Never lend money. "Fifty percent of all loans to family members are never repaid, and 75 percent of all loans to friends aren't repaid," says Andrew Feinberg, financial



Even mad scientists are annoyed by clutter

columnist and author of *Downsize Your Debt: How to Take Control of Your Personal Finances* (Penguin, 1993). Conversely, we recommend that you hit up a pal for the down payment on your Porsche right now.

Make a list of errands. Keep a running list of items you need and errands that must be run. Next time you go out, grab the list and you won't come home pissed that not only did you space on getting milk, you forgot to return those freaking videos.

If you're not crazy about a girl by date three, get rid of her. You'll have more time for other women, and she'll be easier to lose sooner than later. "By date three you ought to know, even if your first two dates lasted five minutes each," says author Sharyn Wolf.

Winterproof your battery. Make sure your battery fluid level is high enough to cover the battery plates. "Fluid is what makes the battery work," says the AAA's Cox. "If you're short on fluid, you can reduce the amount of current available to start your car. In wintertime, you need all the current you can get." And never, ever jump-start a frozen battery (you know it's frozen when you look inside and see ice, Einstein): "Essentially, you'll be hooking up an electric current to an ice cube," warns Cox. "Odds are it will explode."

Iron your clothes in the dryer. You forgot your laundry while you were watching the last quarter and now it's more wrinkled than Grandma Moses? Toss a damp bath towel into the dryer with it and run the dryer again for 15 minutes. And this time remove the whole load right away. It's Press-O-Matic!

Cure a hangover before it hits. When you drink alcohol, your body gets dehydrated and deprived of B-complex vitamins—"two big factors that contribute to the inevitable morning-after hurts-all-over feeling," explains Dr. Earl Mindell, a Beverly Hills nutritionist and author



of *Prescription Alternatives* (Keats Press, 1998). "You can help fight off that feeling by taking vitamin supplements before, during, or after you drink." Mindell's booze binge Rx is 50 to 100 mg of B-complex taken with water and a banana (rich in body-boosting nutrients). And down a couple of glasses of water the minute you get up.

Repel office intruders. When someone is paying you an ill-timed visit, pretend you don't see him, pick up the phone, pause, and start to dial. He'll take the hint and leave before you have to fake a conversation with the company president.

Customize the elevator. You get down to the lobby and, of course, you've left the deal-clinching chart on your desk. Get back in the elevator and press the buttons for your floor and for the two floors above it. Get off on your floor and, as soon as the doors shut, hit the "down" call button and head for your office. By the time you get back from your desk, chart in hand, the elevator will be arriving. We said we would make your life easier. We never said we'd make you a good citizen. **M**

—Additional reporting by Steven Goldberg and Deirdre O'Scannlain

THE BEST TIME TO...

Keep an eye on the clock and you'll get great service, stay healthy, and find the perfect suit—with nary a line to wait in until you reach the pearly gates.

Update your computer software. Wait six to 12 months after any software's initial release, advises John Edwards, a computer-industry analyst based in Mount Laurel, New Jersey. That's enough time for everyone else to buy it, test it, and then let the company snatch it back to fix the bugs and rerelease it.

See the doctor. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings. Fridays are usually booked with patients desperate for a cure before the weekend, while Mondays are packed with post-weekend owwies.

Buy a suit. From 10 to 11 A.M. and 2 to 3 P.M. "Stores are the least busy during these hours, which means you won't have to wait in line for the on-staff tailor," explains time-management expert Robert Moskowitz. "That way, they'll have time to get the fit just right."

Call banks, phone companies, AmEx. Get through to customer service by calling precisely when it opens (usually 9 A.M.). Call on the dot. Ten minutes later, the line will



be jammed, Moskowitz promises.

Grocery shop: Beat checkout hell by shopping on Tuesday, the slowest grocery shopping day of the week, advises Gayle Marco, professor of marketing at Robert Morris College in Pittsburgh. Avoid lunchtime and 4:30 to 7:30 P.M.

Take your car to a mechanic. Anytime between 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Avoid 6:30 to 9 A.M. (when everyone else drops his car off for servicing) and from 5 P.M. until closing (when everyone picks his car up).

Get a haircut. Monday through Wednesday, from 1 to 4 P.M. Avoid the days before Mother's Day and before school starts in the fall, when everybody's trying to get clean-cut.



Bridget Fonda

Our favorite Fonda—the star of this winter’s twisted movie *A Simple Plan*—reveals which she likes better: the Three Stooges, walking on broken glass, or getting naked.

**By Chris Geitz
Photographs by Albert Sanchez**

Waiting to meet Bridget Fonda is like having been set up on a date with a great-looking girl you know has multiple-personality disorder. You have no idea what you’re going to get. Is she going to be flirty and troublemaking, like the bong-blowing beach rat in *Jackie Brown*? Warm and wholesome, like the diner waitress who gets tipped \$1 million for being so damned adorable in *It Could Happen to You*? Or will she be like the assassin in *Point of No Return*: deadly sexy in a little black dress with a big black gun?

One gander at this Hollywood thoroughbred as she steps through a doorway, however, and you realize you don’t give a fuck which Bridget you’re getting, as long as she looks like this one.

Her latest film, *A Simple Plan*, is a blood-in-the-snow tale of what not to do after discovering millions of dollars. Bridget, who stars alongside Billy Bob Thornton and Bill Paxton, plays a knocked-up schemer whose attempts to help her husband keep the cash result in murder after murder. It’s another in a series of roles—30 in the last 10 years—that in no way prepare you for the foulmouthed, laid-back, Three Stooges-lovin’ daughter of the quintessential Easy Rider. Not that we’re complaining.

Maxim: In *A Simple Plan*, some small-town folks—you and your husband included—decide to keep \$4 million they find in a crashed airplane. What would you do with that pile of cash in front of you?

Bridget Fonda: Maybe indulge the survivalist instinct in me—buy lots of land and hole up someplace, probably in Antarctica, so when the world’s supply of water runs dry, I’d be hoarding my own little glacier.

M: Sounds about as practical as the plans your character makes, which usually end up with someone’s guts splattered all over the Wisconsin woods.

BF: My belief in not making plans—especially for somebody else—was validated in this film. Whenever I suggest things

to people in real life, it gets me into trouble. Of course, I’ve never made a plan that caused a death. And in terms of making plans for myself, I don’t like to be nailed down. I don’t make plans for the end of the day if I can help it.

M: Very free-spirited of you. You had a wild partying phase while attending college in New York. Did being the daughter of Peter Fonda, poster boy for the drug culture, put pressure on you to be that way?

BF: I was a bit of a fool, but it was fun. I drank a lot, and I experimented with drugs. But it was easy for me to get bored of it and move on. I guess if you’re the child of a rebel, you can rebel the other way, which is to try to be normal.

M: You were five years old when *Easy Rider* came out. What has your father told you about making that movie?

BF: Mostly that the motorcycle was nearly impossible to ride, what with the chopper handlebars and little training wheel out front. He’d ride all day with his arms above his head, and at night he was like, “Oh, fuck, why’d I choose this bike?” because he was so stiff and sore.

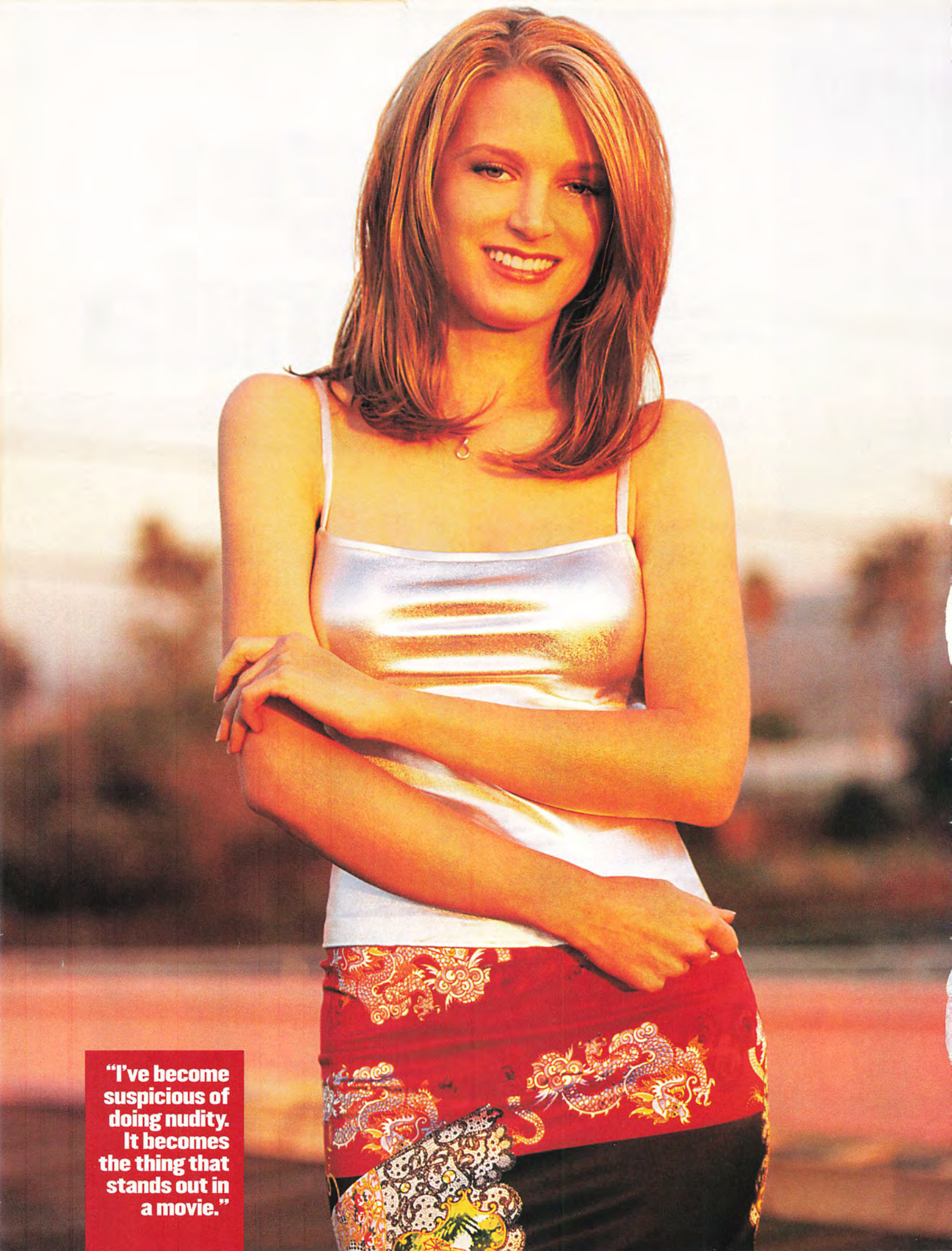
M: How old were you when you saw the movie the first time?

BF: I don’t remember. But I recall watching *The Hired Hand* with him, in which he dies in the end too. When that part was coming up my father said, “Go wait in the lobby now.” I felt like I was out there forever, sitting there with my brother. *It’s gotta be over by now*, I thought, so I opened the door just as my father was being shot. Literally, I pushed the door open and *blam*, off the back of the horse, he’s shot.

M: Were you traumatized?

BF: I don’t remember having nightmares, or having the confusion my dad claimed he had growing up. His father [Henry, in case you’ve been on a desert island for 50 years] had been away for a while, and my dad was a little kid and saw *Chad Hannah*, in which his father is eaten by a lion. When my father saw his dad again in person, he couldn’t put it together. He was sure he’d seen his father die.

M: Wow. OK, from the heavy to the ridiculous: You’re a >



**"I've become
suspicious of
doing nudity.
It becomes
the thing that
stands out in
a movie."**

rare breed: a woman who's a fan of the Three Stooges. Which Stooge is your favorite?

BF: I really like Shemp. Every other Stooge had an identifiable pattern to his goofiness, but he was all over the place—more broad vaudeville.

M: What's your favorite *Stooges* episode?

BF: The one called "I'll Never Heil Again." The Stooges are dressed like Nazis, sitting down to dinner. Curly grabs the whole main course and says, "I'll take Toikey!" And then Larry takes a piece of bread and says, "I'll wipe out Greece!" The Stooges never really set up a joke; they just did it and moved right past, so everything hits you a second later. I like that kind of ridiculousness.

M: Do you have a favorite cartoon character?

BF: Daffy Duck. He's such an arrogant fool. Bugs Bunny is funny, but he always comes out on top. With Daffy, you can count on him getting his comeuppance practically in every frame. Yosemite Sam has that same quality.

M: OK, on to the sublime: You've done some nude scenes in your career. Are you still comfortable with taking it off?

BF: It depends on the situation and the context in the story. I used to think of nudity as a part of life, and I was never uncomfortable with it. But it's often misused. Nudity can be used as currency, it can be so loaded.

M: A friend of mine saw an early screening of this other new film you're in, called *The Break Up*, and he says it opens with your character's husband going down on her.

BF: Yep.

M: So, are you naked?

BF: Not really fully naked, but it was one of the things that I liked about the story: the whole idea that the only intense feeling of freedom and abandonment this character ever experienced was when she was having sex with this man who also beat her. I haven't seen the movie yet. Does your friend have any idea what's happening with it? Because I haven't heard anything.

M: No, he just mentioned that you got head.

BF: There you go! A perfect example of why I'm now suspicious of nudity. That's the thing that stands out.

M: You're not opposed to cussing, though, are you?

BF: I'm trying to cut down. I hate that when I have to come up with a word, it's usually a swear word.

M: Yes, but sometimes they're very effective. Like your character in *Jackie Brown* comes on to Robert De Niro by simply asking, "Wanna fuck?" Pretty direct. Is there an advantage to not playing hard to get?

BF: You get further along quicker. I don't really believe in that I'm-not-going-to-call-him stuff. If you want to call, you should call. You should treat somebody like they're your friend instead of someone you have to trick.

M: Your getup in that movie wasn't real subtle, that's for sure: skimpy cut-offs and a bikini top. And barefoot. Are you a shoes-on or shoes-off kind of gal?

BF: You know what? I like to be barefoot quite a bit. I used to pride myself on being able to walk on glass without cutting myself. The trick is to walk flat-footed.

M: Cool. Your character in *Jackie Brown* was a bit of a nag, though, don't you think?



"I hate that when I have to come up with a word, it's usually a swear word."

BF: I thought she was sort of a fun nag—annoying, like "Oh, you *are* the big man, aren't you?" And she would do that until she got what she wanted. You know: She tortured Ordell until he racked her and fucked her. That's how she felt important.

M: Yeah, power through seduction, through sex. When do you feel most sexy?

BF: Right now. **M**

Bridget at a Glance

Vital stats: Born January 27, 1964, in Los Angeles. Single. Famous Fonda relatives include grandfather Henry, aunt Jane, and, of course, Hollywood-outlaw-dad-we're-scared-of Peter.

Movies she saw with Mom: *The Sound of Music*, Disney animated classics

Movies she saw with Dad: *Young Frankenstein*, *Blazing Saddles*

Favorite curse word: "Shithead. It's so ridiculous."

Pet peeve: Millennium fever. "It's a man-made date. It would be sort of strange for a calendar event to hook up with the planet

actually ripping open and swallowing itself whole."

Odd talent: "I have a built-in ability to fall asleep almost anywhere, no matter how loud it is or what the light is like."

Less useful odd talent: Can identify the breed of any dog. "I love dogs. I find them funny."

Worst sports injury: "I twisted my ankle on a tennis court. But I wasn't even playing tennis. I tried to catch a ball wearing high heels and stepped on a pine cone."

Up next: After *A Simple Plan*, plays a paleontologist who has to stop a 35-foot alligator from eating everyone in *Lake Placid*.



50 SIGNS THE WORLD IS COMING TO AN END

Doom, gloom, and...male synchronized swimmers? Fire, brimstone, and...waffles? Prepare ye, for the end is weird.

As we at *Maxim* look back at the events of 1998, one thing becomes clear: The whole apocalypse hoo-ha may not be a big joke after all. Dark changes are afoot: What was black is now white. What was *Seinfeld* is now *Frasier*. What was Pamela Anderson, then became something called Pamela Lee, is now *Pamela Anderson again!* Worse, as you'll discover in the next few pages, earthlings are behaving more idiotically than was previously thought possible. Take these dark signs to heart! For as the Lord says so appetizingly in the Book of Revelation, "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." So unless you want to swim in The Big Guy's saliva come 2000, it's high time to Armaget-it-on! ▷

Illustrations, Dan Couto



THE PEOPLE SHALL WORSHIP FALSE IDOLS

Can the Shrine of the Pouting Drew Carey be far behind? Dr. Ernesto A. Moshe Montgomery, a Jamaican-born psychic,

consecrated the Sacred Shrine in Honour of the Weeping Shirley MacLaine in L.A.'s Beta Israel Temple/Black Jewish Synagogue last spring. Since the shrine's opening, he says, miraculous healings have taken place on its hallowed ground, and a photo of him with the excessively reincarnated MacLaine has been observed shedding tears. Intriguingly, the tears claimed to have been Buddha's sweat in a previous life.

Leggo my deity: Ben Brinkerhoff and Dan Mayer, a pair of teenagers in Springfield, Illinois, worship the waffle. Though gluttonous eating is the duo's main form of veneration, they've also written a waffle prayer: "O Great Waffle-Spirit, bless thine Order of the Third Waffle that we may consume many a waffle in thy mercy..." Grounds for ejection from the order include chewing with your mouth open and thinking impure thoughts about Mrs. Butterworth.

Thanks be to Barbie: Russian fishermen have become obsessed with blonde Barbie dolls and are snapping up cheap Chinese-made versions of the distractingly busty toy at an alarming rate. Seems her alluring golden-haired head makes no-fail bait for fish. For her part, Barbie had this to say: "Nyet! Nyet! Nyyeeett!!"



Sign #43: Amtrak trains finally run on time

AND THERE SHALL COME A PLAGUE OF MORONS

A questionable train of thought: David Flannery, Jr., a log-like West Virginian, made a bet with a friend as to which of them could stand the longest in front of an oncoming train before chickening out. Flannery "won" the bet when the train smashed into him and flung his body nearly 70 feet. The deeply embarrassed loser had skipped off the tracks just in time.

I've only just begun: On her 40th birthday, Janet Downes of Bellevue, Nebraska, got married—to herself. The goal: to prove she's happy with herself just the fucked-up way she is. She "exchanged" vows by reciting in front of a mirror, "I, Janet Downes, take myself with all my strengths and faults..." There was cake, flowers, music, and lots of batteries for her wedding night.

I am not resisting arrest, arrest, arrest! Steven E. Peterson, a repetitive guy from Fort Collins, Colorado, was arrested for robbing the same 7-Eleven twice in one day. After the second holdup, he promised the clerk he'd be back in a few hours to clean the place out a *third time*. As dependable as an adult diaper, Peterson returned, and the cops nabbed him.



ANGELS SHALL POP UP PRETTY MUCH EVERYWHERE

Have you tried our exciting new Fundamentalist Fuchsia?



Police Chief Katie Holmboe of Gold Hill, Oregon, tried to up the quality of life in her town by selling Mary Kay cosmetics out of her cruiser and by forcing

suspects to proclaim their faith in God before she released them. What thanks did she get for her ministrations to pale-lipped heathens? A natural shade of pink slip.

Hells Angels or Heavens Demons?

Even gangs are sick and tired of moral decay. Members of Straight Edge, a militantly health-conscious posse, rule the mean streets of (mostly Mormon) Salt Lake City like Florence Nightingale with really bad PMS. Dressed in early '80s punk style, Edgers have been known to use chains and clubs to beat the shit out of underage smokers, drinkers, and recreational drug users, then carve an X in their victims' flesh as a subtle reminder to never, ever have fun again.

Ralph, do you have to practice your trumpet right now? A Naperville, Illinois, woman is teaching Americans how to snag their own angels. In her seminars, M. Sue Storm, an ordained minister and motivational speaker, supplies no-nonsense tips: Angels like yes-no questions. They tend to answer everything in triplicate ("Yes, yes, yes"). They're batty about the color blue. On occasion they are named Ralph. Unfortunately, they're high-maintenance; if you don't talk to them frequently, Storm says, "they are like receptionists sitting at phones that don't ring. They get bored."

Illustration: Dan Couto; photographs, (this spread, clockwise from top left) Hulton Getty/Tony Stone; Tony Stone; AP/Wide World; Neal Peters Collection; Photofest; Superstock; AP/Wide World Photos; Pascal Le Segretain/Sygma; Photofest



Oops! God dropped his toothpick!

STRANGE FORCES SHALL TRANSFORM SCHMUCKS

Must have been a rear-end collision:

A Michigan jury awarded \$200,000 to a 27-year-old man who claimed that a car crash turned him into a homosexual. The man's attorney told jurors that shortly after the accident, his client moved back into his parents' home and began spending a suspicious amount of time in gay bars. Witnesses at the hearing included several burly leather men, Celine Dion, and Earring Magic Ken.

Yes, Your Satanic Honor: Richard Jones, a Nebraskan judge, was removed from the bench after his behavior took a turn for the incomprehensible. The good judge was said to have set bail in ridiculous currencies ("a gazillion pengos"), personally supervised a male probationer's urine test, and signed official documents with pseudonyms such as Snow White and A. Hitler.

He later found work playing tambourine at a Partridge Family reunion:

Englishman Charles Cornell won \$100,000 in damages after alleging that a horrible car wreck altered his personality, making him too damned lovable and therefore causing his insurance business to fail.



HE WHO HAS AN EAR, LET HIM HEED THE WARNINGS

Personally, we fink fiss is ferrible: Kmart recalled its Cookie Monster talking T-shirts after parents complained that their toddlers had begun swearing like streetwalkers. When you push a button on the T-shirt, the Sesame Street character is supposed to say "Time to truck." Unfortunately, according to a Lakewood, Colorado, Kmart manager, "it definitely comes out with an f."

Wait till you see my halftime show at the Super Bowl: God spoke to Greater Miamians, revealing a rather abrasive personality. A large Miami billboard asked WHAT PART OF "THOU SHALT NOT..." DIDN'T YOU UNDER-

OMENS FOR MEN ONLY

Whether or not the earth bites it in 2000, these recent developments bode ill, as far as guys are concerned.

Male synchronized swimmers: Bill May of Cicero, N.Y., becomes world's first man to competitively grimace in water while pointing his toes.

Darryl Strawberry, martyr: Perennial whiner becomes object of intense sympathy, provokes flood of mushiness.

The new Marlboro Man cookbook: It's called *Morning Fires, Evening Lights*.

TV that destroys our fragile self-esteem: *The Love Boat* and *Fantasy Island* return—shows that remind us we once were geeks who had nothing to do on Saturday nights but watch TV.

Critical smut shortages: New York City outlaws most sex shops—even really, really good ones.

Michael Flatley, pugilist: Lord of the Dance pursues boxing career.

Jenny McCarthy's shrinking cleavage: New, more enlightened Jenny announces plans to have her breasts...reduced!



Satan reduces vital world breast supply



Raise your hand if you're really evil

Recliners for women: Trendmistress Faith Popcorn plans to market La-Z-Boy-like chairs for ladies—with built-in baby-feeding stations. Meanwhile, inventor of real La-Z-Boy dies while napping in recliner.

Male cheerleaders turned CEOs: Scott Sassa, former college siss-boom-bah expert, is named heir to NBC throne.

Jewish nose-picking ban: Influential rabbi robs Jewish males of pleasure by forbidding booger-scraping on Sabbath.

Men with breast cancer: In segment about people who've survived The Big C, talk-show host Montel Williams reveals he had double mastectomy.

Eyebrow-tweezin' jocks: Oakland Raiders running back Napoleon Kaufman and L.A. Clippers draftee Michael Olowokandi get their eyebrows "shaped."

Unfair distribution of sexual pleasure: Marilyn Manson has a girlfriend; many un-nauseating average guys don't.

Wussy gun owners: When police in Kankakee, Illinois, offer to trade Beanie Babies for guns, the precinct is mobbed.



Toxic waste victim Martha Stewart

STAND?—GOD. Another looming billboard confronted drivers on a frequently jammed roadway: KEEP USING MY NAME IN VAIN, I'LL MAKE RUSH HOUR LONGER—GOD. During September, a particularly sweltering month, an ad inside a bus read, THINK IT'S HOT HERE?—also attributed to

The Big Guy. The advertising campaign, worth about \$200,000, comprised nine billboards and 300 bus ads. While the agency involved has not released the client's name, payment consisted of everlasting life and a used lightning bolt.

What part of "Bite my butt!" didn't you understand? A woman who bought a talking Teletubby at a New York store claimed that it spouted filth. The portly doll (named Po) was alleged to have squealed "Bite my butt!" and whispered anti-gay remarks. A spokeswoman for the manufacturer insisted that Po is bilingual—and was simply saying "Faster, faster" in Cantonese. ▷





50 SIGNS THE WORLD IS COMING TO AN END



THE OTHER NUMBERS OF THE BEAST

Sure, 666 is the Antichrist's mark, but do you know the combo to his gym locker?

- 666-666** Number of Beast at work
- \$665.99** Beast's retail price
- .997** Beast's batting average in hell's softball league (struck out once, against Stalin)
- 14** Number of flushes Beast can squeeze out of 2000 Flushes
- 5** Number of times Beast has seen *Revenge of the Nerds*
- 11** Number of times Beast has fantasized about playing Tony in a Broadway revival of *West Side Story*
- 13** Number of cup holders in Beast's road-hogging SUV
- 103.1** Frequency of Beast's favorite "More Tortured Screaming—Less Talk" radio station
- 500** Number of dollars Beast must keep in his checking account to avoid fees
- 17** Age at which Beast learned that love was meant for beauty queens and high-school girls with clear-skinned smiles
- 2112** Beast's favorite Rush album
- 0.666** Number of the millibeast
- 2** Number of times Beast has read *Chicken Soup for the Apocalyptic Asshole's Soul*
- 1** Number of times Beast's been called "Humpy Puppy" by Mrs. Beast in bed
- 2** Number of minutes required to microwave Australia
- 0** Number of Beast's 10 horns that actually honk
- 1** Number of albums you get for price of one if you join Devil Worshipers Music Club
- 73** Number of hours it took Beast to see the secret image in that vexing Magic Eye postcard Benedict Arnold gave him



A blow-up-the-world job will cost you extra



FOR MEN SHALL WORSHIP NAUGHT BUT THE DOLLAR...

A quick game of dodge ball, with release: A 13-year-old schoolboy in Reston, Virginia, was convicted of trying to organize a prostitution ring among his fellow students. Before the man nabbed him, he'd raked in \$75 (which he spent on Eddie Bauer T-shirts). His "main ho," a 12-year-old girl, pressured seven other girls into paying for "introductions" to boys and tried to interest male classmates in shelling out \$20 each for sex. Appallingly, none of the boys got any.

So, Jesus, would you do Buffy? Three ex-believers filed suit against Jim Harmston, the self-proclaimed prophet of the True and

Living Church of Jesus Christ of the Saints of the Last Days in Salt Lake City. The three asserted they handed over all their cash and belongings—total value \$264,390—to Harmston in return for a face-to-face meeting with Jesus Christ. The way they see it, Harmston exploited their "deepest spiritual needs." The way we see it, a foot-to-head meeting was actually in order.

Peepee? Mais oui! An enterprising Zimbabwean was jailed for bottling his own urine and selling it as perfume on the street. A woman bought two bottles without sampling it—only to conclude she'd been conned when she tried the not-so-exclusive scent at home. On a positive note, it worked wonders for her acne.

APOCALYPSE SURVIVAL KIT

Stash these items away now. You'll be glad you did!



Smokes: Rampaging angels often bum 'em during their lunch hours



Extra cash: To cover any bets you lost with Jehovah's Witnesses



Valium: Damnation is the number two source of anxiety...after public speaking



Temporary Mark of the Righteous forehead tattoo: Fake it!



Walkman: In case God gives one of his long, boring speeches after it's all over



Mr. Microphone: You'll always be popular at parties!



Sexy French maid's outfit: In case post-apocalyptic women are more open to kinky role-playing

DOOMSDAY PUZZLE PAGE

Want to outwit the forces of evil? Solve these stumpers and you're halfway there!



SPOT 10 DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THESE TWO PICTURES!

6

APOCALYP-TIC-TAC-TOE

Tired of ordinary tic-tac-toe? Try this tricky variation: Instead of using X's and O's, both players play with 6's. The object: to avoid getting three 6's in a row. If you lose, down a shot of chili vodka! Repeat until both players are too fucking smashed to care what happens to our nice planet.

BRAINTEASER
Which Horseman of the Apocalypse doesn't belong?



Math for the Aftermath

"If one third of all earthlings ascend to heaven on the day of the Rapture, and another third perish, how long will it take Jerry Springer to find a pair of lesbian folk singers willing to reveal to each other on TV that they're really men?"



What Kind of Soup Is Satan Eating?

- Lentil and chive
- Split pea with ham
- Scotch broth
- Mulligatawny

ANAGRAM CORNER

Unscramble the following phrase to reveal the name of the Beast's most famous and frolicsome servant on earth:

A KEN IS IN MY COWL

Answers: Spot 10 Differences: Hint—no head; Aftermath math: "Until sweeps week"; Satan's soup: b.; Horse puzzler: Cuhli; Anagram: Monica Lewinsky



...AND TURN AGAINST THEIR FELLOW CREATURES



Cat-splat fever: The Humane Society of Arizona offered a \$10,000 reward for information leading to the arrest of the person responsible for a series of "kitten tapings" in the Phoenix area: Since early last year, someone has affixed several kittens to the pavement on Interstate 10 with duct tape. An early suspect, Jerry of *Tom and Jerry*, has been cleared.

Cutting their *Laverne & Shirley* imitation short: After he was asked by his roommate to stop scratching his butt all the god-damned time, Cheung Tat-kwong, 76, of Hong Kong, beat his 75-year-old cohabitant to death with a pole. The unrepentant but-tock scratcher was set free after serving



eight months in prison; the judge felt that he (and his cellmates) had suffered enough.

Occipital-lobe-lickin' good: Bandang anak Langu, 37, of Malaysia killed his wife and ate her brain. Langu had few regrets, because his spouse stole things and ignored his warnings to stop. He said the brain tasted "nice."





My Three, Er, Two Sons: A St. Louis man killed his 26-year-old son with a shotgun after the two of them quarreled and junior deliberately blocked his dad's view of the TV set during the Missouri-Colorado State Holiday Bowl football game. The sobering lesson: Violence at home can lead to a brand new TV!



PROPHETS SAY THE DARNDDEST THINGS

What good is knowing you're gonna perish if you don't know when or how? Consult our Doomsday Forecast Chart!

Don't trust the Bible? Countless psychics—some with sterling visionary resumés, others with less supernatural credibility than the girls on *Charmed*—also insist we're on the brink of destruction. Estimated time of apocalypse (E.T.A.)? Predictions cluster around 2000, but that's about all they have in common. Here's how five key seers stack up:

Prophet	E.T.A.	How	Track record	Oops
Nostradamus (d. 1566) Heavy-hitting Renaissance visionary—the Babe Ruth of doom	July 1999 	A "King of Terror" from the sky, variously interpreted as nuclear missiles, an asteroid, or a really killer Fourth of July fireworks display	Impressive: Foresaw Hitler almost to the letter ("Hister") and envisioned the <i>Challenger</i> disaster	So far, so good, but he's gotta screw up sooner or later
Edgar Cayce (d. 1945) The Sleeping Prophet—in trance mode, prophesized; in waking mode, bowled	2002 (at the very latest)	A whole parade of disasters, notably the vanishing of Japan	So-so: Nailed the 1929 market crash but is proving spotty regarding natural catastrophes	Atlantis, defying Cayce's wishes, did not resurface in 1969
 Jeane Dixon (d. 1997) Mainstream psychic, tabloid sales tool, and author of an insightful astrology book for dogs	2000-ish	The rising of the Antichrist (b. 1962) in the Middle East; accompanying pestilence and nukes	Dramatic: Is famous for predicting JFK's assassination and the brick-by-brick sale of the Berlin Wall	 Said President Nixon had "excellent vibes"
Jeron Criswell (d. 1982) Self-described "20th-century Nostradamus," '70s talk-show guest, and bad actor	August 18, 1999	An ominous space force that encircles the earth, sucking out all its oxygen	Woeful: Even when he was right (as in 1965, when he foresaw Reagan's political rise), people sniggered	As far as we know, an outbreak of cannibalism did not trouble Pittsburgh in 1980
Richard Kieninger Founded Stelle, Illinois, an entire town geared to apocalypse preparation	May 5, 2000 	Seismic activity that wipes out 90 percent of all earthlings	Tough to say: Was too obsessed with The Big A to squander his talents on nickel-and-dime clairvoyance	After the Stellites disowned him in 1975 (alleging he was a leech), he headed for Texas to make a getaway blimp for that dark day in May



AND EVEN THE DORKY SHALL SEE THE END IN SIGHT

Hit me: The Oregon Lottery Commission paid consultants \$124,000 to determine the best way to restore the state's gambling games in case of a major disaster. The goal: to get video poker and blackjack back up and running within a mere two hours of an earthquake or a collision with an asteroid. Some people bitched about the more pressing problems that would follow such catastrophes, until the OLC pointed out that gambling generates \$1 million a day for the state. Which can really take the sting out of living on a pile of rubble.

Paved with...intentions: The road to hell—or, more precisely, the bridge to hell—was repaired. The 62-year-old bridge that leads to Hell, Michigan, was closed to traffic for three months, stemming the town's main source of income: tourists who purchase I'VE BEEN TO HELL AND BACK T-shirts and other memorabilia. Souvenirs being produced for the year 2000 will read simply YOU ARE HERE.

Written by:

Dale Hrabí, David Jacobson, and Leland H. Gregory. Reporting by Brian Kennedy, Mike Royce, and Phil Scott

Formerly known as Canada



HOW THE LAST DAY WILL UNFOLD

The really intense events leading up to Armageddon are supposed to take years to play out. *Bo-ring!* Here's our exciting, fast-paced version.



8:00 A.M. Rapture: Doors of heaven open; earth's righteous begin rise to paradise. Dan Quayle briefly hovers five inches above floor, then collapses in heap as booming, disembodied voice cries, "Ha!"

8:02 A.M. Coffee vanishes worldwide; everyone gets cranky.

8:13 A.M. Taco Bell chihuahua calls press conference to concede he is the Antichrist. Then he does that cute thing with his eyebrows and bulgy eyes and people find him irresistible anyway.

9:04 A.M. Global economy collapses—except in case of Dilbert products, which continue to sell briskly.

9:12 A.M. All car alarms on earth go off simultaneously.

9:55 A.M. Abyss opens, releasing foreboding cloud of black smoke and plague of disgusting flavored sports drinks.

10:40 A.M. Oceans and lakes turn to blood; meek seize opportunity to take a piss while swimming.

11:32 A.M. In emergency arbitration, Miller Lite is declared "less filling."

11:47 A.M. Sun becomes black as "sackcloth of hair." Moon becomes as blood. Uranus appears dark and puckered.

12:00 noon Booming, disembodied voice says, "Return all seat backs and tray tables to their upright and locked positions."

12:03 R.M. Arrival of forces of good is covered live on CNN, tipping evil off as to their location and ruining any chance of ambush.

1:11 R.M. Beeping Tamagotchi pets begin demanding human flesh.

2:46 R.M. Rampaging looters are surprised by softer side of Sears.



3:18 R.M. Saddam Hussein takes Kuwait again; U.S. issues statement formally not giving a shit.

3:21 R.M. Holographic doves on Visa cards emerge to peck out eyes of infants and elderly.

4:56 R.M. Calls are no longer monitored to assure quality service.

5:20 R.M. Jerry Seinfeld appreciates the odd little things about droughts.

6:12 R.M. Four Horsemen of Apocalypse break up when Pestilence starts dating Baby Spice.

7:16 R.M. Jewel dies quietly on toilet.

8:00 R.M. *Friends* "The One Where Monica Screws an Elephant" (repeat).

9:27 R.M. God takes Pat Robertson out behind woodshed and really kicks his ass.

10:00 R.M. Today's winning Lotto numbers are announced. Congrats: You won!

10:42 R.M. Shari Lewis' head suddenly appears in place of left hand of Lamb.

11:30 R.M. God finally answers all the big questions (e.g., is it ever OK to break up over the phone?).

12:00 midnight Tied in World Series, Boston Red Sox and Chicago Cubs meet in seventh game, and—with two outs and tied score in bottom of ninth—the world blows up.

12:03 A.M. In deepest space, fleshy shreds of The Artist Formerly Known as Prince rename themselves "Susan." **M**

The Final Conflict



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SMOOTHER cut
BIGGER can





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the bear don't compare

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 b) How many cans per week? _____

2. Do you use loose leaf chewing tobacco?
☐ Yes ☐ No If yes...a) What brand do you use most? _____
 b) How many pouches per week? _____

3. Do you smoke cigarettes? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Telephone: _____

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MX805

SILK STALKING

If you're hunting for the perfect Valentine's gift, lingerie seems like easy prey. Not so fast. To learn what's acceptably wild and what's not, we asked a group of women for a quick debriefing. By Amy Spencer

When it comes to the woman in your life, lingerie is a dangerous, *dangerous* thing: One minute she's chiding you for ogling a Victoria's Secret catalog; the next she's asking why you never buy *her* sexy clothing like that. Come February, a.k.a. Obligatory Romance Month, you may be thinking, *OK, why not now...?*

Beware: Screw up this pivotal lingerie purchase and bitter, incoherent tears will flow. Do it right, however, and you will have secured *the gift that truly keeps on giving*—in, on, or near a bed.

What are the dos and don'ts of choosing lingerie? We selected a wide range of undergarments and scientifically photographed them on research subjects (i.e., models!). Then we turned to six "women on the street" for a round-table discussion in which they tirelessly thrashed out the pros and cons of nighties, panties, and other objects of perplexing flimsiness.

Our panel's comments may surprise you. Women make a big distinction between the lingerie they buy themselves and what they consider a suitable, flattering gift from a man. Our panelists didn't necessarily go for demure comfort and were unexpectedly open to sexy stuff, the sort with more pieces than a model airplane. To pinpoint what flatters various body types, we also got the dirt on which features boost busts or disguise derrières. So if you still insist on buying her a binding blood-red corset with intriguing metal studs...hey, man, it's your funeral.

THE PANTY PANEL



Stephanie
26, single,
promotions
manager



Kristin
26, single,
graphic
designer



Navera
30, single,
new-media
producer



Michele
25, single,
part-time
actress



Jennifer
24, single,
salesperson
for a fabric
company



Maya
29, married,
producer





CAMOUFLAGE CHIC

Specs: Tiger-stripe padded bra, \$110, and culotte with detachable brief, \$95, by Marvel for La Perla

Pros: The skimpy skirt-like thing (a.k.a., the culotte) earned raves as a safe but sexy way to hide figure flaws. Said Michele: "Anything that covers up the bulges in the butt and thighs is good in my book." Most panelists liked the tiger print ("daring but not tacky") and the boost of the padded push-up bra.

Cons: The showy jungle pattern left some jittery.

And although the skirt appealed as a concept, some, like Jennifer, were confused: "When do you wear this? You can't wear that skirt under your business suit—why put it on just to take it off again?"

Bottom line: This innovative design—good for most body types, and ideal for small-breasted women with butt issues—balances raciness and modesty. The tiger print, however, is a wild card; risk it only if she already owns something similar.



A MODEST PROPOSAL

Specs: Nightgown, \$330, by Leigh Bantivoglio

Pros: The panel agreed that a nightgown is a relatively foolproof gift. Whatever her figure or height, it will probably fit. Added Jennifer, "It's also great for a woman who is pregnant or just had a baby, because the draping fabric will help her look seductive."

Cons: This version's low-cut, lacy top was too revealing for some, unpleasantly reminiscent of "a Eurotrash madam." Maya had other peeves: "That drawstring would get stuck in the laundry. And if I went to bed in this, it would ride up under the covers." Guess you'll just have to make sure she ditches it before she slips into bed.

Bottom line: We said *relatively* foolproof. If she's a follower of the Reverend Jerry Falwell, choose a more opaque, less plunging style. Score extra mushy-points by springing for a matching robe.

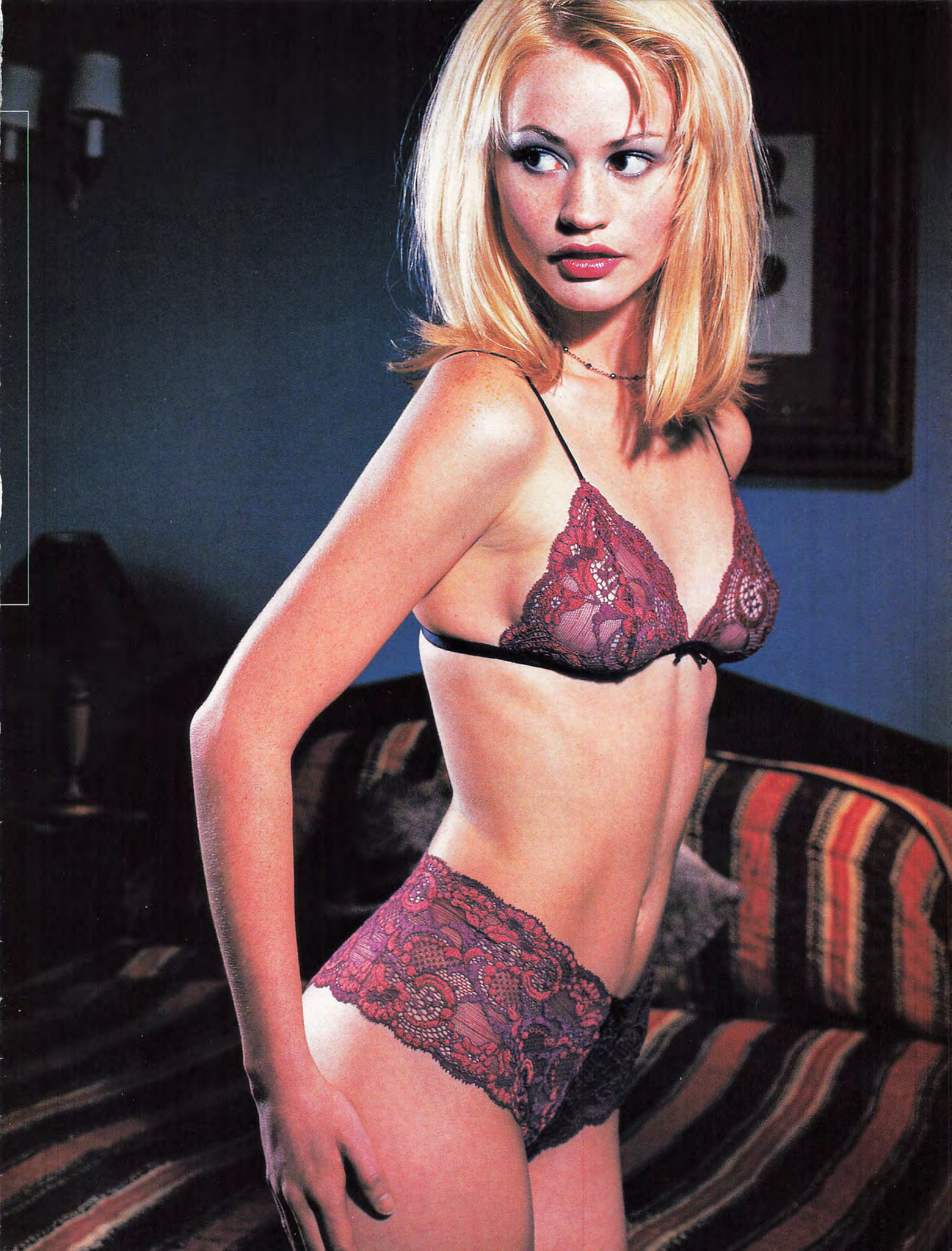
GRAPE EXPECTATIONS

Specs: Stretch lace bra, \$130, and panties, \$155, by Leigh Bantivoglio

Pros: Our panel liked the color combination ("trendy, luscious, Dharma-esque") and the flattering cut of the panties. As Kristin pointed out, "The dip below her bellybutton would make her stomach look flatter and her waist look skinnier. What more could a woman ask for?"

Cons: The all-lace material provoked anxiety ("looks itchy"), and our bustier panelists rejected the skimpy bra. Not only would a big-breasted woman spill out of it (a *bad* thing, apparently), but the narrow straps would slice into her skin—kind of a mood-killer.

Bottom line: In certain cases, a real winner. Suggested Maya: "Get this for a woman who has a larger bottom half but is small on top." It'd also be good for a romantic sort who likes bouquets of red roses and pink champagne and who finds wee bows "sweet," not annoyingly reminiscent of jungle gnats.



DANGEROUS TERRITORY

Specs: Corset/bustier, \$495, by Leigh Bantivoglio

Pros: Not many. This bustier was a bust with the panel; most felt it belonged in a "brothel." Maya came to the sinful garment's defense, however, pointing out that "the straight cut along the top, paired with the straps on the side of the bodice, really elongates the neck." Wow, a long neck...major turn-on!

Cons: Our women hated the fabric ("looks like curtains"), the girdle-like fit ("painful"), and the low-slung demi-cup design.

"With big tits, it would be a train wreck," said Michele. "Not to mention," added Navera, "that it looks like it would pinch just about everywhere!"

Bottom line: Red alert! When we asked who on earth *would* like this not-so-sweet nothing, the scornful replies ranged from "a slut" to "Marilyn Manson." In other words, fuhgeddaboutit.





ROMPER ROOM

Specs: Camisole and tap pants, \$35 for the set, by Victoria's Secret

Pros: While our judges liked the skin-friendly satiny material, the loose-fitting shorts split the panel. Said Jennifer: "They're good if you're self-conscious about your body, because they'll hide your thighs and butt." Others found them drab-ola, ideally suited for "vacuuming." *Ouch.*

Cons: All agreed that the top is too loose, not engineered to flatter either small-breasted women ("She'll be swimming in it") or the more atomic ("Forget it!" said Stephanie, "With so little support, it wouldn't hold anything in!").

Bottom line: As is, the outfit is baggy, boring, and generally blah, better for watching the boob tube than for showcasing boobs. It could click for a woman with advanced butt anxiety, but if you match the shorts with a satin underwire bra instead, you'll get a more passionate thank-you.

BRIEF ADVICE

BUY IT WITH BRA-VADO

Picking lingerie is a risqué business. Tips to do it right.

Hit a specialty store: It may be pricier, but that Sexy Silhouettes shop in the mall will give the male lingerie ignoramus more sympathetic, informed attention than the matrons at Macy's or the operator on a catalog phone line will.

Don't try to ballpark her sizes: Before you go shopping, get exact sizes by sneaking a look at the tags on the bras and panties in her drawer. If this isn't possible, don't despair. "With just her dress size, height, and weight," says Monica Mitro, a Victoria's Secret spokesperson, "you can still buy a beautiful silk slip and a matching robe."

Paint a verbal picture: Talk! Tell the salesperson what sorts of undergarments you've seen your gal wear and whether she just gave birth or thinks she has the butt of a beluga whale. The more you nail down her tastes and her body anxieties, the more you'll nail...well, the more she'll wear your gift.

Spring for opulent materials: Josie Natori, owner of the New York-based Natori lingerie company, suggests you "choose something more special than what she buys for herself." Even if she wears a full-length cotton nightgown to bed, upgrade her to a silk version.

Beware the teddy: A one-piece item such as a teddy may look simple and structurally impressive. But if it isn't comfortably stretchy or adjustable, it may not fit the torso of a taller or a shorter woman.

Stick to solid, classic colors: "Cream, black, and neutrals are best," says Mitro. "Florals, patterns, and animal prints are riskier."

Remember not to butt-floss: Even if she owns her share of thongs, if she's never worn one in front of you, choose a fuller panty. Women own thongs for everyday no-panty-line convenience—not because they're dying to flash bare ass at you while mixing midnight margaritas.

Photographs: Peter Brown; styling: Karen Shapiro; hair: Richard Cooley for Utopia, Inc.; makeup: Yukiko for Utopia, Inc.; panel: headshots, Gerardo Samozza

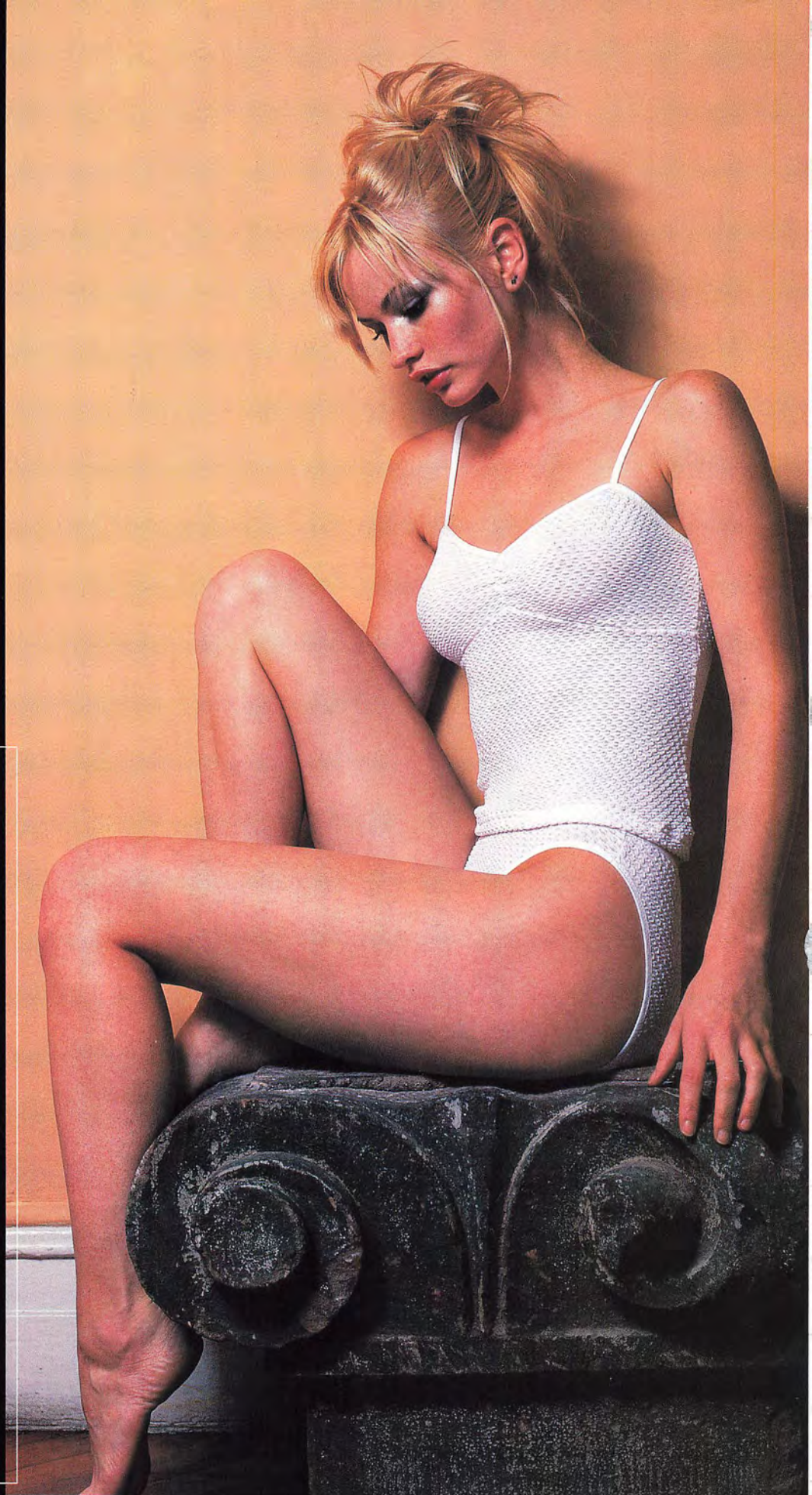
TIGHTY-WHITIE

Specs: Puckerred-cotton tank, \$18, with matching briefs, \$10, by Guess?

Pros: The panel gave this "simple, cozy" number points for comfort *and* design. The cut of the briefs, our judges concluded, would visually lengthen legs and shrink butts. Said Navera: "It'll look good on any woman, no matter what her shape. And with two separate pieces, it's almost impossible to pick the wrong size."

Cons: Cozy, yes. Sexy, no. Worse, some of the women called it (uh-oh) cheap-looking, and likened it to "the undershirt you wore as a kid," or, as Kristin put it, "a cheesy outfit from a Candie's shoe advertisement." In short, it's something they'd buy for themselves (or already have); if a guy gave them this, they'd be mighty unimpressed.

The bottom line: Not "special" enough. If, however, you're buying for a sporty girl who usually wears college T-shirts and boxers to bed, this may be as experimental or sexy as she'll go. Otherwise, purchase it as a sign of your sensitivity: After you give her the spicy red number on the opposite page, throw this in as a bet-hedger—proof that you also have her comfort in mind.



A full-page photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a red lace bra and matching garter belt with stockings. She is standing in front of a pool table, with her hands resting on the edge. The pool table has several balls on it, including a red one and a yellow one. The background is dark and out of focus.

RED HEAT

Specs: Bra, \$62, panty, \$29, and garters, \$41, by Schiesser at Olivia Feldman; stockings, \$6.50, by S&S Hosiery

Pros: At last, a bra that's perfect for all types of busts—sexy, but beefy enough to support bigger mammas. As for the whole getup, a surprising two thirds of our panel called it “inviting” or “flirty” and said they’d be flattered to receive it. Stephanie said, “I wouldn’t wear it all the time, but for a special occasion, it might bring out the bad girl in me.”

Cons: Be warned: Shy types on the panel rejected the unvirtuous styling, terming it “trashy” and “slutty,” and the racy red color (“overkill”).

Bottom line: Lffy, but could be worth playing the odds. Safer: Opt for a toned-down version in black, or skip the garters and stockings. But the panel agreed that “every woman should wear this at least once in her life.” Might as well be now.



MUSCLE UP BY MARCH

Working out is no fun. But if raging against the machine for just three months can buy you a better body, isn't it worth the blood, sweat, and tears? By Matt Fitzgerald

T

here are a few things every man should have at some point in his life: a fast, fire-engine-red car (dumb van-ity plates optional), a bottle of single-malt scotch older than Bob Dole, a pearl-handled revolver, 50-yard line Super Bowl tickets, a beach house, a horse, and at the age of 70, an outrageously hot 25-year-old second wife who can't be trusted.

But at the top of the list (or at least second) is a well-muscled body. Not necessarily a Conan the Barbarian physique that only looks good wielding a double-headed ax. Just a taut, sleek machine that doesn't keep moving after you've stopped or cast a shadow that resembles a VW Beetle balanced on its bumper. We're talking a body that looks fantastic emerging from the ocean, diving for a spiked volleyball, or bringing your woman a poolside margarita.

Last year you promised yourself this body, but a freak New Year's Day paper cut kept you from starting a workout program. This year you've got no excuse, because we've assembled a simple 10-move routine that doesn't waste a lot of time (in case you're busy), doesn't require a degree in sports physiology (in case you've never seen the inside of a gym), shows fast results (in case you're impatient), and won't aggravate that envelope-flap injury.

So take a look at our program, read our safety tips and doctors' orders, then swallow hard and put down this magazine. The toughest exercise is picking yourself up off the couch.



The Program: What You're in For

Designed by Troy De Mond, owner of the Fitness on the Move Lifestyle Center in Fort Myers, Florida, this 12-week program will take you from zero fitness to significant, observable

improvement in the way you look and feel. The workout's 10 weight stations target every part of your body and should be visited in the order presented, three times per week on nonconsecutive days. As time goes on, your workout will increase as follows:

- Month One: Do just one set of each exercise—that's 10 reps per set at a weight that's too heavy for you to do an 11th.
- Month Two: Do two consecutive sets of each exercise, taking a 60-second rest in between (e.g., do 10 flyes, rest, then do another 10 flyes).
- Month Three: Do three sets, again with a 60-second rest after each set.

Don't worry—it's easier than it sounds. But if your idea of exercise is keeping tight control of your bladder until the halftime show, check with your doctor before hoisting a dumbbell. And even if you're a workout regular, read our Hone Your Technique sidebar. The simplest gym mistakes can keep you from getting the most out of your workout.

Other tips: Always warm up before your workout and cool down afterward with five to 10 minutes of stretching. Do the beginner exercises, and stay away from the advanced versions for the initial 12 weeks—there'll be plenty of time for you to show off later. Finally, after you've completed the 12 weeks, don't quit, you big sissy. Stick with the program and your abs will keep on rippling.

Imaging: Gene Bresler

Tired of your flabby, fleshy, bowl-full-of-jelly physique? Frankly, so are we. Here's how to go from bouncy to bouncer in ten easy steps.

HONE YOUR TECHNIQUE

Nine muscle rules to help you squeeze the max out of every workout.

Tip #1 Order your exercises.

Don't arrange your workout from favorite to least favorite exercise or by following a pretty girl around the gym. "Your first exercises should be the multi-joint exercises involving big muscles such as the chest, back, quadriceps, and hamstrings," says Tony Bellofatto, C.S.C.S., a strength and conditioning coach at the U.S. Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, Colorado. "If you wait until the end of the workout to do those moves, your nervous and muscular systems will be fatigued, and your form is going to go down."

Tip #2 Stay focused.

Form is everything—three sets done incorrectly aren't better than one done right—and concentration is the key to good form. Fix your mind on an anatomical focus point, defined as the first unattached joint removed from the muscle being trained. "In an anatomy book, you'll see that the pectoral muscles attach across the shoulder joint," says Cathy Sassin, director of the Intrafit program at Gold's Gym in Venice, California. "The first unattached joint, then, would be the elbow." When working your glutes, concentrate on your knees.

Tip #3 Keep your releases slow.

In every resistance exercise, your targeted muscles work twice: concentrically (when the muscle is shortened against the load, as in the upswing of a curl) and eccentrically (when a muscle lengthens against a load, such as when you lower the bar from a curl). What many people don't know is that the eccentric swing's useful for promoting muscle growth. Ignore all those guys in the gym who lift slowly and then drop the weight back fast. A good rule is to take twice as long to complete the eccentric portion of any resistance movement as you would for the concentric phase.

Tip #4 Work the whole muscle.

Try to use the full range of your muscle when you contract it—that is, don't just lift the weight, but consciously feel the contraction of the targeted muscle all the way through a particular movement. "Doing this teaches your muscles to recruit more muscle fibers, which is the physiological basis of becoming stronger," says Sassin.

Tip #5 Don't do more than 12 reps.

Ten-rep sets make total sense for most exercises; your 10th rep should be the last you can do unassisted with perfect >

Exercise 1: Seated Leg Press

What it works: Quads, hamstrings, glutes

How it works: After selecting the appropriate weight, find a comfortable position on the leg press machine with your feet placed hip-width apart on the foot plate, knees bent. Smoothly straighten your legs, pressing the weight forward, then slowly return to the start position. "Never completely lock your knees," warns De Mond. "Also, on the downward movement, knees shouldn't exceed a 90-degree bend."

Cheat that defeats: Bouncing your thighs off your torso for momentum.

Advanced version: Barbell Squat

Standing with your feet shoulder-width apart, rest a weighted barbell on your upper shoulders (not your neck!), holding it with an overhand grip, hands wide apart. Looking forward and slightly upward, squat until your thighs are parallel to the floor. Keep your back as straight as possible and try to keep your knees from wandering out in front of your toes (otherwise you risk putting too much pressure on your knees or losing your balance), and press through your hips. "Keep your weight on your ankles," adds De Mond. After completing 10 reps, immediately do 15 calf raises from the starting position.

Start



Finish



Start



Finish

Exercise 2: Front Cable Squat

What it works: Quads, hamstrings, glutes

How it works: Attach a short, straight bar to a low cable pulley. Gripping the bar overhand, stand facing the pulley, about two strides away, and let the bar rest just above your upper thighs (you'll have to lift and suspend the weight stack). Keeping your back upright and arms straight, sit in an imaginary chair. Again, "make sure your knees stay behind your toes," says De Mond. Bend knees to a 90-degree angle, then stand up. After 10 reps, immediately do 15 calf raises from the start position of the cable squat.

Cheat that defeats: Bending forward at the waist.

Advanced version: Stationary Lunge

Stand with your feet hip-width apart and a weighted barbell positioned as in the barbell squat. Keeping your back straight and eyes forward, take a large step forward with your right foot and bend your right knee 90 degrees, then launch yourself back from the heel to the start position. "If your left leg extends fully, you've stepped too far," says De Mond. "If your forward knee gets in front of your toe, you've stepped too short or lunged too deep—possibly both." Finally, repeat the lunge with your left leg to complete the exercise.



Exercise 3: Smith Machine Bench Press

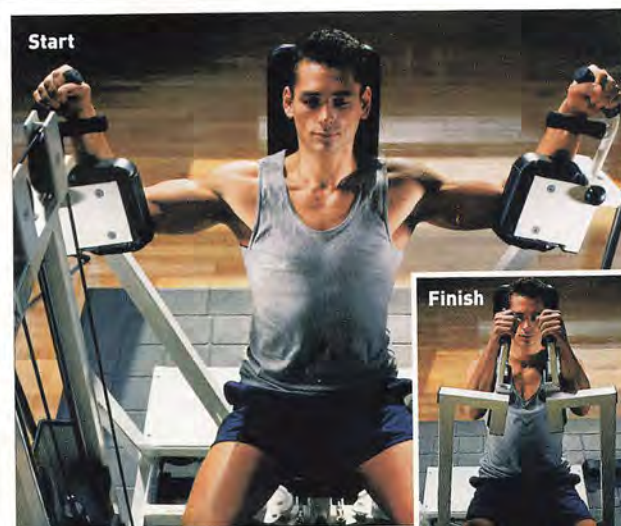
What it works: Chest

How it works: Lie on your back on a flat bench so the barbell is suspended directly above your chest. Get a slightly-wider-than-shoulder-width overhand grip on the barbell and lower it slowly until it's just above your chest, then press it smoothly back upward.

Cheat that defeats: Arching your back off the bench.

Advanced version: Dumbbell Bench Press

Lie on your back on a flat bench, arms extended straight up, perpendicular to your torso, and your palms facing feet, with a heavy dumbbell in each hand. Lower the dumbbells as in a standard bench press, but arced out slightly so the inside bulb on each stays above your biceps, not your chest, and your elbows are bent at 90 degrees. Then press back up.



Exercise 4: Machine Flye

What it works: Chest

How it works: Adjust the seat of the flye machine so your upper arms are parallel to the ground and your elbows bent at 90 degrees when you grasp the handles. Press smoothly inward until the forearm braces almost touch, then return to the starting position without letting the weight rest. "Make sure to push from the elbows," advises De Mond.

Cheat that defeats: Pushing from the wrists instead of from the elbows—all you get is sore wrists.

Advanced version: Dumbbell Flye

Begin in the dumbbell bench-press position, except with lighter dumbbells, this time with your elbows slightly bent and the palms facing each other. Arc the dumbbells down and outward through your shoulders, then press back "like you're hugging a giant tree," says De Mond. Continue, continue, continue.

Exercise 5: Machine Military Press

What it works: Shoulders

How it works: Seat yourself at the military press machine and grasp the handles (if your machine offers the option of a palms-inward position, use it). Press upward as if signaling a touchdown, then lower slowly until your hands are roughly level with your ears. "Keep your back protected by pressing it against the back support pad as much as possible and by keeping your abdominals in," cautions De Mond.

Cheat that defeats: Arching your back.

Advanced version: Dumbbell Shoulder Press

Same maneuver, but with a dumbbell in each hand. Palms should face inward; dumbbells stay slightly outside your shoulders through the entire movement. Don't lock your elbows or bring dumbbells lower than your ears.



Exercise 6: Lat Pull-Down

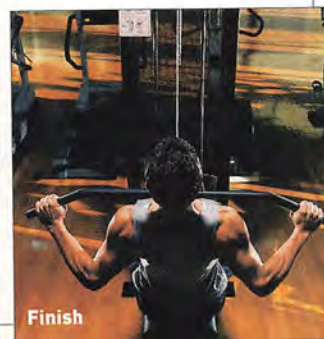
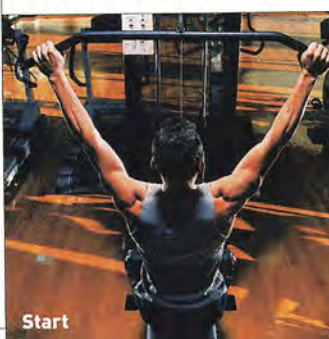
What it works: Upper back

How it works: Seat yourself at a high-pulley station with your knees under the anti-launch pads (these keep your legs in place) and get a wide overhand grip on the bar. Lean back 35 degrees from the waist, pull the bar to your collarbone, then smoothly extend your arms back to the starting position.

Cheat that defeats: Rocking from the waist so that your lower back rather than your upper back initiates the movement.

Advanced version: Pull-Up

If you're not ready for unassisted pull-ups, use a Gravitron or get a partner who can push you up from the knees as you run out of steam. Hang from bar or Gravitron, using an overhand grip slightly outside shoulder width. Pull upward through the chest until your chin clears the bar, then lower yourself to just above a hanging position (don't lock your elbows). Repeat to fatigue.



TECHNIQUE TIPS, CONTINUED

form. Once you can manage 12 reps, it's time to lift more weight. "Increase the weight by the lowest possible increment: 5 to 10 pounds for the upper body and 10 to 20 pounds for the lower body," says Harvey Newton, executive director of the National Strength & Conditioning Association.

Tip #6 Allow enough time for muscles to heal between bouts.

Resistance training is a controlled wounding of your muscles. You tear them down at the gym; between training sessions they heal and steel themselves to take even more punishment when you go back. The "steeling" phase gives you the increase in size and strength you're looking for. "The classic rule is that you need to rest a muscle group 48 hours between training sessions," says Newton. A Monday/Wednesday/Friday schedule will allow you to do just that.

Tip #7 Balance your bulk.

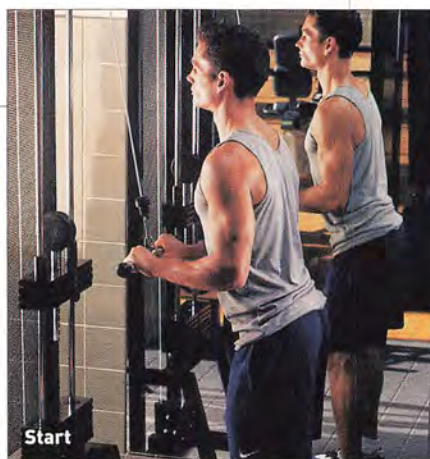
Don't commit the jock bodybuilding blunder of working out biceps and chest and ignoring back and legs. Trust us: Your body will look ridiculous. The average professional bodybuilder spends a good 10 to 15 percent of his gym time working on his calves and forearms alone.

Tip #8 Balance your diet, too.

Strength training is only half the battle—the other half is fueling your muscles to put that strength training to good use. "Gradually increase protein intake from lean sources such as chicken, fish, and turkey while gradually cutting back on refined carbohydrates containing sugar, like muffins," suggests Billy Carpenter, M.S., R.D., director of clinical sciences for MET-Rx USA, makers of high-protein food supplements. Carpenter recommends a macronutrient dietary breakdown of 30 to 40 percent protein, 40 to 50 percent carbohydrate, and about 20 percent fat.

Tip #9 Vary your workout.

"To continue making progress, you need to shock the system," explains Newton, not meaning to scare anyone. "Do something different so the body doesn't know what's coming next. As it adapts to new moves, new muscle is built." Newton recommends that every four to six weeks you adjust your workout in some way: Change the exercises you do, how you do them, the order in which you do them, the number of reps and sets, the weight, whatever. You don't like to be bored, right? Neither do your hammies.—M.F.



Exercise 7: Standing Triceps Cable Extension

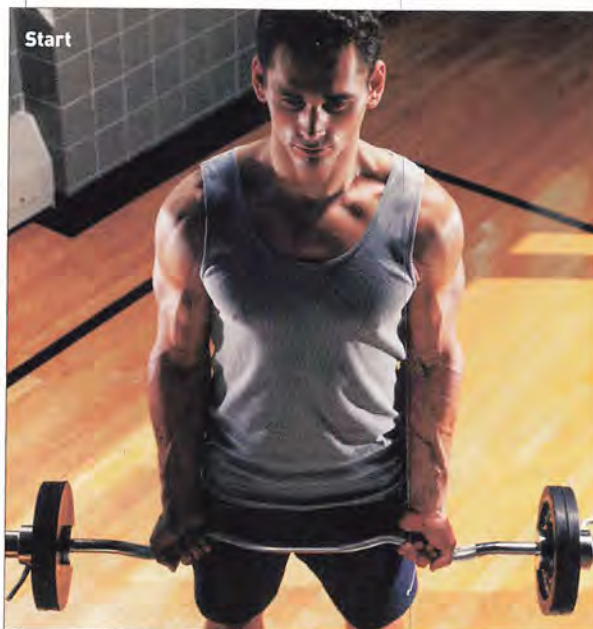
What it works: Triceps

How it works: Stand with a narrow overhand grip on a high pulley bar. Soft-locking your elbows at your sides, extend your arms from a 90-degree bend to near full extension, then reverse the motion. "Bend forward at the waist just enough so the bar clears your nuts," says the helpful De Mond.

Cheat that defeats: Leaning too far forward—your shoulders do all the work.

Advanced version: Triceps Nose-Breaker

Lie on your back on a flat bench with a short, straight bar or EZ-Curl bar held out above your torso. Bending only at the elbows, lower the bar to just above your nose, then reverse the motion. "Keep your elbows pointed inward as you push up," says De Mond.



Exercise 8: Curl

What it works: Biceps

How it works: We're pretty sure you've done these before. Standing upright, with arms at your sides, assume an underhand, shoulder-width grip on an EZ-Curl bar. Starting with the bar nearly straight, curl it slowly up toward your collarbone. "Keep those elbows against your ribs!" barks De Mond. When the bar hits your chest, lower it again, slowly.

Cheat that defeats:

Rocking from the waist for momentum.

Advanced version:

Barbell Preacher Curl

Rest your upper arms on a preacher-curl pad or bench inclined to 30 degrees, and get a shoulder-width underhand grip on an EZ-Curl bar. Curl from an almost-straight-arm position up to 90 degrees, then slowly lower the bar.

Exercise 9: Modified Bent-Knee Crunch

What it works: Abs

How it works: "Lie on your back with your knees bent and your feet hip-width apart and flat on the floor," says De Mond.

"Place your palms on your upper thighs and curl up from the shoulders, sliding your hands up your legs, until your fingers touch your kneecaps." When you lower yourself back, don't let your abs relax.

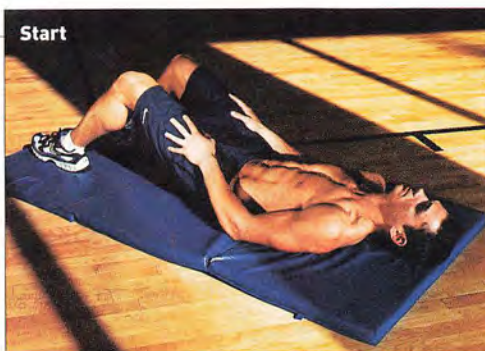
Cheat that defeats:

Relaxing. (Surprised?)

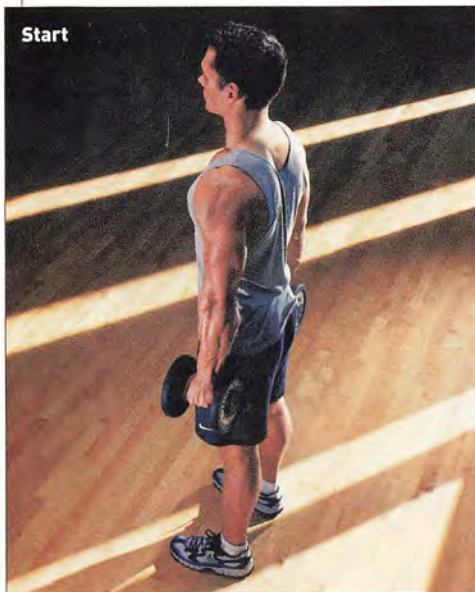
Advanced version:

Cross-Knee Crunch

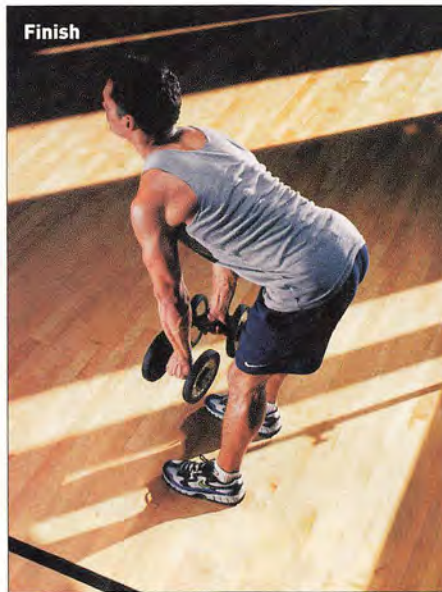
Start in the modified bent-knee crunch position, but with right ankle resting just above your left knee, left hand behind your head, and right hand face down at your side for support. Do half the usual crunches, reaching with the left elbow toward the right knee and vice versa.



Start



Finish




Exercise 10: Stand And Deliver

What it works: Lower back

How it works: Stand with your feet hip-to-shoulder-width apart, holding light dumbbells at your sides. Arching your lower back slightly, bend forward slowly as far as you can, maintaining the lower back arch, letting your arms dangle. Return to the upright position.

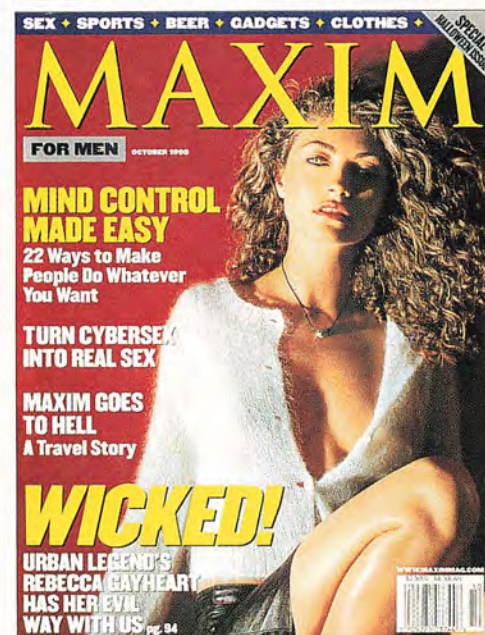
Cheat that defeats: Letting your lower back straighten and bending at the waist.

Advanced version: Reverse Trunk Twist

Lie on your back on the floor with your arms out at your sides like a crucifix, but with palms down. With thighs raised to 90 degrees and tight together, knees bent slightly, and your head and shoulders on the floor, lower your legs to the right until your knee touches the ground and the left side of your lower back twists up off the floor. Repeat to the left. "This is the only exercise that safely stretches your lower back and works obliques simultaneously," says Michael Yessis, president of Sports Training, Inc. Except for sex, anyway. 

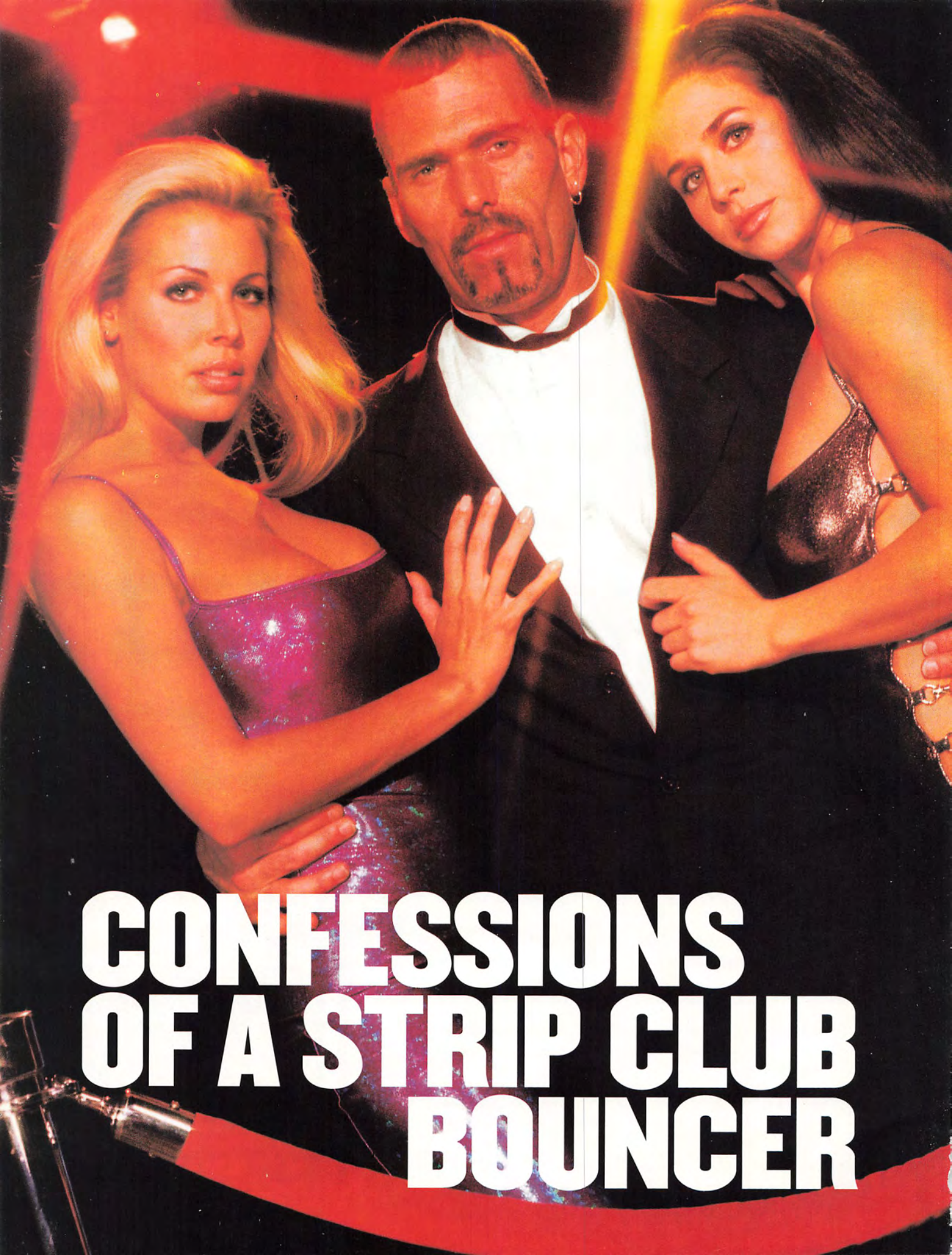
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CONFESSIONS OF A STRIP CLUB BOUNCER

**At the country's wildest strip bar, sex, drugs,
and organized crime are all in a day's work.
A peek behind the velvet curtain.**

**By Steve "Sonny Coats" Hart
as told to Jon Hart**



I wasn't there the night of the murders. I didn't see the Albanian hit man reach into his jacket, draw his gun, and blow away two of my friends. But while working at Scores, I've seen plenty of crazy shit. I watched a magazine executive drop \$27,000 in a single night trying to get some extracurricular action from two gorgeous strippers. I've seen big-name celebrities drool over the dancers—yeah, I'm talking about you, George Clooney. I've seen chair-throwing barroom brawls and mountains of silicone and a small army of well-dressed wiseguys. But the one thing that still haunts me is Ricky.

See, Ricky had a chippy. When you spend as much time in a strip club as I have, you see this all the time: It's an addiction to a dancer. One dancer. In this case, Maria, a sloe-eyed Hispanic brunette with ready breasts and swivel hips. For 10 weeks running, Ricky, a hot shot in the clothing business, stuffed an endless stream of twenties into her garters for lap dances and whispered promises. One night Ricky came up to me, and I could tell he had something on his mind.

"You know, Sonny," he said, "I've spent \$40,000 on this girl, and I haven't even gotten a fuckin' blow job." Now, I genuinely liked Ricky, and seeing him throw his money away made me queasy. I wanted to let him in on the truth: that the strippers were a fantasy, to be seen but not touched and never, ever to be taken home. But telling the truth wasn't so easy. After all, I was part of the fantasy.

Since 1994, I've worked as a bouncer at Scores, a topless club in New York City. When I started, it wasn't just another two-bit strip club, it was *the* strip club. This is where Nicolas Cage, Madonna, Ethan Hawke, Mark Wahlberg, and that cheap bastard George Clooney came to party. This is where Demi Moore researched her role for *Striptease*. Dennis Rodman was a regular; so were Howard Stern and Mickey Rourke.

The Wall Street guys who were pulling down \$15 million a year? They were here, too, puffing Cubans on the club's plush couches, drinking \$100 shots, and throwing fistfuls of cash at the strippers for lap dances and maybe a quick peek beneath the G-string. Even the mob guys, who could go anywhere and do anything, made Scores their home. ▶

**For \$10,000 a
minute, you can
stand outside**

SCORES
NEW YORK
A SPORTS CABARET

At Scores,
bouncer Steve
"Sonny Coats"
Hart always has
his hands full

The place was a circus: In one corner, celebrities might be trading punches; in another, a dancer could be giving a guy a hand job. You never knew what was going to happen—that's why the customers kept coming. If you were rich and in New York, you came to Scores. You came to Scores for the privilege of having the world's most beautiful girls take their clothes off for you. You came to Scores for the fantasy.

Welcome to the Scene

I got my job at Scores the old-fashioned way: I knew someone. I'd just gotten out of the joint for selling steroids, and I was flat fucking broke. I was concentrating on my bodybuilding and I was making a little money as a personal trainer, but I needed a job to support my six-year-old son. There was no way in hell I was going to let him down. Scores offered me a part-time gig,

and I accepted it on the spot.

Scores wasn't the first club I'd worked for. At Show World, a sex club in Times Square, I handed out coins so guys could jerk off in peep-show cubicles. For a few bucks I'd turn my back so Joe Schmo could sneak a dancer into a compartment. I also worked at Studio 54. I know what you're thinking: Andy Warhol, Liza Minnelli, enough coke to build Frosty the Snowman. It wasn't like that. During the late '80s, Studio was on its last legs. The place was serving soda, and 15-year-olds were offering to blow me just to get in. And no, I didn't. If they were of age, well, that was a different story. What can I say? It was a stressful job.

But Scores was something else. It had the feel of a Vegas casino: no clocks, no windows to let the early-morning sun in, and a register that never stopped ringing. Dance music pumped as beautiful women disrobed everywhere. On a Saturday night, about 125 dancers were on duty and it looked like a Roman orgy...except that all the guys had their clothes on and none of them were particularly Roman. The talent was spectacular. Some of these girls had been *Baywatch* extras or in *Penthouse*, and I was working with them, side by side—or closer. I remember taking a dinner break on one of my first nights and having this stripper's ass come two inches from landing in my linguine. But I couldn't let my johnson get the best of me. I had a job to do; my son was counting on me.

The Stars Came to Party

My first assignment was to stand in the lobby and ask patrons to check their coats. Actually, it was more of an order than a request. See, anyone who doesn't check their coat and pay the three-dollar fee is simply not admitted to Scores. Consider it an additional admission charge. Once in a while some guy started to bitch and moan, and I'd tell him to hit the street. You get the picture: Everyone had to check their coat. After about six months,

Photographs: David Harry Stewart; hair and makeup by Manuela for Arropo Culture/Triple, Inc.; blue and gold dress from Ians NYC; silver dress, black gloves and garter belt from Religious Sex; guy in wheelchair, Dan Sherwood/Tony Stone Images; woman, Agostini-Liaison/Gamma Liaison; shoe, Steve Wisbauer/Still Life Stock, Inc.; bra, Steven Freeman/Still Life Stock, Inc.; money, Michael Goldman/FFG

**YOU CAME TO SCORES FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF
HAVING THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
TAKE THEIR CLOTHES OFF FOR YOU.**





Insert bills
face up, then
open lap

management put me on full-time. I guess they liked the way I convinced patrons to check their coats.

Of course, Demi never had to check her coat. She could do anything she damn well pleased. Scores treated all its celebrity guests like royalty, and the stars liked it that way. But the celebs didn't always return the favor. One night I did George Clooney the courtesy of telling him that a herd of paparazzi was outside. The guy practically shit a stethoscope; being seen at a strip club could ruin his pretty-boy image. So I told him I'd sneak him out the back door...and he handed me \$20. Now, that's a nice tip for a plumber from Brooklyn, but for Mr. \$100,000 an Episode, it's chump change. So I tipped off my buddy James, a newspaper photographer. He drove right over to the club and shot tightwad George with a zoom lens as he strolled casually out the back. Guess who made the paper the next day.

Clooney wasn't the only star who wanted to keep his Scores visits a secret. "We weren't here," I remember two star players from the Indiana Pacers whispering to me one night. They were sitting in the President's Club Room, a sort of club-within-the-club where, on occasion, dancers violated house rules by placing a napkin over a customer's lap, then giving him a hand job. To avoid attention, Howard Stern and his snickering cronies came to the club during off-hours. I know a certain big-name sportscaster—no, not Marv—who

spent 10 days straight getting trashed at the club in the company of a \$10,000-a-week call girl.

One exception to the I-wasn't-here rule was Dennis Rodman. Whenever he came to the club, I was assigned to sit with him as he ate dinner and make sure no one hassled him for his autograph. Of course, I was the first one to hit him up. But it was for my son. (No, really.) Dennis was always well behaved, a perfect gentleman, and he tipped me \$100 just for sitting there. Of course, if he'd tipped me \$150, I wouldn't be telling you the rumor that a stripper named Peaches knew firsthand why Dennis is called the Worm.

One celebrity who wishes he'd never shown his fat Belgian face at Scores is Jean-Claude Van Damme. He was checking out the action one night, a few tables away from a guy named Chuck Zito. Zito's a Hells Angel and a successful actor; he's on that prison TV show *Oz*. He's also a friend of the club. Everything's cool until Van Damme tells a bouncer nicknamed Frankie Cannoli that "Zito has no heart. He's a punk" and Cannoli repeats the crack to Chuck. A few minutes later, when Van Damme pulls his face out of Peaches' crotch, Chuck is standing right there and simply asks, "Did you call me a punk and say I have no heart?" Van Damme is silent, but he slowly removes his wire-rimmed glasses and slides them into his shirt pocket. If you went to Princeton, taking off your glasses means you just finished >

Strip club
victim #117



THE STRANGER SIDE OF STRIP CLUBS

Boozing, lying, thieving, and barnyard animals. It doesn't get more debauched than this.

Strip clubs sometimes seem like idyllic havens, far removed from the hectic and dangerous world outside. After all, what could be closer to paradise than a surgically augmented woman pouring syrup over her breasts? But recently there have been signs that all is not sweetness in this land of milk and honey.

July 1994 Outside the Bottoms Up Club, a strip joint in Pittsburgh, highly inebriated city councilman Joe Cusick gets into a fistfight. When he learns he's actually been tangling with undercover police officers, the sage legislator tells a cop, "I'll have your job tomorrow morning!" Not quite: Cusick gets 18 months' probation.

February 1995 Brian Bucz of Chicago admits to stealing \$365,441 from his employer...and spending \$354,481 of it on table dances at his local strip club.

September 1996 Stripper Tawny Peaks (not her real name) shakes her 69-HH breasts in the face of bachelor Paul Shimkonis. Shimkonis, a physical therapist, sues Tawny and the Clearwater, FL, strip club for \$15,000, claiming that he suffered "bodily injury, disability, pain and suffering, disfigurement, mental anguish, and loss of capacity for the enjoyment of life." The case is tried on *The People's Court*, where Shimkonis testifies that the melons felt like two cement blocks. Judge Ed Koch has them examined and rules that, at two pounds each, Tawny's breasts "weren't hard enough to cause damage." Judgment for the defendant.

December 1996 A barnyard full of pigs worth some \$100,000 is stolen from a Wisconsin farm. Police finger family man Darrel Voeks. He explains to the police that he sold the livestock to pay off bills for his children and ex-wife. The cops quickly discover, however, that Voeks actually blew the cash at local strip clubs, even offering \$3,000 to a favorite dancer so she could get breast implants. Voeks gets 10 years.

November 1997 Winnipeg stripper Carole Levesque files suit against the local police force. According to her complaint, the boys in blue forced her to raise her hands over her head during a drug raid despite her contention that recent breast-enlargement surgery had left her unable to do so without severe pain. Taking the moral high ground, Levesque initiates legal action, says her lawyer, "in order to send a message that you don't do this to people."

—Matt Toll



What are
you lookin'
at?



CONFESSIONS-A-GO-GO

What do strippers think of you and your drooling friends?

Meet Heaven and Diamond, two dancers at the Fantasy Video Club on Long Island, New York. They'll give it to you straight.

Maxim: You're onstage, dancing, grinding, taking your clothes off. What are you thinking about?

Heaven: Sometimes I think about cleaning my room. Or paying the car insurance. When you're working naked, you tend to think about bills a lot.

M: Does it make a difference whether you're stripping for a handsome guy or an ugly slob?

Diamond: Oh, big time. If he's ugly and pathetic but very sweet, I'll try to make it extra special for him. But if he's good-looking, I enjoy it more.

M: What song do you hate stripping to?

D: "Y.M.C.A." You just can't be sexy to "Y.M.C.A."

M: Any lap dancing moves in your arsenal guaranteed to make guys fork over money?

H: It's not rocket science: I shake my ass in their face. But if you touch them, even a little, it drives them crazy. They whisper to their buddies, "She touched me! She touched me!" And out comes the money.

M: Ever get any weirdos at the club?

D: Some guys come in wearing bras or women's panties.

M: Ever go home with a patron?

H: No, there's a line you don't cross. But I'd say 60 percent of the girls cross it. Some do it once for the money, but then they end up doing it again and again.

M: Can I buy you a drink?

H: You gotta be kidding me.

Soon to be naked



reading a book. For street guys, it means you're ready to rumble. Chuck didn't wait to see what would happen next: He punched Van Damme in the head so fast that the Muscles from Brussels never saw it coming. Cannoli, myself, and a few other bouncers jumped in and held Chuck back as the Hard Target cowered on the floor. Then I asked Van Damme to leave; he was most obliging.

But of all the spoiled celebrity brats who came to Scores, the biggest bonehead had to be Michael Moorer, the former heavy-weight champ of the world. Late one night he strolls into the club with a few friends and demands dinner. When someone tells him the kitchen's closed, Moorer starts raging and storms into the kitchen. To do what, I don't know. I'm thinking about handing him a frying pan and some meat and telling him to make it himself.

Our head of security, Willie Marshall, has other ideas. Willie's the toughest guy ever to set foot in Scores. He was a corrections officer; now he was moonlighting as a strong-arm for the mob. So Willie confronts the boxer and tells him to "get the fuck out of the kitchen." Moorer doesn't take kindly to those words, and the two square off. I'm standing five feet away from Willie, trying to figure out if Moorer's buddies are carrying guns. Everyone's on edge, but I'm a pro and I play it cool. For 30 long seconds, nobody says a word. Finally, Moorer shakes his head, as if to say "You ain't worth it," and leaves the club, never turning his back on Willie.

Good Times for Goodfellas

It was a Sunday night and this guy named Sammy was drinking at the bar. I'd seen Sammy at the club before, hanging with his mob buddies, dropping big bills. Tonight, though, none of his pals are around, and he's drinking alone. He invites me to join him. We're shooting the shit for a while—he tells me I look like Mark Messier. *Fuck*, I'm thinking,

I must be going bald. Then, out of nowhere, he asks who I'm with. What he's really asking me is, am I connected to the mob?

I wasn't quite sure what to say. The wiseguys who frequented the club liked me; they knew I was committed to my son and they respected that. When I greeted them at the front door, they always shook my hand and kissed me on the cheek. They started calling me Sonny Coats, and the name stuck. To be honest with you, I liked the goodfellas. I admired their world of respect and honor, the way they kept their word and took care of business. And there was a lot to be said for their lifestyle: all that cash, all that power. Was Sammy just curious...or was he making me an offer? Either way, I had to think about it. You never want to say the wrong thing to a wiseguy. "For now," I told him, "I'm with the club. I work under Willie." He nodded and smiled.

Scores was crawling with mob guys. There were plenty of nights when the place looked like open casting for *The Godfather*. See, one of the men who owned Scores, Michael Blutrigh, a fat 49-year-old lawyer and "businessman," had an association with the infamous Gambino family from his days in the restaurant business. The way I saw it, Blutrigh and the Gambinos struck a deal: The Gambinos made sure Scores wasn't blown up by a rival family, and Blutrigh gave them a cut of the door, parking, and coat check, even let them pick some of the bouncers. In short, they ran the joint. Of course, if Blutrigh didn't go along with them, they might blow the place up themselves. Yeah, I guess technically you could call it extortion, but that's how business is done in New York City.

Like the celebs, the mob guys were treated like gold. In fact, management didn't have metal detectors at the door, because they didn't want to embarrass anyone. Which meant you never knew when a gun was going to be drawn. (One night after closing, Willie's

mob buddies were drinking hard, and one of the guys suddenly reaches over, yanks a lobster out of the tank, pulls out his piece, and shoots it in the freakin' head.)

It didn't take me long to learn to spot the wiseguys. They were the ones in the Armani suits, Rolex watches, and slicked-back hair; they always looked great, and they always carried a big roll of bills, a roll that could have paid for my son's first year of college. It looked like quite a life. The mob guys were comped and paid for nothing. Beyond that, some of the low-level guys had a habit of pocketing cash that was left on other tables, explaining to the waiter that the customer was a friend and that "the bill was on the house." They'd steal from wealthy assholes like Blutrich, then turn around and lay serious tips on us \$500-a-week grunts.

Meet the Muscle

After a year at coat check, I was officially made a bouncer. I was moving up in the world. Scores needed a shitload of bouncers, because its patrons were rich men with massive egos who were used to getting whatever the hell they wanted. Some of my fellow bouncers, like Willie, were heavily connected to the goodfellas; others were simply dumb fellas.

Johnny Rockhead, for instance, was a little brain-dead. Many nights I'd walk through the dining room and see Rockhead engaging a dancer in a stimulating conversation about all the guys he wanted to beat up. Rockhead's favorite sport was cruising shirtless in his Dodge Dart, drinking a stolen bottle of the club's Cristal, and looking for hookers. He was always coming down with the clap, which is why he was always schmoozing with one of the many doctors who came to the club. (For plastic surgeons, Scores was the networking opportunity of a lifetime; they'd hand strippers business cards along with the twenties.)

Another bouncer, Cue Ball, aspired to nothing more in life than to sleep with a Scores stripper. The

girls knew this and told him that they might screw him if his bald spot wasn't so big. So for months Cue Ball tried Rogaine, herbs, any fucking thing to grow some hair.

With the hair not growing and the girls not cooperating, Rockhead and Cue Ball turned their efforts to scamming the club. The brain trust decided to print up about \$100,000 in Diamond Dollars, funny money that could only be used at Scores. If you were out of cash, the club would take your credit card and sell you scrip at a 20 percent markup. Yeah, that's a ripoff, but when a blonde is shaking her tits in your face and you're plastered, it's not like you wanna walk around the corner to go to the ATM. I've seen bigger scams, but for these two it was comparable to the Lufthansa hijacking. Rockhead and Cue Ball were actually able to print the money, but on some of the bills they forgot to duplicate the backs; the plan was foiled in less than 24 hours. Management was pissed, but the wiseguys were absolutely furious. They couldn't believe they hadn't been let in on the scam.

They Took It Off

A lot of guys I know tell me they work with beautiful women, but I can say to you with absolute certainty that during the club's heyday, my coworkers were some of the best-looking women in the world. Because a good dancer could pull down \$2,000 a night, the hottest girls from Florida, Las Vegas, L.A., and every Bumfucktown, U.S.A., flocked to Scores.

I'd watch customers happily drop 20, 40, 50

bucks for a three-minute lap dance. They'd sit there trying to look cool, but you could tell that they were fantasizing about living the rest of their lives with Susie or Dallas or Mahogany. Working with the girls, I knew the reality. And 11 times out of 10, it wasn't pretty. All the girls had phony names—who the hell names their kid Mahogany?—and all of them had the same story: They were supporting a Nintendo-playing deadbeat boyfriend and had come to the club with noble intentions of working for a year, making some quick dough, and buying a home for themselves ▷

IN ONE CORNER, CELEBRITIES MIGHT BE FIGHTING; IN ANOTHER, A DANCER COULD BE GIVING A GUY A HAND JOB.





ONE NIGHT AT DINNER, A STRIPPER'S ASS CAME TWO INCHES FROM LANDING IN MY LINGUINE.

and their kid. But years later they'd still be taking it off. It was a broken record.

Like everyone else at Scores, they became addicted to the money and the fantasy. It was satisfying to have a powerful Wall Street V.P. drooling over them, dreaming about them; the dancers loved that power. In the dressing room, they were always raggin' on the guys that were paying them, calling them cheap losers. That pissed me off: I mean, if you hate stripping so much, why don't you learn to type?

To get through a night of dancing, they often loaded up on booze, maybe did a bump of coke. Once, a former call girl was so fucked up

that she got on the stage wearing two different shoes; another time she passed out and pissed on herself. Management didn't mind that the girls were a little looped. They knew that booze loosened the girls up: Maybe it would allow them to brush their nipple against some guy's forehead and he'd blow another 100 bucks on two rounds of drinks.

When I started working at Scores, I pledged to myself that I'd never get involved with a Scores girl—but that was before I was sucked into the party atmosphere. Her name was Milena. She had beautiful olive skin, thick black hair, a rock-hard ass, and drugstore tits, and most important, she needed to get off work early one night. The two of us made an agreement: I'd talk to the manager on her behalf, and she'd spend a little time with me in the employees' bathroom. Her leg was propped up on the sink, my tuxedo pants kept falling to the

urine-soaked floor, and we both could hear the guys in the kitchen cursing in Spanish. Not one of my most romantic moments, but fuck it. I can say I screwed a Scores girl and you can't.

When Shots Rang Out

The fun and games ended on June 21, 1996. Thursday nights were always crowded, because that's when the Wall Street guys cut loose, but this evening was especially packed. Things didn't feel right: Maybe the mood was a little too rowdy, maybe the wannabes were drinking more than usual.

Or maybe it was just me. I'd been fasting to prepare for a body-

building competition, and I was starting to cramp, so I asked to go home. Jon, a waiter who graduated from a fancy college in Pennsylvania, and Mike, who'd grown up in the Bronx, covered the door. It would be tough to find two guys with more different backgrounds, but they were both good kids.

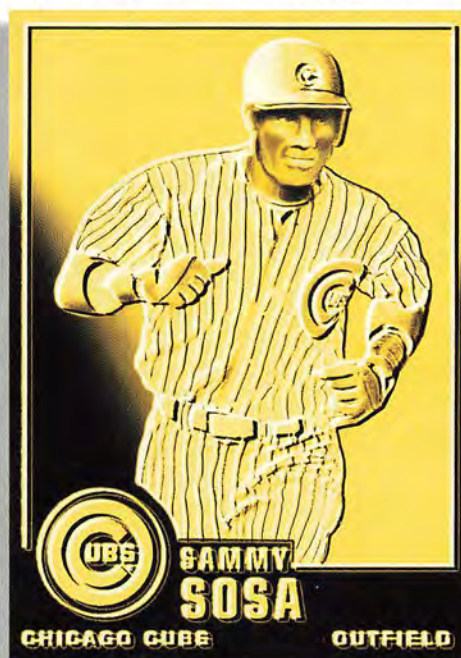
At 4 A.M. the club closes. Willie and his girlfriend, Lori, are hanging out, having a few drinks before locking up. Jon, Mike, a few of the dancers, and three Albanians reputed to be hit men are there, too. Everything's pretty low-key until Jon and one of the Albanians start arm wrestling. Jon beats the guy...and then starts laughing. Big mistake. The Albanian lifts Jon up by his shirt. Lori screams, and the Albanian tells her to shut the fuck up. Nobody talks to Willie's girlfriend like that, and Willie instructs Jon and Mike to show the Albanians the door. As Jon's unlocking it, according to my friends, one of the Albanians slips his gun from his jacket and, pulls the trigger four times. Jon goes down. Dead. Mike turns to run, but before he can get away, he takes a bullet, too.

Mike's casket was covered by a Miami Dolphins flower arrangement. His head had been blown off. I was the only club employee to go to the burial. After the service, I returned to Scores. It was 15 minutes after my shift started, and one of the owners, a slimeball prick named Lyle Pfeffer, had the nerve to ask why I was late. That night everyone pretended like nothing had happened.

But it was the beginning of the end. Five months later, federal and state investigators raided the club, looking for evidence against the Gambino crime family. I found out later that the FBI had been onto Scores for months and had even bugged the main office with cameras and mikes. See, in 1994, Blutrach and Pfeffer were caught in an insurance scam; the pair had bilked a Florida insurance company out of about \$13 million. Let me spell it out: These greedy >

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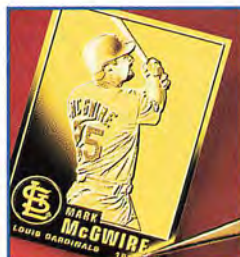
Name _____ (Please print clearly)

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____ Allow 4 to 8 weeks after initial payment for shipment.

MARK McGWIRE		HEIGHT: 6'6" WEIGHT: 225
		BORN: 10-14-63, POMONA, CA
MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD		
YEAR	TEAM	GAMES AB R H 2B 3B
1988	OAK	18 62 10 10 1 0
1989	OAK	151 557 97 161 29 4
1990	OAK	155 550 87 143 23 1
1991	OAK	143 499 76 111 17 0
1992	OAK	159 523 87 123 19 0
1993	OAK	154 483 92 97 22 0
1994	OAK	139 497 87 125 22 0
1995	OAK	27 84 19 28 9 0
1996	OAK	47 135 25 24 3 0
1997	OAK	164 547 96 187 30 8
1998	OAK	153 558 108 203 40 14

The player's career statistics — including 1998 — are highlighted on the back.



A final striking is inspected to ensure the highest quality.

WHERE DOES THE MONEY GO?

Maxim's reporter finds out exactly how long \$500 lasts in NYC's most famous strip club.

At 9:30 on a fall night just before Halloween, my friend Jose and I arrive at Scores. Magilla Gorilla greets us at the door and tells us to tuck in our shirts. We pony up \$25 each for admission and tip a guy in a tuxedo \$20 to seat us on a couch up front. Onstage is a silicone-stacked woman dressed like a nurse; behind us, a sea of topless women gyrates. A waitress brings us two beers (\$22), and then Sasha, dressed like a devil, gives me a lap dance (\$20). We've been here six minutes, and already we're in the hole for...sweet Jesus!...\$112!

9:37 Jose makes up for years of being ignored by the opposite sex by paying two Russian girls to dance for him. That's \$40. Add two shots of vodka at \$15 a pop.

9:42 A tall blonde dressed as a nun asks me if I'd like a lap dance. Yes I would. As she takes off her top, she whispers, "I learned this in Catholic school." Here's \$20

for the collection, sister.

9:46 Jose gets a dance. Into the garter goes \$20.

9:54 Two beers, \$22.

9:59 The nurse gives me a dance (\$20); Jose gives me shit for not coming up with a witty nurse joke.

10:08 On stage, a naughty biker girl is really working it. Jose gives her \$5 instead of the usual \$1 to "send a signal" to the other dancers. (During the next hour, we spend about \$40 this way.)

10:14 Anita dances for Jose, \$20.

10:18 We come to the realization that we're out of control.

10:30 The D.J. announces a Scores special: two lap dances and a T-shirt for \$30—hard to pass up that bargain. Add another \$60 to the Strippers' Retirement Fund.

10:38 Mia shakes her crotch in Jose's face. That's \$20. All worked up, he says, "We're overexposed sitting by the stage. We've got to get out of the kill zone!" We don't.

10:44 Teri dances for me, then asks me to buy her a beer. "Is this a regular beer or an \$80 beer?" I ask. She swears it's not a scam; out comes the credit card, out come three beers, out goes \$50.

10:52 Beers, dances: \$62.

11:05 Amanda dances for Jose, but I have no recollection of what she looks like, \$20.

11:07 We tally the tab and realize, to our horror, that in 90 minutes we've not only spent \$500 of *Maxim's* money but \$41 of our own. Outta here.



But it was true: Willie was admitting to every misdeed he'd committed since grade school. The cops picked up Johnny Rockhead, too. They found him with a list of the club management and figured it for a hit list.

Suddenly all the goodfellas were staying away; so were the bull-market guys (the accountants were beginning to question the five-figure charges popping up on their corporate credit cards). More and more of the Hard Rock Cafe crowd were filling the club—you know, jokers who hear about it on *Howard Stern* and come down with 20 friends and about \$30 in their pockets. With the big spenders dwindling, many of the hottest girls migrated to other strip joints. And then New York's mayor went on a maniacal campaign against strip clubs, and new laws meant that strippers had to wear bikinis—tops as well as bottoms—or move shop. You could see more nudity on

When a mob guy "claims" you, that means he's willing to vouch for you: Essentially, he's willing to let you into the family. I told him no. And then he put his arm around my shoulders and told me he was willing to claim me. This, of course, is a huge honor. And I'd be lying if I told you I wasn't flattered. I sat there for a minute, thinking about the mob guys I'd seen at the club: all that cash, all the girls, the nice threads, the respect. I took a sip of my drink and I found myself thinking about my son, his favorite video game and the basketball I'd just bought him. Yeah, I liked the wiseguys, and I enjoyed serving them at the club, but at the end of the night, I wasn't one of them; I went home to my kid. So I set down my drink and turned to Sammy. "I take responsibility for myself," I said. "And for my son." He nodded and looked into his scotch. I left Sammy alone at the bar and went to go watch the door. **M**

Editor's note: Some names have been changed. Michael Blutrigh, Lyle Pfeffer, and Willie Marshall are in the federal Witness Protection Program; Scores filed for bankruptcy on October 30, 1998, but remains open and popular.



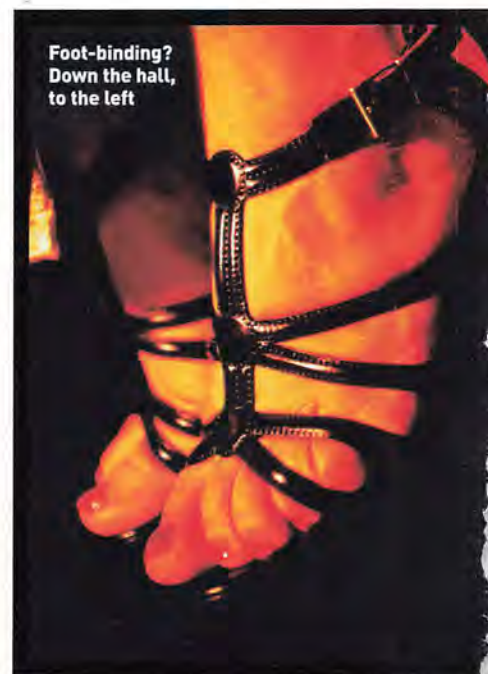
Life expectancy
of \$500:
97 minutes

ass-wipes stole retirement money from a bunch of old people. Trying to finagle a lighter sentence, they agreed to work under cover for the FBI and help it get indictments against the Gambinos, who were considered bigger fish.

It was January 1998 when the wiseguys started getting pinched. Willie was one of the first; all of Blutrigh's and Pfeffer's undercover work had nailed him to the wall. And guess what? Willie flipped. Nobody could believe he was a rat.

American Bandstand. Scores found a loophole in the law, thank God, and walled off a topless section with rented theater curtains. Some nights, when I push the curtain back to admit patrons, I feel like I'm working a freak show.

It was about this time that I ran into Sammy again. He hadn't been at the club for months, but now he was back at the bar, quietly slugging a scotch. He beckoned me over and bought me a drink. "Anyone claimed you yet?" he asked me.



Foot-binding?
Down the hall,
to the left

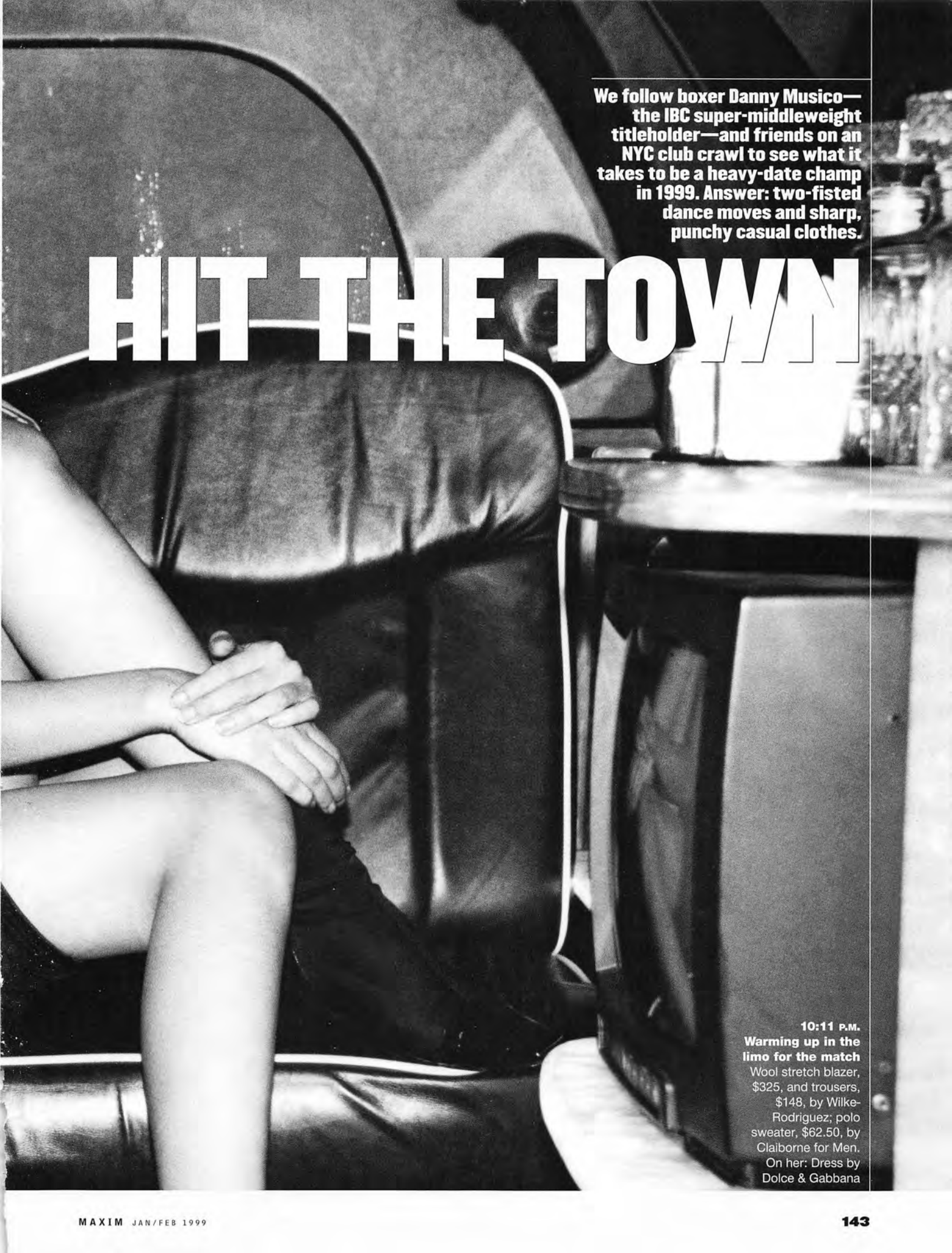
If she drinks Chivas,
ask her out.

If she pays for it,
marry her.

CHIVAS REGAL. YOU EITHER HAVE **it** OR YOU DON'T.

Enjoy it responsibly

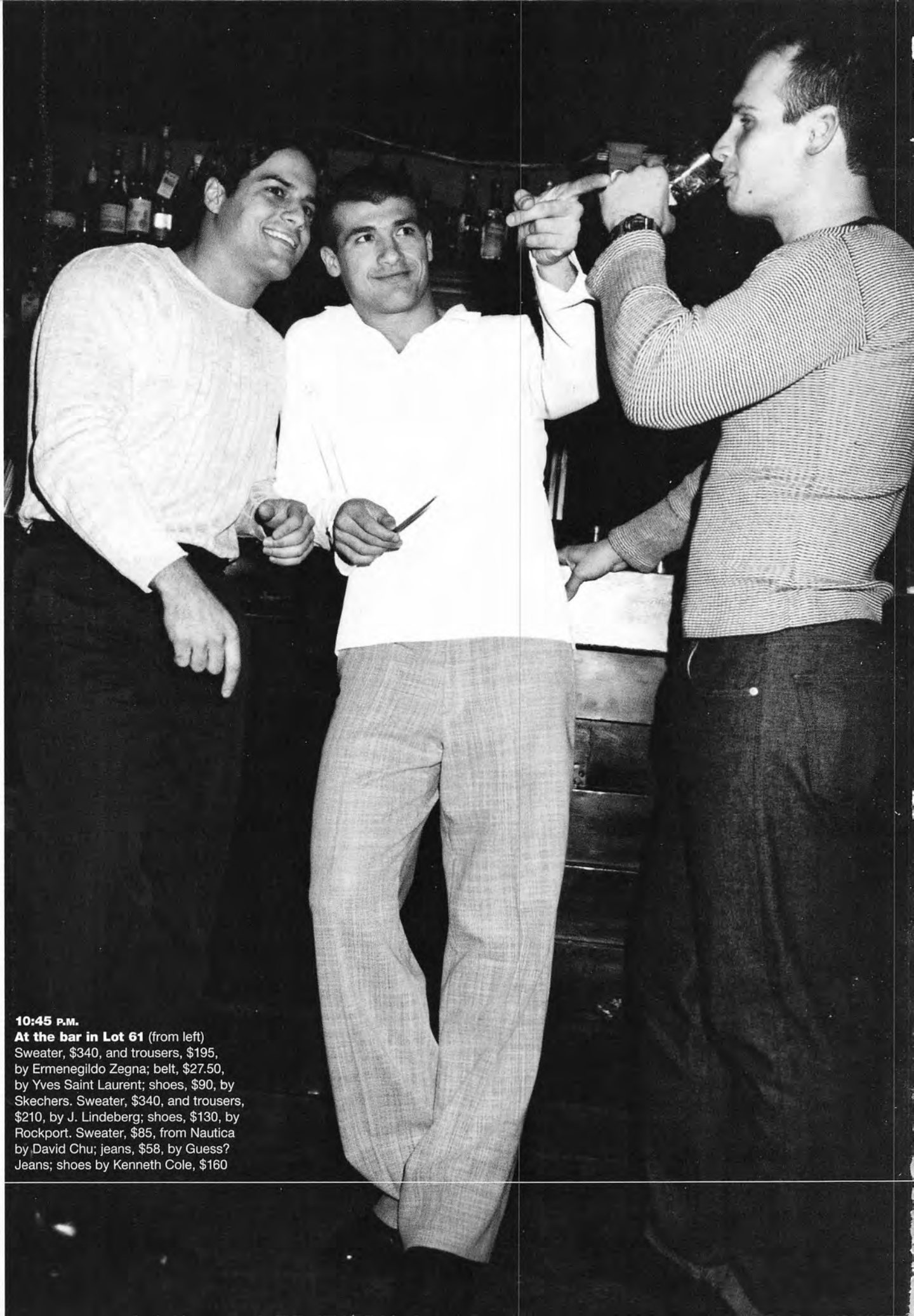




We follow boxer Danny Musico—the IBC super-middleweight titleholder—and friends on an NYC club crawl to see what it takes to be a heavy-date champ in 1999. Answer: two-fisted dance moves and sharp, punchy casual clothes.

HIT THE TOWN

10:11 P.M.
Warming up in the limo for the match
Wool stretch blazer, \$325, and trousers, \$148, by Wilke-Rodriguez; polo sweater, \$62.50, by Claiborne for Men.
On her: Dress by Dolce & Gabbana



10:45 P.M.

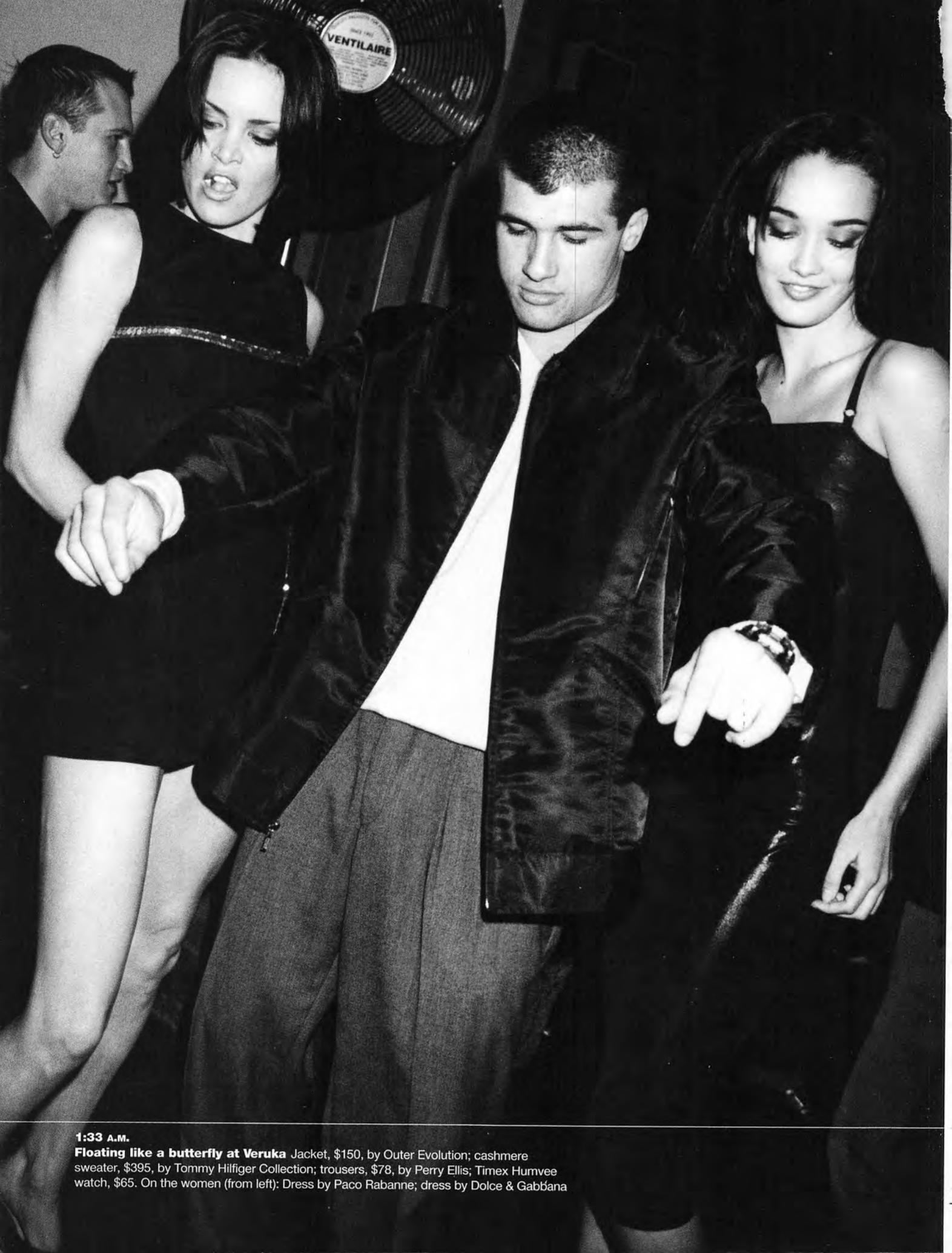
At the bar in Lot 61 (from left)
Sweater, \$340, and trousers, \$195,
by Ermenegildo Zegna; belt, \$27.50,
by Yves Saint Laurent; shoes, \$90, by
Skechers. Sweater, \$340, and trousers,
\$210, by J. Lindeberg; shoes, \$130, by
Rockport. Sweater, \$85, from Nautica
by David Chu; jeans, \$58, by Guess?
Jeans; shoes by Kenneth Cole, \$160



Midnight

Round two: Heading off to Veruka

Leather blazer, \$550, by Kenneth Cole Collection; cotton/spandex sweater, \$70, and polyester/nylon trousers, \$100, by Kenneth Cole



1:33 A.M.

Floating like a butterfly at Veruka Jacket, \$150, by Outer Evolution; cashmere sweater, \$395, by Tommy Hilfiger Collection; trousers, \$78, by Perry Ellis; Timex Humvee watch, \$65. On the women (from left): Dress by Paco Rabanne; dress by Dolce & Gabbana



2:17 A.M.

Hanging in the East Village (from left) Industrial Denim hooded jacket, \$155, by Energie; T-shirt, \$10, by Joe Boxer; jeans, \$16.99, by Route 66; Air Rampart shoes, \$130, by Nike. Cotton/linen sweater, \$98.50, by Jones New York. Jacket, \$47, by Dickies; shirt, \$100, by Maurice Malone; jeans, \$19.99, by Merona. Peacoat, \$145, by DKNY Jeans; T-shirt, \$9, by Jockey; jeans, \$48, by CK Calvin Klein Jeans



3:05 A.M.

Late-night grub at Odessa On Danny: Suede shirt, \$200, by Guess?; T-shirt, \$89, by Raffi Linea Uomo; trousers, \$90, by Guess? Golf; boots, \$285, from To Boot New York Adam Derrick



**4:29 A.M.
Going the
distance**

Jacket, \$150, by
Weatherproof
Garment
Company;
sweater, \$88,
by Energie;
cotton pants,
\$115, by 4 You

Styling by Stan Williams; women's styling by Karen Shapiro; hair and makeup by Richard Cooley for Utopia, Inc.;
styling assistance by Shelley Tafel; intern, Daniel Kangas

Don't let their
purty faces
fool you

Snuggler (a.k.a. Blowtorch or North Face)

6 oz hot chocolate
1½ oz peppermint schnapps (for a Snow Bunny, substitute triple sec)
Whipped Cream

Sure, it's not a drink you want to call for in a loud biker bar—but when consumed sensibly in private, this ski lodge and tailgate classic is a proven make-out catalyst. Mix the hot chocolate and schnapps in deceptively cutesy mugs, top with whipped cream, and present to prey.

Hot Buttered Rum

1 tsp brown sugar
Boiling water (or heated cider)
1 pat butter
2 oz dark rum (for a Hot Buttered Comfort, substitute SoCo)
Ground nutmeg

This old-time New England concoction is said to make a man see double and feel single. Place the sugar in a mug or punch cup, then fill $\frac{2}{3}$ full with boiling water. Add the butter and rum, stir, and sprinkle the nutmeg on top. Tastes like butterscotch Life Savers; kicks like a mule being castrated with a salad fork.

Hot Toddy

1 lump sugar
Boiling water or hot tea
2 oz whiskey, brandy, bourbon, or gin
1 slice lemon
Cinnamon stick (optional)

The toddy was traditionally employed as a cold medicine, and the recipe varied from family to family. Its effect, however, is the same everywhere—a fast, smooth buzz. Put the sugar in a mug, fill mug $\frac{2}{3}$ full with boiling water or tea. Add the alcohol and lemon; stir and serve; call in sick.

Mulled Wine

5 oz red wine
Juice of ½ lemon
1 tsp sugar
1 tsp mixed cinnamon and nutmeg
Dash of Angostura bitters
2 cloves or pinch of ground allspice (optional)

"My breasts will be heaving and moist with perspiration," says Daryl Hannah in *Roxanne* at the prospect of a night of hot-tubbing and mulled wine. Mmm. The traditional recipe directs you to mix all ingredients except Daryl Hannah in a metal mug, then heat a poker red-hot and dip it in repeatedly until liquid boils. Make era-appropriate substitutions, and serve.

FIRE STARTERS

It's only winter on the outside: Kick the snow from your boots and warm your soul with *Maxim's* hot licks.

By Mark North

Back in the Middle Ages, folks thought the sun revolved around the earth, tried to stave off the plague by sniffing perfumed hankies, and used something called a gomp stick instead of toilet paper. But one thing they got right—come to think of it, the only thing—was the concept of downing heated alcohol to shake the chill off a cold winter's eve. From the cordially warming to the downright flammable, here are five great reasons to come in and shake your boots off.

Black Gold

¼ oz triple sec
¼ oz amaretto
¼ oz Irish cream liqueur
¼ oz hazelnut liqueur
4 oz hot coffee
Dash cinnamon schnapps
Whipped cream
1 cinnamon stick

Pour the first four ingredients into an Irish coffee glass, then add the coffee and schnapps and stir. Top with whipped cream if you've got any you haven't sucked the gas out of, and use the cinnamon stick as a stirrer.

Rabbit turds,
goat testicles,
and a pair of
gomp sticks



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"A good reputation is worth more than money," said Pubilius Cyrue, a wise old Roman, more than 2,000 years ago. Ask any smoker of these three cigars and see if they don't agree that the reputations of these cigars are right on the money.

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POT O' GOLD

Feedbag
attachment
not shown

We turn the humble stew into the closest thing to happiness this sorry planet can offer.

By Leslie Blanchard

Warning: This beef-and-vegetable stew is not a one-pot recipe, and it has to cook for around three hours. But the results are well worth it: Searing the meat tenderizes it and seals in the juices; roasting the vegetables in a separate pan brings out their flavors like nobody's business. When you're done you'll have a messy counter-top and a sink full of dishes....and the most soul-satisfying stew you ever jammed down your undeserving throat. And that's a promise.

We start
with tender
cow cubes

THE BEST BEEF STEW EVER

The beef

3 Tbsp canola oil
1 cup flour
Salt and pepper for seasoning
2½ lbs beef chuck, cubed
3 cloves garlic, finely chopped
2 cups dry red wine
1 14 oz can beef stock
¼ cup loosely packed parsley leaves
1 bay leaf

The vegetables

2 cups carrots, cut into 1 in. cubes
3 large potatoes, cut into 1 in. cubes
1½ cups diced onion
4 cloves garlic, finely chopped
Salt and freshly ground pepper
1½ Tbsp canola oil

Remaining ingredients

3 slices bacon, chopped
1 cup chopped onion
1 heaping Tbsp tomato paste
2 Tbsp butter
1 lb mushrooms, quartered
Salt and freshly ground pepper for seasoning
¼ cup heavy cream
2 Tbsp flour

Stage 1: The beef

Preheat oven to 325° F. Heat the canola oil in an ovenproof pot on stove over moderate

heat. Blend flour, salt, and pepper, and lightly coat beef cubes. Brown a handful of coated beef cubes on all sides in pot; set cubes aside; repeat until all cubes are browned. Put browned cubes in a stockpot, add garlic, and cook 1 minute. Add wine, stock, parsley leaves, and bay leaf. Remove pot from heat, cover, and bake in oven 2 hours.

Stage 2: The vegetables

Combine all vegetables, salt, and oil in a large bowl; pour into a shallow roasting pan. Roast in oven alongside beef 1½–2 hours, until vegetables are tender.

Stage 3: The sautéing

Over moderate heat, sauté bacon in a dry skillet until crisp; remove with slotted spoon and set aside. Sauté onion 5 minutes, add sautéed bacon and tomato paste, and cook, stirring, 2 minutes.

Stage 4: Puttin' it all together

When the beef's done, stir in the bacon mixture, re-cover, and roast 30 minutes. Melt butter and sauté mushrooms until browned; add salt and pepper. Remove beef and veggies from oven and set aside. Mix ¾ cup liquid from the beef with heavy cream; whisk in flour and stir mixture into stockpot. Blend in mushrooms and veggies and you got stew. Serves four lumberjacks.

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Chessboard shown much smaller than actual size of 18½" x 18½" x 3".

the Danbury Mint

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the Warrior
(King)

Melda
the Witch
(Queen)

Castle
of Hope
(Rook)

Beldin the
Dragon
(Knight)

Alberich the
Dwarf
(Pawn)

Pieces shown smaller
than actual size.

Stuff

WHAT GOOD IS LIFE WITHOUT IT?

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By Charles Cox and Jason Kersten

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Before you write off tank ownership as the impossible fantasy of unstable Idaho militiamen, consider this: A Denver-based outfit called Cold War Remarketing (303-753-6069) will

deliver a working tank right to your driveway for \$40,000.

The battle tank pictured here is the T-34/85. The Soviets started producing them in 1943 to combat the powerful German Panzer and Tiger tanks. It worked: The Nazis considered the T-34 the most devastating tank ever built, and anything that makes a Nazi wet his jackboots is something to treasure. If tanks aren't your speed, dealers can set you up with armored personnel carriers, landing craft, even fighter jets. Like the T-34, many of the vehicles come from countries that are awash in outdated weaponry and strapped for cash. Think of your T-34 as a humanitarian purchase.

Once you have your tank, taking it out on the open road is a simple matter of legal finagling. In most states a tank qualifies as a historical vehicle. According to New York State law, for instance, a tank can be used "for participation in club activities, exhibits, tours, parades, occasional transportation" but not for daily transit. So while you can't drive your beast to and from the office, there's nothing stopping you from "exhibiting" it by rumbling up to a Burger King. Once there, rotate the turret until the drive-through window is directly in your sights, then ask about getting a free apple pie with your meal.

BARREL

Modeled after a Soviet anti-aircraft cannon, the 15-foot-long gun can punch a hole clean through a Panzer. The tank's got storage space for 56 football-size rounds, as well as a hood-mounted machine gun. The gun and the barrel are both deactivated...but that'll be our secret.

ARMOR

With 3.5-inch-thick armor, you can feel confident driving your tank through even the worst urban blight. Bullets will bounce off it like insects off a windshield.

HELL ON WHEELS

Rebuilt, refurbished, and ready to rumble; road rage just got a little bit easier.

Ferret Mark 2/3

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740-772-1540)



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POWER

Despite its 70,560 pounds (not including a crew of five), the T-34 can run straight over Jeeps, basically chewing them up and shitting them out as sheet metal. Its 500-horsepower engine allows for a max speed of 34 mph; figure 224 miles between diesel fuel-ups.

TREADS

Four-wheel drive? Bah! The super-wide, 20-inch tracks let this muthah cruise through the kind of mud and snow that stopped German tanks dead in WWII.

COMBAT READY

Whether you're prepping for the Islamic Jihad, scaring the shit out of a nosy neighbor, or simply decorating your desk, the nation's army-navy surplus stores stand ready to serve.
By Jason Kersten

LIGHT BRIGADE \$2

When the U.S. Army is dispatched to save the free world (or at least vital national interests like oil and good coffee), it doesn't fuck around with flashlight batteries. No, it packs Cyalume light sticks. Whack 'em and they'll glow for hours, even under water. Six colors to choose from! (G.I. Joe's Military Surplus, 781-322-8600)

NUKE SKYWALKERS \$350

Look directly at an atomic flash from close range (hey, it could happen) and you'll be blinded faster than you can say "Ray Charles." To prevent this occurrence, B-52 and F-111 pilots in the Strategic Air Command attach these nuclear-flash goggles to their helmets. The goggles are completely clear, but when a nuke detonates, they turn as dark as a welder's mask in 1/100th of a nano-second. Just the shades to help you learn to love the bomb. (Check Six Aviation, 877-424-3256)

SEE SAW \$6

Know why nobody uses the mini-saws that come in Swiss Army knives? They're ineffectual pieces of shit. You're better off with the saw used by the U.S. armed forces: It looks like dental floss, but it's actually a band of high-tensile-strength steel with teeth. Hold the finger rings, move it back and forth, and it'll chew through wood, plastic, bone, and soft metals. Maybe even handcuffs. (Ranger Joe's, 800-247-4541)

BULLET PROOF \$20

Back in '95, the Peruvian government ordered a few hundred too many of these shotgun bandoliers for its navy special ops team. That stunning miscalculation means you can get a fresh-from-the-jungle Rambo look for the price of dinner and a movie. Each bandolier holds 56 12-gauge shells (sold separately). Just the sight of it slung across your chest is enough to intimidate third-world villagers into voting you in as their new god. (Brigade Quartermasters, 800-338-4327)

**PINHEAD \$6**

Sadly, fragging the boss is an unacceptable form of conflict resolution in today's workplace. These babies, however, come with their explosives removed, so you can beat the murder rap but still get a most satisfying reaction when you roll one into his office. (Don't forget to shout "Fire in the hole!") At one and a half pounds, it also makes a pleasantly threatening paperweight. (Army Barracks Inc., 800-673-3564)

GAS PASSER \$15

Given Saddam Hussein's demonstrated propensity to lob Scuds like a dart-playing drunk, it's no surprise the Israeli government issues one of these gas masks to every adult. Unlike the

filter on, say, an American mask, this one is external, which means you can change it without getting a lungful of anthrax. Bottom line: This will protect you from just about anything Osama bin Laden tosses your way, be it biological weapons or steaming camel dung. (1 Corps Supply, 704-624-9050)

**BAZOOKA JOE \$425**

Few solutions to big-city parking woes are quite as effective as an Israeli bazooka. In Israel's War of '73, many an Arab tank driver gave up his parking space the hard way thanks to this bastard. Today you can buy the "demilitarized" version (translation: don't work no more); it's six feet long, weighs 18 pounds, and comes in its original wooden crate. It adds a cozy touch to the den and, with a little ingenuity, can probably be converted into...um...we'll get back to you. (International Military Sales Plus, 618-655-0383)



COMING NEXT MONTH IN

MAXIM

MEETING OF THE HUGE

They're not the most toned guys in the world, but at the Strongest Man Competition, all that matters is: Can you pull a bus?



PENIS MANGLING

Two guys try to get an extra inch out of life and instead get (a) horribly disfigured and (b) nonfunctioning members. We take a look into the penile code.

HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN WITH A SOCK PUPPET

Wacky yet surefire techniques to get any woman in the bar to go home with you—road-tested and proven. Just make sure you wash that sock first.

WOMAN OF MYSTERY

Her identity is shrouded in a cloud of uncertainty. Her life, hidden from the prying public eye. We don't even know who she is. But you'll find out next month.

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BUYING GUIDE

Above: Jacket, \$125, by Ron Chereskin; call (800) 575-5900. Shirt, \$55, by Pendleton; call (800) 760-4844

HIT THE TOWN:

Pages 142-143: Blazer, \$325, trousers, \$148, by Wilke-Rodriguez's at Bloomingdale's and Wilke-Rodriguez shops. Sweater, \$62.50, by Claiborne's at Macy's and Lord & Taylor

Page 144: Linen trousers, \$195, sweater, \$340, by Ermenegildo Zegna's at Ermenegildo Zegna stores. Belt, \$27.50, by Yves St. Laurent at Macy's. Shoes, \$90, by Skechers; call (800) SHOE-411. Sweater, \$340, and trousers, \$210, by J. Lindeberg at Charivari, NYC; Alain Bilzerian, Boston; and Giorgio Femme, Toronto. Shoes, \$130, by Rockport; call (800) ROCKPORT. Sweater, \$85, from Nautica by David Chu's at Macy's, Lord & Taylor, and Parisians. Jeans, \$58, by Guess? Jeans at Guess? stores. Shoes, \$160, by Kenneth Cole, call (800) KEN-COLE

Page 145: Leather jacket, \$550, by Kenneth Cole Collection at Kenneth Cole stores; call (800) KEN-COLE. Sweater, \$69, by Kenneth Cole at Nordstrom, Dillard's, Bloomingdale's, and Macy's West. Pants, \$99, by Kenneth Cole at Macy's West

Page 146: Jacket, \$150, by Outer Evolution at select Bloomingdale's. Sweater, \$395, by Tommy Hilfiger Collection at Tommy Hilfiger, Beverly Hills. Trousers, \$78, by Perry Ellis at Lord & Taylor, Filene's, and Marshall Field's. Humvee watch, \$65; visit www.timex.com. Page 147: Industrial Denim jacket, \$160, by Energie at Ricardi, Boston; Antique Boutique, NYC; AB Fits, San Francisco; and Rag Factory, Los Angeles. T-shirt, \$10, by Joe Boxer; call (800) JOE-BOXER. Jeans, \$16.99, by Route 66 at Kmart. Air Rampart shoes, \$130, by Nike, call (300) 352-6453. Sweater, \$98.50, by Jones New York at Macy's East, Foley's, and Filene's. Eisenhower jacket, \$47, by Dickies; call (800) DICKIES. Shirt, \$100, by Maurice Malone at Camouflage, NYC; and Fred Segal, Santa Monica, CA. Jeans, \$19.99, by Route 66 at Target. Pea coat, \$145, by DKNY Jeans at Macy's, Nordstrom, and Atrium, NYC. T-shirt, \$9, by Jockey at specialty and department stores. Jeans, \$48, by CK Calvin Klein Jeans at Macy's, Bloomingdale's, and Lord & Taylor

Page 148: On Danny: Suede shirt, \$200, by Guess?; call (800) 39-GUESS. Nylon blend T-shirt, \$89, by Raffi Linea Uomo at Mark Shale, Chicago; and D. Fine, Las Vegas. Trousers, \$90, by Guess? Golf; call (800) 39-GUESS. Boot, \$225, by To Boot New York Adam Derrick at Nordstrom and Neiman Marcus

Page 149: Jacket, \$150, by Weatherproof at Bloomingdale's and specialty stores. Sweater, \$88, by Energie at Bloomingdale's and Atrium, NYC; and Freedom, Denver. Pants, \$115, by 4 You at Bloomingdale's, Nordstrom, and Macy's West

Photograph, (top left), Jeffrey Aaronson/Network Aspen (for additional credits, please see corresponding feature).

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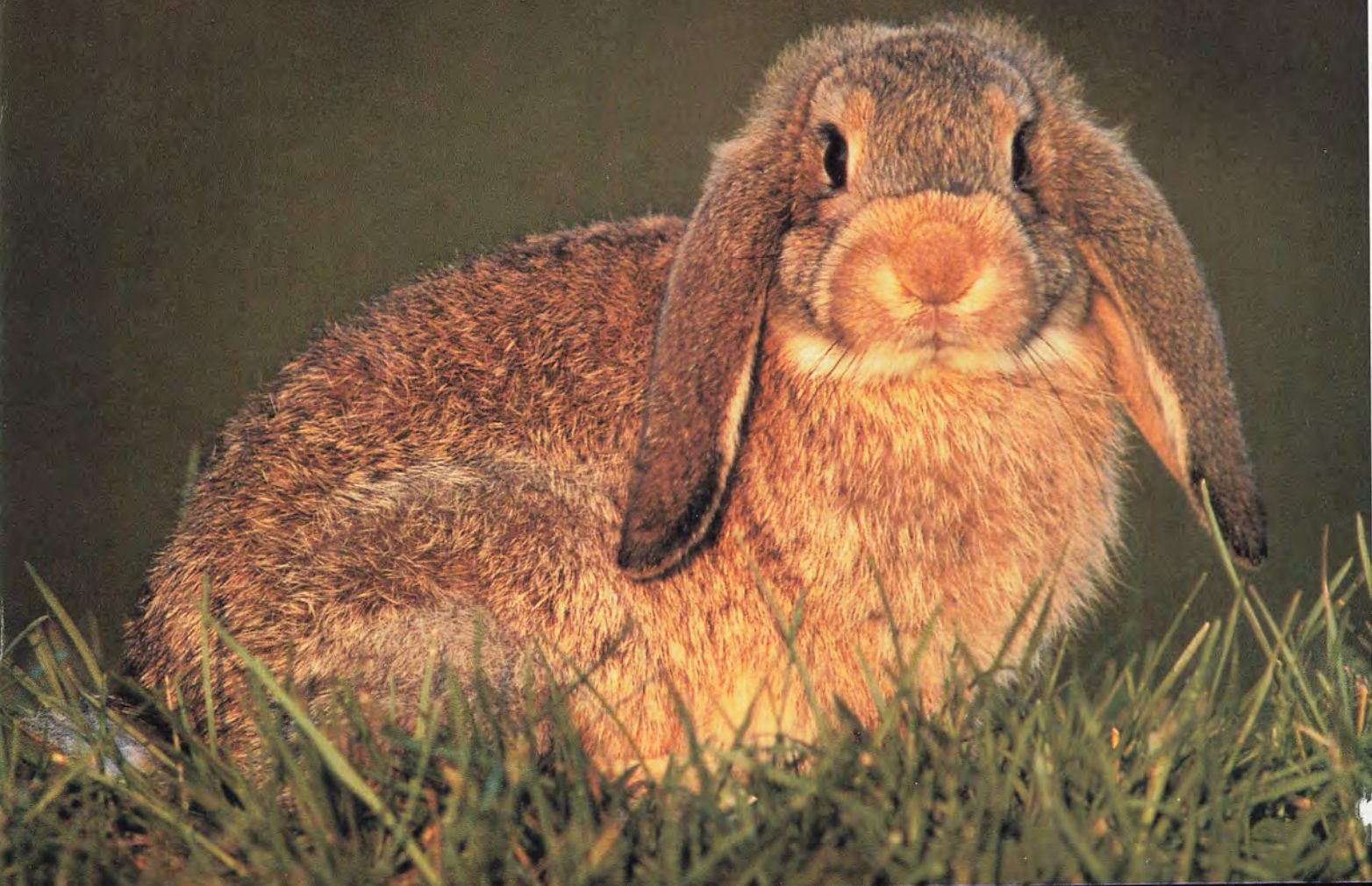
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Gaze upon this madness! Either we've gone completely nutso or the Caption Contest just got a little tougher.



Sure, you've come up with some funny crap so far, but to be honest, you've had it pretty easy. This however, is where we separate the sheep from the Scotsmen, so try to put some actual thought into it this time.

Give us the goods and you'll be well rewarded...with \$200 worth of new PC games from Interplay Sports: **Virtual Pool 2**, **Virtual Deep Sea Fishing**, **Baseball 2000**, and **Powerboat Racing**. Also, your knee-slapper will be prominently displayed on this page for all your friends to see. So E-mail

your best one-liner to caption@maximmag.com. Or snail-mail us at Insert Caption Here, Dept. 15, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-9701. Faxes will be eaten.

The selection of the winning captions shall be within the sole discretion of the editors of *Maxim*, and any decision by the editors shall be final.

NOVEMBER'S WINNING CAPTIONS

Hole in Juan!

*Justin Dougherty,
New York, NY,
wins the Virtual Pool 2
PC game and a swank
Maxim T-shirt*

Rectum? Damn near killed him!

Justin Servis, Cincinnati, OH, wins a Maxim T-shirt

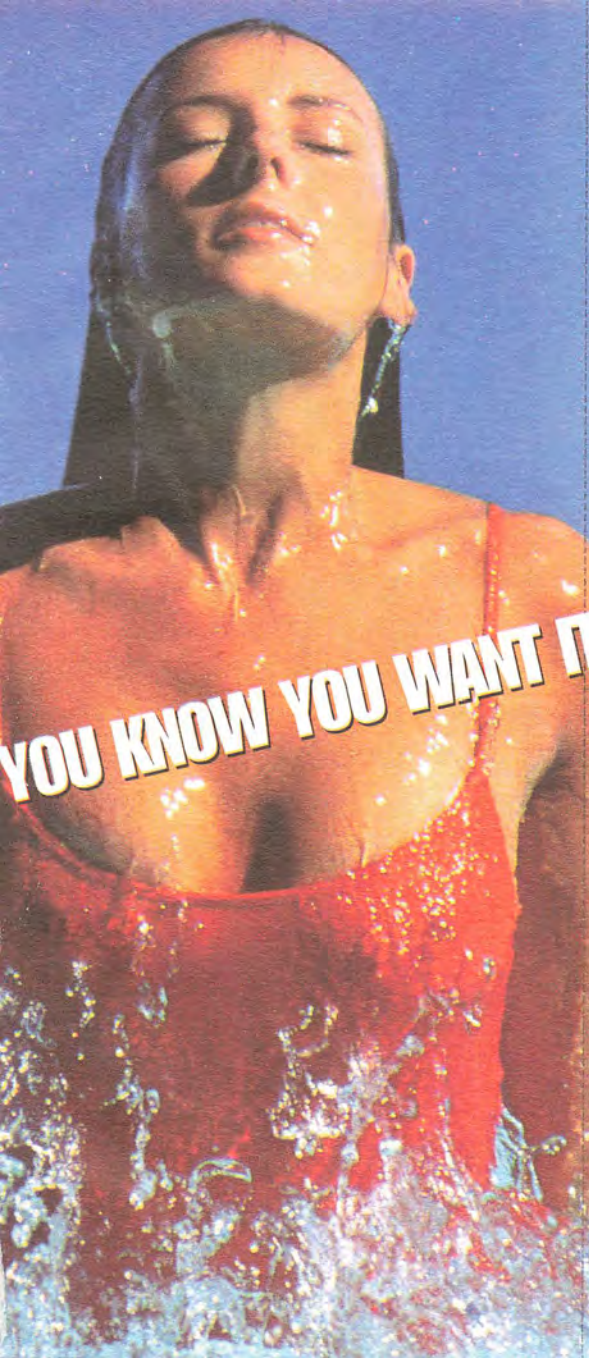
"Now cry for me, Argentina."

*Chip Hearn, Alpharetta, GA, wins a slightly
stained Maxim T-shirt*



Photographs: G. Randal/FPG (top); Ruelers/Alejandro Pedraza/Archive Photos (bottom)

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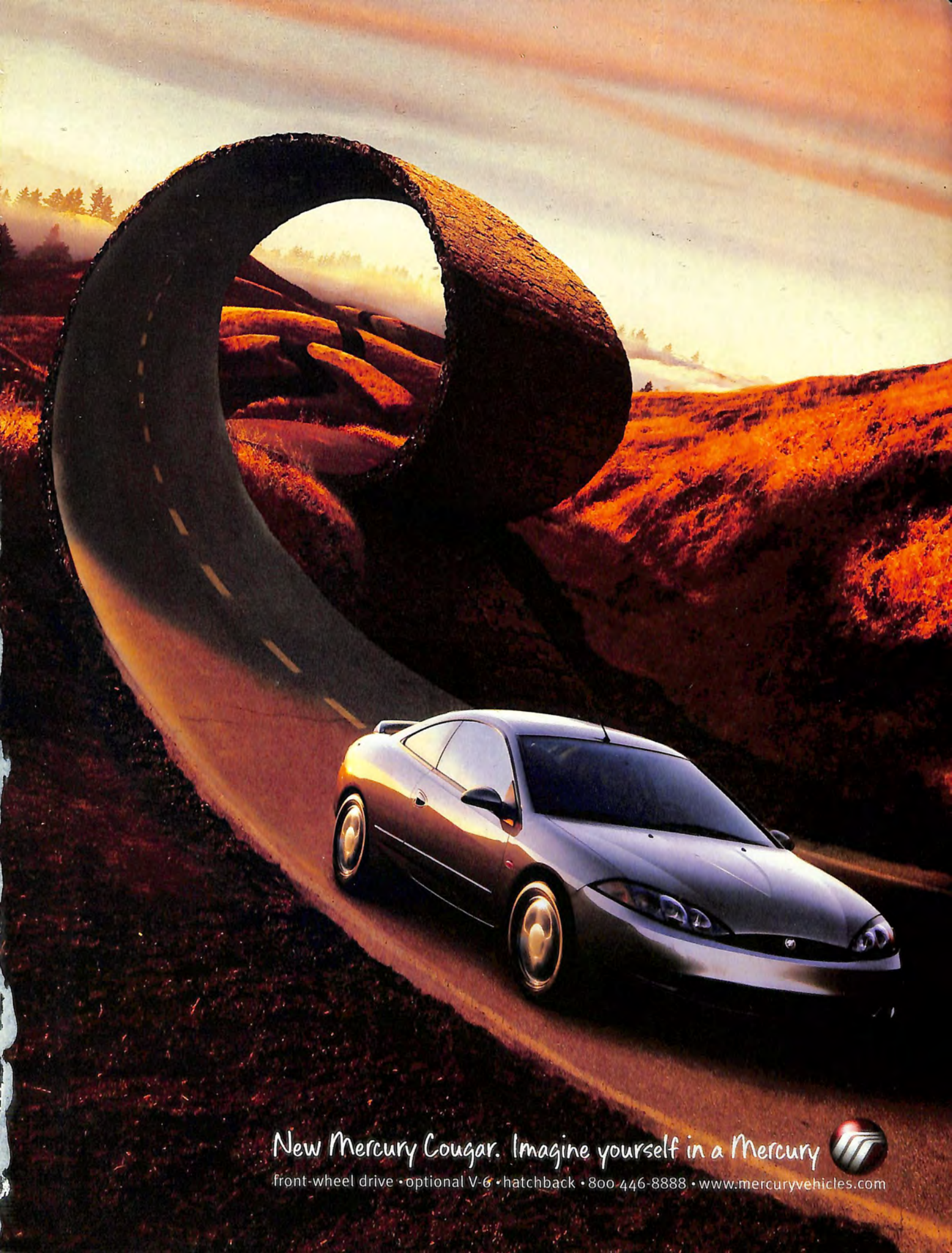


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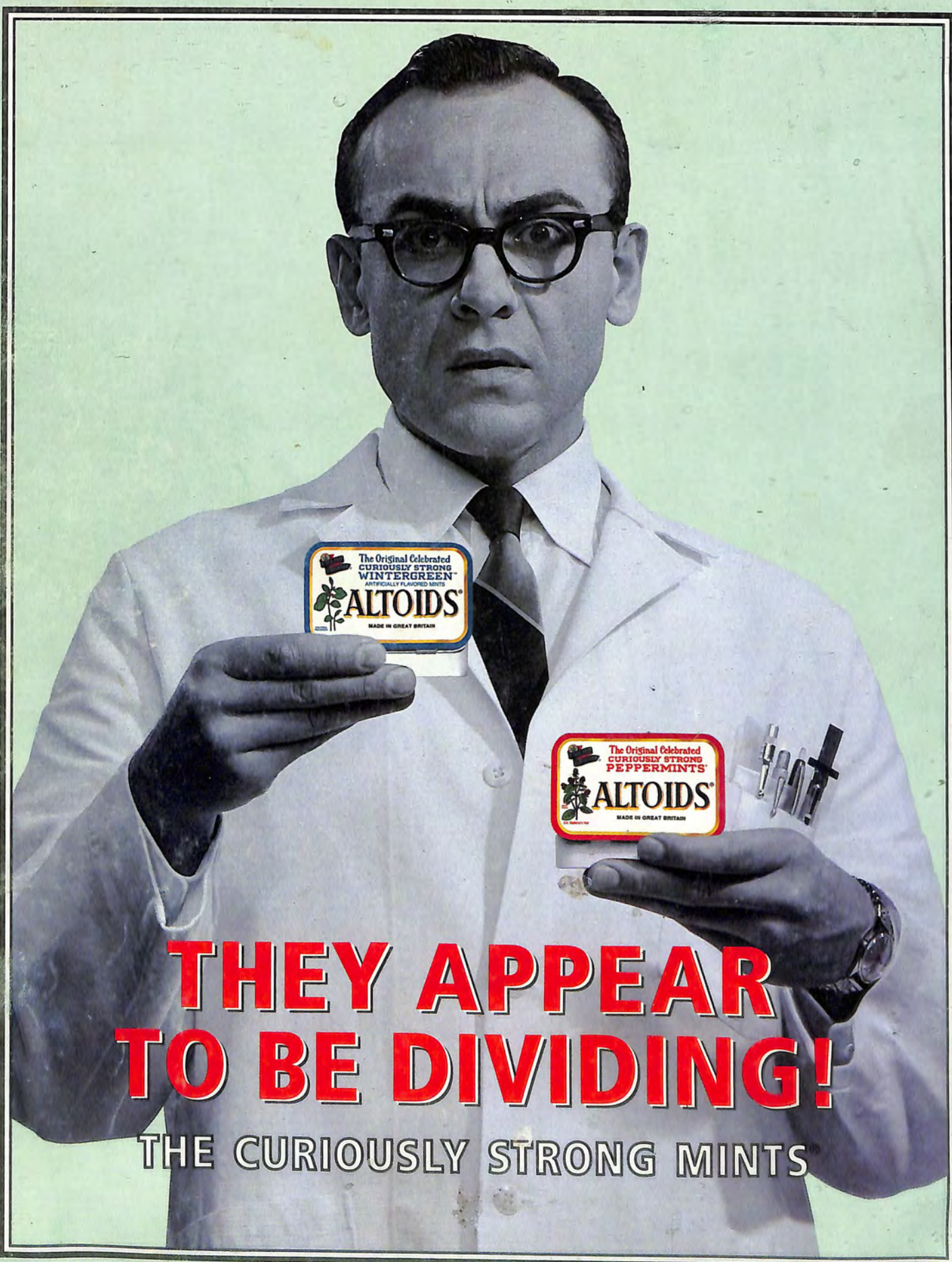
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